HANDBOOK OF BEST READINGS

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HANDBOOK
OF
BEST READINGS

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BEST READINGS

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

S. H. CLARK

PROFESSOR OF PUBLIC SPEAKING IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
AUTHOR OF "PRACTICAL PUBLIC SPEAKING," "HOW TO
TEACH READING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS"

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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A

PREFACE

THE purpose in making this compilation has been to select good literature suitable for reading aloud. Good literature, because no public reader should present anything but that to his audience; literature that will read aloud, because (while there is good literature that will not read aloud, and much so-called literature that will) there is need for vital, interesting, sound selections suitable for public presentation.

In making, then, the choice of material for this book, it has been the aim, first, to choose that which had a fair claim to be classed as literature. Every story is not a classic, nor is every lyric a gem of purest ray serene; but conscientious effort has been made to present tragedy that is ennobling, pathos that is true, melodrama that is sane, and humor that is sweet and pure. The second purpose has been to insert only selections that will read aloud: that is, selections that will hold the attention of the audience; and the effort has been vain if the readings appeal not to the auditor of average intelligence alone, but as well to one of taste and culture. An experience of twenty years as a public reader and teacher should, I believe, give one some insight into the psychology of an audience; and, with this experience in mind, I think it is not overstating the truth to say that every selec-

tion in this book will read aloud; and will, moreover, give pleasure both to the hearer and the reader.

There is a further object which one may hope this book to accomplish: to supply to classes in literature a wide range of material, the appreciation of which may be tested through vocal interpretation. Teachers of literature everywhere are recognizing the relation of vocal expression to literary interpretation. In the Introduction I have dwelt at some length upon this theme. It is, therefore, only necessary to say here that, if our students of literature are to read aloud, they must have literature appropriate to that purpose. "The Excursion" is true literature, "Endymion" is true literature; but they will not read aloud. Wordsworth's "Michael" is also real literature, and it will read aloud. The principle that has led me to omit the first two and insert the other has guided me throughout.

A word concerning the "cutting" of certain selections may not be out of place. Narratives in prose and verse that depend for their effect primarily upon the art and interest of the story-telling rather than upon literary merit, have been cut down so that they may be read within from fifteen to twenty-five minutes; but others, depending primarily upon their form, such as Michael, are inserted in full, in order that students may have the opportunity of studying them in their completeness. Should the student desire to read selections from the latter in public, he must make a "cutting" according to his own taste and judgment.

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INTRODUCTION

During the past few years many prominent educators have striven zealously to impress upon the educational world the importance of reading aloud as an aid to literary study. Among the leaders in this movement stands Professor Corson, of Cornell University, who states that he desires no better test of a student's grasp of any piece of literature than the vocal rendering of it. Bearing in mind that lack of concentration, nervousness, or other forms of mental awkwardness may interfere with adequate rendition, we may safely assert that, for all practical purposes, the best test that can be applied to determine appreciation of the thought and spirit of a piece of literature is that of vocal expression. To understand the mental content of a selection is one thing; to live the selection is another; and until we live literature it is doubtful whether it has become our own. How, then, can reading aloud be made to contribute to the acquisition of the thought and spirit of literature?

It is not difficult to show that, in the average recitation room, too little attention is paid to the careful consideration of the text. The pupil studies the definition of every word, and yet fails to grasp the inner meaning of phrase and clause. The finer shades of thought and feeling are frequently overlooked. The

transitions in thought and emotion are scarcely noticed. We are content to get a general, vague idea of the spirit of the author, and, in the stress of other studies, are prone to overlook the details in literary study, without a knowledge of which it is impossible to form sound literary judgments. Now, it is claimed for oral reading, first, that it compels the attention of the student to every detail; compels him, before he can read a passage, to determine not only the thought, but the emotion with which every poetic line is instinct. Second, it gives the teacher, in undeniable form, just the impression that a pupil has derived from a reading of the text, and, I might add, it does this better than could be done by means of a written examination. Third, it enables the student, by compelling him to enter into the spirit of the author, to experience, to some extent, emotions with which otherwise he might never come in contact. Fourth, by compelling the student to go slowly—I mean slowly as compared with silent reading—it develops his power of attention, and in this wise opens the avenues through which the ethical and esthetical faculties are reached.

Let us demonstrate what is meant by saying that oral reading compels the attention of the student to every detail. Knowing that the teacher will hold him responsible for the reading of the text, the student can no longer content himself with a hasty and general perusal. He must make each line, each word, *live*. He knows that his reading will betray at every step faulty analysis or slipshod interpretation. So his preparation now becomes a definite study, as definite

as mathematics, linguistics, science. He must weigh, balance, argue; he must use his knowledge of nature and art; he must reason. In a word, every faculty of the mind must be brought to bear on his analysis. Even this process, one may admit, may not reveal the innermost thought of Goethe's "Faust" or Shakespeare's "Hamlet." But no other way will! Nor can it be denied that many teachers pursue this detailed method, without regard to oral reading. But does it not seem plausible that when the pupil has not only to describe the thought, but to render it; not only to describe the emotion, but to feel it, he must perforce be compelled to a deeper and fuller analysis? Let us illustrate our point by two brief examples. The first is found in Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty." The poet has been telling Lady Flora the old story of "The Sleeping Beauty." Then follows:

MORAL.

I.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,
  And if you find no moral there,
Go, look in any glass and say,
  What moral is in being fair.
Oh, to what uses shall we put
  The wildweed-flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
  Within the bosom of the rose?

II.

But any man that walks the mead,
  In bud, or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humors lead,
  A meaning suited to his mind.

> And liberal applications lie
> In Art like Nature, dearest friend;
> So 'twere to cramp its use, if I
> Should hook it to some useful end.

It is not difficult to get the author's intention. There is a large class of people who are forever poring over literature, determined to find in every poem some profound symbolism, some hidden meaning which they are positive lies underneath the surface. They go sometimes so far as to insist that this symbolism is present whether the author intended it to be there or not, and are not content unless they discover some moralizing hid "within the bosom of the rose." To these Tennyson says: Are you not content to dwell in the presence of the beautiful? Does not that which is beautiful justify itself? You do not seek continually for a moral in the glories of sunset, or among the ever-changing hues of the ocean. True, these may stir us deeply, and call up yearnings and aspirations from the depths of our being, but these beauties are not there primarily to teach sermons. So in art. As nature affects each of us according to his experience, culture, and mood, so does art, and

> So 'twere to cramp its use, if I
> Should hook it to some useful end.

Hook it! There is the keynote of the "Moral." The associations of "hook" are most prosaic. Its very sound is flat and commonplace. As far as that word, in associations and sound, is removed from the realm of poetry, so far are they from possessing the true spirit of literature who constantly strive to find a practical application in every poem; and "hook it"

becomes a poetic cudgel with which to belabor them. The manner in which a student would render that phrase would clearly reveal his understanding of the "Moral."

A second illustration is from the familiar soliloquy of Brutus, in "Julius Cæsar," Act II., Scene 1:

> It must be by his death: and, for my part,
> I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
> But for the general. He would be crowned:
> How that might change his nature, there's the question:
> It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
> And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;
> And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
> That at his will he may do danger with.
> The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
> Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
> I have not known when his affections swayed
> More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
> That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
> Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
> But when he once attains the utmost round,
> He then unto the ladder turns his back,
> Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
> By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:
> Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
> Will bear no color for the thing he is,
> Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
> Would run to these and these extremities:
> And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
> Which, hatched, would as his kind grow mischievous;
> And kill him in the shell.

There are many students who have made a study of "Julius Cæsar" who yet fail to remark that in this speech Brutus is made to reveal all unconsciously the weakness of his position. Shakespeare clearly shows us that Brutus would kill his dearest friend, not for what he is, but for what he might be: an argument

that can hardly be justified before the bar of ethics. Let us examine the passage more nearly.

Brutus has been debating carefully the relation of Cæsar to Roman liberty. Much as he loves his friend, and doing violence to all his conceptions of friendship, Brutus can yet find no solution of the problem except in the death of Cæsar. But how can the assassination of the people's idol be explained to the populace? Can the conspirators point to a single overt act on the part of Cæsar that would be indisputable evidence of his determination to subvert the functions of government for his own ends? Not one. That Brutus recognizes this fact is evident in "the quarrel will bear no color for the thing he is." In other words, the assassination of Cæsar can not be justified by pointing to any act of his that can be construed into an attempt to extend his powers beyond the limits imposed by law. And since, then, we can not justify our course in this way, we must excuse it by showing what he might be. That is, "What he *is*, plus what he *might be* should he be crowned, would lead him to this or that extremity; and we must therefore kill him before his power becomes so great that it can not be restrained." The sentence that reveals this reasoning is:

> And, since the quarrel
> Will bear no color for the thing he IS,
> Fashion it thus: that what he *is*, AUGMENTED,
> Would run to these and these extremities:

The emphasis suggested reveals clearly and beyond the possibility of misunderstanding the entire *rationale* of the attitude of Brutus. And if a student read the

sentence in the manner indicated, no further test to discover his grasp of the meaning need be applied.

The illustrations that have been given to show how the preparation for oral expression necessitates a careful and minute examination of the text, serve also to substantiate our second claim, that reading aloud may be made a test of the student's grasp of the meaning. But to grasp the meaning includes not only the apprehension of sense relations, but also apprehension of the feeling. We may illustrate by a passage from "Macbeth," Act I., Scene 5:

> *Lady Macbeth.* . . . look like the innocent flower,
> But be the serpent under't. He that's coming, etc.

There are many who have no other idea of the function of elision than as a means of reducing the number of syllables in a given line. I have frequently asked my classes to explain why a certain letter was elided, and the answer has almost invariably been, to preserve the normal structure of the line: if the poet had not dropped the letter the line would have been a syllable too long. Granting that this explanation applies in many cases—as in the case of "'twas," "o'er," "e'er," "ev'n"—it may be safely asserted that in most other cases it is no explanation at all. This is not the place to develop this interesting phase of literary interpretation, but perhaps an examination of the preceding passage from "Macbeth" may serve to throw some light upon the subject.

In the first place, Shakespeare's works abound in lines containing nine, and eleven, and even twelve syllables. This shows that he did not consider it an

artistic crime to deviate from the conventional iambic pentameter line. As a matter of fact, the very line under discussion, even with the elision "under't," has still eleven syllables. Why not just as well make it twelve, as in the line, Scene 7,

> It were done quickly: if the assassination?

Or, why not rearrange or rewrite the line so as to make it normal? This would have been an easy task for Shakespeare. But no. The *i* elided itself. It dropped out through the intensity of Lady Macbeth's feeling. There is a determination, a grip, in "under't" that would disappear in "under it." In writing, it is difficult to express what is meant, but a reading of the passage will render it clear to any who have the slightest poetic sensibility. "Under it" is flat, prosaic, commonplace, impossible; "under't" is intense, concentrated passion. Every student will tell us that "under't" stands for "under it." That is the bare thought. When he grasps the feeling that unconsciously eliminated the *i*, his voice will manifest that feeling better than any written examination can ever do.

We pass now to our third consideration, *i.e.*, that the reading aloud of the text develops emotional power. If it is held that there is no value in careful development of emotional power, I have not sufficient time in this place to offer arguments to the contrary. But I do not believe there are very many who do hold thus, in spite of Plato's dictum that cultivation of the emotions tends to weaken self-control. Granting, then, that the possession of sympathy with as many

emotions as possible is a desideratum, it is proper to inquire how this is to be brought about through oral expression. Oral reading compels the attention to details. Thus, the figures, scenes, incidents of a selection are deeply impressed upon the mind, and as a result the imagination is stimulated. This is the first requisite. Stimulation of imagination vitalizes, makes vivid the picture. I mean more. I mean seeing the picture, and dwelling upon it, holding it by an *effort of the will*, so that there rush into the plane of consciousness, out of the unfathomable and inexplicable depths of the subconsciousness, ideas, pictures, experiences of the past; in a word, memories. These combine with the picture and the result is imagination and emotion.

The action of the subtle law of the association of ideas must never be lost sight of in connection with the development of imagination, and, through this, the development of emotion. Association of ideas is a spontaneous activity of mind. All we need do is to hold a picture before the mind and the brain will do the rest. The wider our range of experience and culture the greater the number of potential associative ideas. If, therefore, we ponder carefully each detail of a selection, as we are compelled to do in preparing for oral recitation; if we do as Wordsworth tells us in "Daffodils," "gaze—and gaze," the law of association of ideas will bring to consciousness past experiences that will so stimulate the imagination that the emotions will be aroused. As a result, we shall feel with the poet the joys of nature, the anguish of despair, or the uplifting that comes from a sympathetic con-

templation of the good, the beautiful, and the true. Surely such experiences are worth having, and if worth having, worth striving for. Who can study and read aloud with feeling the stately, dignified speech of Othello to the Senate without becoming more dignified? Who can represent the grandeur of soul, the unswerving honesty of Brutus in the garden scene, without adding somewhat to his own moral stature? We cannot by thinking add to our physical height, but we can and do grow *spiritually* only by first *thinking* and then *doing* the right. Good literature affords the stimulus to this thinking, and good reading means that the student is, for a moment at least, in the higher realm of emotion.

Emotion is deprecated nowadays. From the primary grade to the university Impression seems to be the watchword, and good expression is entirely disregarded. The result is seen and felt in the pulpit, at the bar, in the schoolroom. The child comes to us full of expression, emotion, imagination. He leaves the high school and university, "cold and moveless as a stone." He is now a practical man. But the laws of nature can not be violated with impunity. Atrophy has set in, the capacity to feel has disappeared, and the taste for good literature and good music, painting, and sculpture—children of the emotions—is dead.

I desire to be perfectly fair in this matter. I do not wish to defeat my purpose by claiming too much. The highly developed emotional capacity is not an unmixed good. The more emotional a man is, the more danger of his abuse of the emotions. We have only to cite the French Revolution as an example of

the emotions run to weed. The possession of any power is never inseparable from the possibility of its misuse. But is that possibility a reason why we should not develop these great powers? Because the emotions of the Jacobins found vent in massacre and the Reign of Terror, is that any reason for stemming the onward flow of democratic principles which take their rise in the emotion of patriotism and universal brotherhood? I would, then, suggest a simple and feasible plan for which I am thankful to acknowledge my indebtedness to Professor James, the eminent psychologist of Harvard. Never awaken an emotion unless at the same time you strive to open a channel through which the emotion may pass into the realm of elevated action. If your class are reading the inspiring creed of the Knights of the Round Table, which was to serve "as model for the mighty world," the creed set forth by Tennyson in "Guinevere,"

> To reverence the King, as if he were
> Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
> To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
> To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
> To honor his own word as if his God's,
> To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
> To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> To worship her by years of noble deeds,
> Until they won her;

I repeat, if we are studying such ideals with our class, we have failed in the highest duty of a teacher if we have not given them somewhat of a similar ideal of life, and, furthermore, having given them the ideal, if we have not given them, by means of some sugges-

tion, the opportunity for realizing the ideal. A college man can carry his ideal into immediate practice by doffing his hat to a lady on the street, when he has not been accustomed to do it; by taking off his hat in an elevator; by rising when a lady enters the drawing-room; by daring to stand up for the right, even though his own football or baseball team may by such means be worsted; daring to speak out boldly against so many of the smaller vices of school and college life. In the life of the young girl there is generally a higher ideal than in that of the man; but a teacher can find a vent for the emotion of the girl, which shall do for her by similar means what I have suggested should be done for the boys. Furthermore, if there is an emotion excited in our pupils through music or any other of the arts, through a patriotic lecture, a talk on ethics or sociology, it matters not what, we fail of our duty if we do not take an occasion at once to guide that emotion so that it may express itself in elevated action.

Lastly, I hold that reading aloud makes the literature thus read more the possession of the student. It makes it more his own. After what I have already said, very little argument should be necessary to substantiate this claim. It is a corollary, rather than a new proposition. No one will deny that when a student has searched a piece of literature for its ethical and esthetical beauties, he is forever nearer to the spirit of the literature. So long has he lived with the selection and with its underlying thought and passion, with its scenes and characters, that they have become his own foster children. He loves them and he loves the lit-

erature which embodies them. And until we have brought our students into this relation, the relation of a lover rather than that of a servant or hireling of the Muse, we have not truly taught them how to study and appreciate literature.

That we need some training of this kind goes without saying. How many of those who have studied literature in schools or colleges, because it was part of the prescribed work, ever go to it in after life as a means of culture, training, or pleasure? Alas! very, very few. I believe that there is no better way to inculcate the love of literature than by having the pupils read it aloud. We talk glibly of the sonorous rhythm of Milton's verse, but can not quote a line. We talk of the fertile imagination and sublime passion of Shakespeare, but how many of us ever pick him up for an hour's reading? We talk of the tenderness, of the homeliness of the lyrics of Burns, but never read them. The dust-covered volumes lie upon our shelves, or for an ornament on the drawing-room table; while, on the other hand, we are well nigh shamed when compelled to confess we have not read the latest popular novel.

PROSE

DRAMATIC NARRATIVE

PATHETIC

HUMOROUS

HUMOROUS DIALECT

DRAMATIC NARRATIVE

'THERE WERE NINETY AND NINE"*

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Young Harringford, or the "Goodwood Plunger," as he was perhaps better known at that time, had come to Monte Carlo in a very different spirit and in a very different state of mind from any in which he had ever visited the place before. He had come there for the same reason that a wounded lion, or a poisoned rat, for that matter, crawls away into a corner, that it may be alone when it dies. He stood leaning against one of the pillars of the Casino with his back to the moonlight, and with his eyes blinking painfully at the flaming lamps above the green tables inside. He knew they would be put out very soon; and as he had something to do then, he regarded them fixedly with painful earnestness, as a man who is condemned to die at sunrise watches through his barred windows for the first gray light of the morning.

That queer, numb feeling in his head and the sharp line of pain between his eyebrows which had been growing worse for the last three weeks, was troubling him more terribly than ever before, and his nerves had thrown off all control and rioted at the base of his

* See Suggestions for Cutting, p. 551.

head and at his wrists, and jerked and twitched as though, so it seemed to him, they were striving to pull the tired body into pieces and to set themselves free. He was wondering whether if he should take his hand from his pocket and touch his head he would find that it had grown longer, and had turned into a soft, spongy mass which would give beneath his fingers. He considered this for some time, and even went so far as to half withdraw one hand, but thought better of it and shoved it back again as he considered how much less terrible it was to remain in doubt than to find that this phenomenon had actually taken place.

The pity of the whole situation was, that the boy was only a boy with all his man's miserable knowledge of the world, and the reason of it all was, that he had entirely too much heart and not enough money to make an unsuccessful gambler. If he had only been able to lose his conscience instead of his money, or even if he had kept his conscience and won, it is not likely that he would have been waiting for the lights to go out at Monte Carlo. But he had not only lost all of his money and more besides, which he could never make up, but he had lost other things which meant much more to him now than money, and which could not be made up or paid back at even usurious interest. He had not only lost the right to sit at his father's table, but the right to think of the girl whose place in Surrey ran next to that of his own people, and whose lighted window in the north wing he had watched on those many dreary nights when she had been ill, from his own terrace across the trees in the park. And all he had gained was the notoriety that

made him a byword with decent people, and the hero of the race-tracks and the music-halls. He was no longer "Young Harringford, the eldest son of the Harringfords of Surrey," but the "Goodwood Plunger," to whom Fortune had made desperate love and had then jilted, and mocked, and overthrown.

As he looked back at it now and remembered himself as he was then, it seemed as though he was considering an entirely distinct and separate personage—a boy of whom he liked to think, who had had strong, healthy ambitions and gentle tastes. He reviewed it passionlessly as he stood staring at the lights inside the Casino, as clearly as he was capable of doing in his present state and with miserable interest. How he had laughed when young Norton told him in boyish confidence that there was a horse named Siren in his father's stables which would win the Goodwood Cup; how, having gone down to see Norton's people when the long vacation began, he had seen Siren daily, and had talked of her until two every morning in the smoking-room, and had then stayed up two hours later to watch her take her trial spin over the downs. He remembered how they used to stamp back over the long grass wet with dew, comparing watches and talking of the time in whispers, and said good-night as the sun broke over the trees in the park. And then just at this time of all others, when the horse was the only interest of those around him, from Lord Norton and his whole household down to the youngest stable-boy and oldest gaffer in the village, he had come into his money.

And then began the then and still inexplicable

plunge into gambling, and the wagering of greater sums than the owner of Siren dared to risk himself, the secret backing of the horse through commissioners all over England, until the boy by his single fortune had brought the odds against her from 60 to 1 down to 6 to 1. He recalled, with a thrill that seemed to settle his nerves for the moment, the little black specks at the starting-post and the larger specks as the horses turned the first corner. The rest of the people on the coach were making a great deal of noise, he remembered, but he, who had more to lose than any one or all of them together, had stood quite still with his feet on the wheel and his back against the box-seat, and with his hands sunk into his pockets and the nails cutting through his gloves. The specks grew into horses with bits of color on them, and then the deep muttering roar of the crowd merged into one great shout, and swelled and grew into sharper, quicker, impatient cries, as the horses turned into the stretch with only their heads showing toward the goal. Some of the people were shouting "Firefly!" and others were calling on "Vixen!" and others, who had their glasses up, cried "Trouble leads!" but he only waited until he could distinguish the Norton colors, with his lips pressed tightly together. Then they came so close that their hoofs echoed as loudly as when horses gallop over a bridge, and from among the leaders Siren's beautiful head and shoulders showed like sealskin in the sun, and the boy on her back leaned forward and touched her gently with his hand, as they had so often seen him do on the downs, and Siren, as though he had touched a spring, leaped forward with her head

shooting back and out, like a piston-rod that has broken loose from its fastening and beats the air, while the jockey sat motionless, with his right arm hanging at his side as limply as though it were broken, and with his left moving forward and back in time with the desperate strokes of the horse's head.

"Siren wins!" cried Lord Norton, with a grim smile, and "Siren!" the mob shouted back with wonder and angry disappointment, and "Siren!" the hills echoed from far across the course. Young Harringford felt as if he had suddenly been lifted into heaven after three months of purgatory, and smiled uncertainly at the excited people on the coach about him. It made him smile even now when he recalled young Norton's flushed face and the awe and reproach in his voice when he climbed up and whispered, "Why, Cecil, they say in the ring you've won a fortune, and you never told us." And how Griffith, the biggest of the book-makers, with the rest of them at his back, came up to him and touched his hat resentfully, and said, "You'll have to give us time, sir; I'm very hard hit"; and how the crowd stood about him and looked at him curiously, and the Certain Royal Personage turned and said, "Who—not that boy, surely?" Then how, on the day following, the papers told of the young gentleman who of all others had won a fortune, thousands and thousands of pounds they said, getting back sixty for every one he had ventured; and pictured him in baby clothes with the cup in his arms, or in an Eton jacket; and how all of them spoke of him slightingly, or admiringly, as the "Goodwood Plunger."

He did not care to go on after that; to recall the mortification of his father, whose pride was hurt and whose hopes were dashed by this sudden, mad freak of fortune, nor how he railed at and provoked him until the boy rebelled and went back to the courses, where he was a celebrity and a king.

The rest is a very common story. Fortune and greater fortune at first; days in which he could not lose, days in which he drove back to the crowded inns choked with dust, sunburnt and fagged with excitement, to a riotous supper and baccarat, and afterward went to sleep only to see cards and horses and moving crowds and clouds of dust; days spent in a short covert coat, with a field-glass over his shoulder and with a pasteboard ticket dangling from his buttonhole; and then came the change that brought conscience up again, and the visits to the Jews, and the slights of the men who had never been his friends, but whom he had thought had at least liked him for himself, even if he did not like them; and then debts, and more debts, and the borrowing of money to pay here and there, and threats of executions; and, with it all, the longing for the fields and trout springs of Surrey and the walk across the park to where she lived. This grew so strong that he wrote to his father, and was told briefly that he who was to have kept up the family name had dragged it into the dust of the race-courses, and had changed it at his own wish to that of the Boy Plunger — and that the breach was irreconcilable.

Then this queer feeling came on, and he wondered why he could not eat, and why he shivered even when the room was warm or the sun shining, and the fear

came upon him that with all this trouble and disgrace his head might give way, and then that it had given way. This came to him at all times, and lately more frequently and with a fresher, more cruel thrill of terror, and he began to watch himself and note how he spoke, and to repeat over what he had said to see if it were sensible, and to question himself as to why he laughed, and at what. It was not a question of whether it would or would not be cowardly; it was simply a necessity. The thing had to be stopped. He had to have rest and sleep and peace again. He had boasted in those reckless, prosperous days that if by any possible chance he should lose his money he would drive a hansom, or emigrate to the colonies, or take the shilling. He had no patience in those days with men who could not live on in adversity, and who were found in the gun-room with a hole in their heads, and whose family asked their polite friends to believe that a man used to firearms from his school-days had tried to load a hair-trigger revolver with the muzzle pointed at his forehead. He had expressed a fine contempt for those men then, but now he had forgotten all that, and thought only of the relief it would bring, and not how others might suffer by it. If he did consider this, it was only to conclude that they would quite understand, and be glad that his pain and fear were over.

Then he planned a grand *coup* which was to pay off all his debts and give him a second chance to present himself a supplicant at his father's house. If it failed, he would have to stop this queer feeling in his head at once. The Grand Prix and the English horse was the final *coup*. On this depended everything —

the return of his fortunes, the reconciliation with his father, and the possibility of meeting her again. It was a very hot day he remembered, and very bright; but the tall poplars on the road to the races seemed to stop growing just at a level with his eyes. Below that it was clear enough, but all above seemed black — as though a cloud had fallen and was hanging just over the people's heads. He thought of speaking of this to his man Walters, who had followed his fortunes from the first, but decided not to do so, for, as it was, he had noticed that Walters had observed him closely of late, and had seemed to spy upon him. The race began, and he looked through his glass for the English horse in the front and could not find her, and the Frenchman beside him cried, "Frou Frou!" as Frou Frou passed the goal. He lowered his glasses slowly and unscrewed them very carefully before dropping them back into the case; then he buckled the strap, and turned and looked about him. Two Frenchmen who had won a hundred francs between them were jumping and dancing at his side. He remembered wondering why they did not speak in English. Then the sunlight changed to a yellow, nasty glare, as though a calcium light had been turned on the glass and colors, and he pushed his way back to his carriage, leaning heavily on the servant's arm, and drove slowly back to Paris, with the driver flecking his horses fretfully with his whip, for he had wished to wait and see the end of the races.

He had selected Monte Carlo as the place for it, because it was more unlike his home than any other spot, and because one summer night, when he had

crossed the lawn from the Casino to the hotel with a gay party of young men and women, they had come across something under a bush which they took to be a dog or a man asleep, and one of the men had stepped forward and touched it with his foot, and had then turned sharply and said, "Take those girls away"; and while some hurried the women back, frightened and curious, he and the others had picked up the body and found it to be that of a young Russian whom they had just seen losing, with a very bad grace, at the tables. There was no passion in his face now, and his evening dress was quite unruffled, and only a black spot on the shirt front showed where the powder had burnt the linen. It had made a great impression on him then, for he was at the height of his fortunes, with crowds of sycophantic friends and a retinue of dependents at his heels. And now that he was quite alone and disinherited by even these sorry companions there seemed no other escape from the pain in his brain but to end it, and he sought this place of all others as the most fitting place in which to die.

So, after Walters had given the proper papers and checks to the commissioner who handled his debts for him, he left Paris and took the first train for Monte Carlo, sitting at the window of the carriage, and beating a nervous tattoo on the pane with his ring until the old gentleman at the other end of the compartment scowled at him. But Harringford did not see him, nor the trees and fields as they swept by, and it was not until Walters came and said, "You get out here, sir," that he recognized the yellow station and

the great hotels on the hill above. It was half-past eleven, and the lights in the Casino were still burning brightly. He wondered whether he would have time to go over to the hotel and write a letter to his father and to her. He decided, after some difficult consideration, that he would not. There was nothing to say that they did not know already, or that they would fail to understand. But this suggested to him that what they had written to him must be destroyed at once, before any stranger could claim the right to read it. He took his letters from his pocket and looked them over carefully. They were most unpleasant reading. They all seemed to be about money; some begged to remind him of this or that debt, of which he had thought continuously for the last month, while others were abusive and insolent. Each of them gave him actual pain. One was the last letter he had received from his father just before leaving Paris, and though he knew it by heart, he read it over again for the last time. That it came too late, that it asked what he knew now to be impossible, made it none the less grateful to him, but that it offered peace and a welcome home made it all the more terrible.

"I came to take this step through young Hargraves, the new curate," his father wrote, "though he was but the instrument in the hands of Providence. He showed me the error of my conduct toward you, and proved to me that my duty and the inclination of my heart were toward the same end. He read this morning for the second lesson the story of the Prodigal Son, and I heard it without recognition and with no present application until he came to the verse which

tells how the father came to his son 'when he was yet a great way off.' He saw him, it says, 'when he was yet a great way off,' and ran to meet him. He did not wait for the boy to knock at his gate and beg to be let in, but went out to meet him, and took him in his arms and led him back to his home. Now, my boy, my son, it seems to me as if you had never been so far off from me as you are at this present time, as if you had never been so greatly separated from me in every thought and interest; we are even worse than strangers, for you think that my hand is against you, that I have closed the door of your home to you and driven you away. But what I have done I beg of you to forgive; to forget what I may have said in the past, and only to think of what I say now. Your brothers are good boys and have been good sons to me, and God knows I am thankful for such sons, and thankful to them for bearing themselves as they have done.

"But, my boy, my first-born, my little Cecil, they can never be to me what you have been. I can never feel for them as I feel for you; they are the ninety and nine who have never wandered away upon the mountains, and who have never been tempted, and have never left their home for either good or evil. But you, Cecil, though you have made my heart ache until I thought and even hoped it would stop beating, and though you have given me many, many nights that I could not sleep, are still dearer to me than anything else in the world. You are the flesh of my flesh and the bone of my bone, and I cannot bear living on without you. I cannot be at rest here,

or look forward contentedly to a rest hereafter, unless you are by me and hear me, unless I can see your face and touch you and hear your laugh in the halls. Come back to me, Cecil; to Harringford and the people that know you best, and know what is best in you and love you for it. I can have only a few more years here now when you will take my place and keep up my name. I will not be here to trouble you much longer; but, my boy, while I am here, come to me and make me happy for the rest of my life. There are others who need you, Cecil. You know whom I mean. I saw her only yesterday, and she asked me of you with such splendid disregard for what the others standing by might think, and as though she dared me or them to say or even imagine anything against you. You cannot keep away from us both much longer. Surely not; you will come back and make us happy for the rest of our lives."

The Goodwood Plunger turned his back to the lights so that the people passing could not see his face, and tore the letter up slowly and dropped it piece by piece over the balcony.

"If I could," he whispered; "if I could." The pain was a little worse than usual just then, but it was no longer a question of inclination. He felt only this desire to stop these thoughts and doubts and the physical tremor that shook him. To rest and sleep, that was what he must have, and peace. There was no peace at home or anywhere else while this thing lasted. He could not see why they worried him in this way. It was quite impossible. He felt much more sorry for them than for himself, but only be-

cause they could not understand. He was quite sure that if they could feel what he suffered they would help him, even to end it.

He had been standing for some time with his back to the light, but now he turned to face it and to take up his watch again. He felt quite sure the lights would not burn much longer. As he turned, a woman came forward from out the lighted hall, hovered uncertainly before him, and then made a silent salutation, which was something between a courtesy and a bow. That she was a woman and rather short and plainly dressed, and that her bobbing up and down annoyed him, was all that he realized of her presence, and he quite failed to connect her movements with himself in any way. "Sir," she said in French, "I beg your pardon, but might I speak with you?" The Goodwood Plunger possessed a somewhat various knowledge of Monte Carlo and its *habitués*. It was not the first time that women who had lost at the tables had begged a napoleon from him, or asked the distinguished child of fortune what color or combination she should play. That, in his luckier days, had happened often and had amused him, but now he moved back irritably and wished that the figure in front of him would disappear as it had come.

"I am in great trouble, sir," the woman said. "I have no friends here, sir, to whom I may apply. I am very bold, but my anxiety is very great."

The Goodwood Plunger raised his hat slightly and bowed. Then he concentrated his eyes with what was a distinct effort on the queer little figure hovering in front of him, and stared very hard. She wore an odd

piece of red coral for a brooch, and by looking steadily at this he brought the rest of the figure into focus and saw, without surprise, — for every commonplace seemed strange to him now, and everything peculiar quite a matter of course, — that she was distinctly not an *habituée* of the place, and looked more like a lady's maid than an adventuress. She was French and pretty, — such a girl as might wait in a Duval restaurant or sit as a cashier behind a little counter near the door.

"We should not be here," she said, as if in answer to his look and in apology for her presence. "But Louis, my husband, he would come. I told him that this was not for such as we are, but Louis is so bold. He said that upon his marriage tour he would live with the best, and so here he must come to play as the others do. We have been married, sir, only since Tuesday, and we must go back to Paris to-morrow; they would give him only the three days. He is not a gambler; he plays dominos at the cafés, it is true. But what will you? He is young and with so much spirit, and I know that you, sir, who are so fortunate and who understand so well how to control these tables, I know that you will persuade him. He will not listen to me; he is so greatly excited and so little like himself. You will help me, sir, will you not? You will speak to him?"

The Goodwood Plunger knit his eyebrows and closed the lids once or twice, and forced the mistiness and pain out of his eyes. It was most annoying. The woman seemed to be talking a great deal and to say very much, but he could not make sense of it. He

moved his shoulders slightly. "I can't understand," he said wearily, turning away.

"It is my husband," the woman said anxiously: "Louis, he is playing at the table inside, and he is only an apprentice to old Carbut the baker, but he owns a third of the store. It was my *dot* that paid for it," she added, proudly. "Old Carbut says he may have it all for 20,000 francs, and then old Carbut will retire, and we will be proprietors. We have saved a little, and we had counted to buy the rest in five or six years if we were very careful."

"I see, I see," said the Plunger, with a little short laugh of relief; "I understand." He was greatly comforted to think that it was not so bad as it had threatened. He saw her distinctly now and followed what she said quite easily, and even such a small matter as talking with this woman seemed to help him.

"He is gambling," he said, "and losing the money, and you come to me to advise him what to play. I understand. Well, tell him he will lose what little he has left; tell him I advise him to go home; tell him——"

"No, no!" the girl said, excitedly; "you do not understand; he has not lost, he has won. He has won, oh, so many rolls of money, but he will not stop. Do you not see? He has won as much as we could earn in many months — in many years, sir, by saving and working, oh, so very hard! And now he risks it again, and I cannot force him away. But if you, sir, if you would tell him how great the chances are against him, if you who know would tell him how foolish he is not to be content with what he has, he would listen. He

says to me, 'Bah! you are a woman'; and he is so red and fierce; he is imbecile with the sight of the money, but he will listen to a grand gentleman like you. He thinks to win more and more, and he thinks to buy another third from old Carbut. Is it not foolish? It is so wicked of him."

"Oh, yes," said the Goodwood Plunger, nodding, "I see now. You want me to take him away so that he can keep what he has. I see; but I don't know him. He will not listen to me, you know; I have no right to interfere."

He turned away, rubbing his hand across his forehead. He wished so much that this woman would leave him by himself.

"Ah, but, sir," cried the girl, desperately, and touching his coat, "you who are so fortunate, and so rich, and of the great world, you cannot feel what this is to me. To have my own little shop and to be free, and not to slave, and sew, and sew until my back and fingers burn with the pain. Speak to him, sir; ah, speak to him! It is so easy a thing to do, and he will listen to you."

The Goodwood Plunger turned again abruptly. "Where is he?" he said. "Point him out to me."

The woman ran ahead, with a murmur of gratitude, to the open door and pointed to where her husband was standing leaning over and placing some money on one of the tables. He was a handsome young Frenchman, as *bourgeois* as his wife, and now terribly alive and excited. In the self-contained air of the place and in contrast with the silence of the great hall he seemed even more conspicuously out of place.

The Plunger touched him on the arm, and the Frenchman shoved the hand off impatiently and without looking around. The Plunger touched him again and forced him to turn toward him.

"Well!" said the Frenchman, quickly. "Well?"

"Madame, your wife," said Cecil, with the grave politeness of an old man, "has done me the honor to take me into her confidence. She tells me that you have won a great deal of money; that you could put it to good use at home, and so save yourselves much drudgery and debt, and all that sort of trouble. You are quite right if you say it is no concern of mine. It is not. But really, you know there is a great deal of sense in what she wants, and you have apparently already won a large sum."

The Frenchman was visibly surprised at this approach. He paused for a second or two in some doubt, and even awe, for the disinherited one carried the mark of a personage of consideration and of one whose position is secure. Then he gave a short, unmirthful laugh.

"You are most kind, sir," he said with mock politeness and with an impatient shrug. "But madame, my wife, has not done well to interest a stranger in this affair, which, as you say, concerns you not."

He turned to the table again with a defiant swagger of independence and placed two rolls of money upon the cloth, casting at the same moment a childish look of displeasure at his wife. "You see," said the Plunger, with a deprecatory turning out of his hands. But there was so much grief on the girl's face that he turned again to the gambler and touched his arm.

He could not tell why he was so interested in these two. He had witnessed many such scenes before, and they had not affected him in any way except to make him move out of hearing. But the same dumb numbness in his head, which made so many things seem possible that should have been terrible even to think upon, made him stubborn and unreasonable over this. He felt intuitively — it could not be said that he thought — that the woman was right and the man wrong, and so he grasped him again by the arm, and said, sharply this time:

"Come away! Do you hear? You are acting foolishly."

But even as he spoke the red won, and the Frenchman with a boyish gurgle of pleasure raked in his winnings with his two hands, and then turned with a happy, triumphant laugh to his wife. It is not easy to convince a man that he is making a fool of himself when he is winning some hundred francs every two minutes. His silent arguments to the contrary are difficult to answer. But the Plunger did not regard this in the least.

"Do you hear me?" he said in the same stubborn tone and with much the same manner with which he would have spoken to a groom. "Come away."

Again the Frenchman tossed off his hand, this time with an execration, and again he placed the rolls of gold coin on the red; and again the red won.

"My God!" cried the girl, running her fingers over the rolls on the table, "he has won half of the 20,000 francs. Oh, sir, stop him, stop him!" she cried. "Take him away."

"Do you hear me!" cried the Plunger, excited to a degree of utter self-forgetfulness, and carried beyond himself; "you've got to come with me."

"Take away your hand," whispered the young Frenchman, fiercely. "See, I shall win it all; in one grand *coup* I shall win it all. I shall win five years' pay in one moment."

He swept all of the money forward on the red and threw himself over the table to see the wheel.

"Wait, confound you!" whispered the Plunger, excitedly. "If you will risk it, risk it with some reason. You can't play all that money; they won't take it. Six thousand francs is the limit, unless," he ran on quickly, "you divide the 12,000 francs among the three of us. You understand, 6,000 francs is all that any one person can play; but if you give 4,000 to me, and 4,000 to your wife, and keep 4,000 yourself, we can each chance it. You can back the red if you like, your wife shall put her money on the numbers coming up below eighteen, and I will back the odd. In that way you stand to win 24,000 francs if our combination wins, and you lose less than if you simply back the color. Do you understand?"

"No!" cried the Frenchman, reaching for the piles of money which the Plunger had divided rapidly into three parts, "on the red; all on the red!"

"Good Heavens, man!" cried the Plunger, bitterly. "I may not know much, but you should allow me to understand this dirty business." He caught the Frenchman by the wrists, and the young man, more impressed with the strange look in the boy's face than by his physical force, stood still, while the ball rolled

and rolled, and clicked merrily, and stopped, and balanced, and then settled into the "seven."

"Red, odd, and below," the croupier droned mechanically.

"Ah! you see; what did I tell you?" said the Plunger, with sudden calmness. "You have won more than your 20,000 francs; you are proprietors — I congratulate you!"

"Ah, my God!" cried the Frenchman, in a frenzy of delight, "I will double it."

He reached toward the fresh piles of coin as if he meant to sweep them back again, but the Plunger put himself in his way and with a quick movement caught up the rolls of money and dropped them into the skirt of the woman, which she raised like an apron to receive her treasure.

"Now," said young Harringford, determinedly, "you come with me." The Frenchman tried to argue and resist, but the Plunger pushed him on with the silent stubbornness of a drunken man. He handed the woman into a carriage at the door, shoved her husband in beside her, and while the man drove to the address she gave him, he told the Frenchman, with an air of a chief of police, that he must leave Monte Carlo at once, that very night.

"Do you suppose I don't know?" he said. "Do you fancy I speak without knowledge? I've seen them come here rich and go away paupers. But you shall not; you shall keep what you have and spite them." He sent the woman up to her room to pack while he expostulated with and browbeat the excited bridegroom in the carriage. When she returned with the

bag packed, and so heavy with the gold that the servants could hardly lift it up beside the driver, he ordered the coachman to go down the hill to the station.

"The train for Paris leaves at midnight," he said, "and you will be there by morning. Then you must close your bargain with this old Carbut, and never return here again."

The Frenchman had turned during the ride from an angry, indignant prisoner to a joyful madman, and was now tearfully and effusively humble in his petitions for pardon and in his thanks. Their benefactor, as they were pleased to call him, hurried them into the waiting train and ran to purchase their tickets for them.

"Now," he said, as the guard locked the door of the compartment, "you are alone, and no one can get in, and you cannot get out. Go back to your home, to your new home, and never come to this wretched place again. Promise me — you understand? — never again!"

They promised with effusive reiteration. They embraced each other like children, and the man, pulling off his hat, called upon the good Lord to thank the gentleman.

"You will be in Paris, will you not?" said the woman, in an ecstasy of pleasure, "and you will come to see us in our own shop, will you not? Ah! we should be so greatly honored, sir, if you would visit us; if you would come to the home you have given us. You have helped us so greatly, sir," she said; "and may Heaven bless you!"

She caught up his gloved hand as it rested on the

door and kissed it until he snatched it away in great embarrassment and flushing like a girl. Her husband drew her toward him, and the young bride sat at his side with her face close to his and wept tears of pleasure and of excitement.

"Ah, look, sir!" said the young man, joyfully; "look how happy you have made us. You have made us happy for the rest of our lives."

The train moved out with a quick, heavy rush, and the car-wheels took up the young stranger's last words and seemed to say, "You have made us happy — made us happy for the rest of our lives."

It had all come about so rapidly that the Plunger had had no time to consider or to weigh his motives, and all that seemed real to him now, as he stood alone on the platform of the dark, deserted station, were the words of the man echoing and re-echoing like the refrain of the song. And then there came to him suddenly, and with all the force of a gambler's superstition, the thought that the words were the same as those which his father had used in his letter, "You can make us happy for the rest of our lives."

"Ah," he said, with a quick gasp of doubt, "if I could! If I made those poor fools happy, mayn't I live to be something to him, and to her? O God!" he cried, but so gently that one at his elbow could not have heard him, "if I could, if I could!"

He tossed up his hands, and drew them down again and clenched them in front of him, and raised his tired, hot eyes to the calm purple sky with its millions of moving stars. "Help me!" he whispered fiercely, "help me." And as he lowered his head the queer

numb feeling seemed to go, and a calm came over his nerves and left him in peace. He did not know what it might be, nor did he dare to question the change which had come to him, but turned and slowly mounted the hill, with the awe and fear still upon him of one who had passed beyond himself for one brief moment into another world. When he reached his room he found his servant bending with an anxious face over a letter which he tore up guiltily as his master entered.

"You were writing to my father," said Cecil, gently, "were you not? Well, you need not finish your letter; we are going home.

"I am going away from this place, Walters," he said as he pulled off his coat and threw himself heavily on the bed. "I will take the first train that leaves here, and I will sleep a little while you put up my things. The first train, you understand—within an hour, if it leaves that soon." His head sank back on the pillows heavily, as though he had come in from a long, weary walk, and his eyes closed and his arms fell easily at his side. The servant stood frightened and yet happy, with the tears running down his cheeks, for he loved his master dearly.

"We are going home, Walters," the Plunger whispered, drowsily. "We are going home; home to England and Harringford and the governor—and we are going to be happy for all the rest of our lives." He paused a moment, and Walters bent forward over the bed and held his breath to listen.

"For he came to me," murmured the boy, as though he was speaking in his sleep, "when I was yet a great

way off—while I was yet a great way off, and ran to meet me——

His voice sank until it died away into silence, and a few hours later, when Walters came to wake him, he found his master sleeping like a child and smiling in his sleep

THE REVOLT OF "MOTHER"*

MARY E. WILKINS

"Father!"

"What is it?"

"What are them men diggin' over there in the field for?"

There was a sudden dropping and enlarging of the lower part of the old man's face, as if some heavy weight had settled therein; he shut his mouth tight, and went on harnessing the great bay mare.

"Father!"

The old man slapped the saddle upon the mare's back.

"Look here, father, I want to know what them men are diggin' over in the field for, an' I'm goin' to know."

"I wish you'd go into the house, mother, an' 'tend to your own affairs," the old man said.

"I ain't goin' into the house till you tell me what them men are doin' over there in the field," said she.

Then she stood waiting. She was a small woman. Her forehead was mild and benevolent between the smooth curves of gray hair; there were meek downward lines about her nose and mouth; but her eyes,

* Abridged from Miss Mary E. Wilkins's story "The Revolt of Mother," from "A New England Nun and Other Stories." Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers.

fixed upon the old man, looked as if the meekness had been the result of her own will, never of the will of another.

The old man glanced doggedly at his wife as he tightened the last buckles on the harness. She looked as immovable to him as one of the rocks in his pastureland, bound to the earth with generations of blackberry vines. He slapped the reins over the horse, and started forth from the barn.

"*Father!*" said she.

The old man pulled up. "What is it?"

"I want to know what them men are diggin' over there in that field for."

"They're diggin' a cellar, I s'pose, if you've got to know."

"A cellar for what?"

"A barn."

"A barn? You ain't goin' to build a barn over there where we was goin' to have a house, father?"

The old man said not another word. He hurried the horse into the farm wagon, and clattered out of the yard.

The woman stood a moment looking after him, then she went out of the barn across a corner of the yard to the house. The house, standing at right angles with the great barn and a long reach of sheds and outbuildings, was infinitesimal compared with them. It was scarcely as commodious for people as the little boxes under the barn eaves were for doves.

A pretty girl's face, pink and delicate as a flower, was looking out of one of the house windows. She was watching three men who were digging over in

the field which bounded the yard near the road line. She turned quietly when the woman entered.

"What are they digging for, mother?" said she. "Did he tell you?"

"They're diggin' for—a cellar for a new barn."

"Oh, mother, he ain't going to build another barn?"

"That's what he says."

"I don't see what father wants another barn for," said the girl, in her sweet, slow voice. She turned again to the window, and stared out at the digging men in the field. Her tender, sweet face was full of a gentle distress.

Her mother said nothing more. She went into the pantry, and there was a clatter of dishes. The girl went to the sink, and began to wash the dishes that were piled up there. Her mother came promptly out of the pantry, and shoved her aside. "You wipe 'em," said she; "I'll wash. There's a good many this morn-in'."

The mother plunged her hands vigorously into the water, the girl wiped the plates slowly and dreamily. "Mother," said she, "don't you think it's too bad father's going to build that new barn, much as we need a decent house to live in?"

Her mother scrubbed a dish fiercely. "You ain't found out yet we're women-folks, Nanny Penn," said she. "You ain't seen enough of men-folks yet to. One of these days you'll find it out, an' then you'll know that we know only what men-folks think we do, so far as any use of it goes, an' how we'd ought to reckon men-folks in with Providence, an' not com-

plain of what they do any more than we do of the weather."

"I don't care; I don't believe George is anything like that, anyhow," said Nanny. Her delicate face flushed pink, her lips pouted softly, as if she were going to cry.

"You wait an' see. I guess George Eastman ain't no better than other men. You hadn't ought to judge father, though. He can't help it, 'cause he don't look at things jest the way we do."

"I do wish we had a parlor."

"I guess it won't hurt George Eastman any to come to see you in a nice clean kitchen. I guess a good many girls don't have as good a place as this. Nobody's ever heard me complain."

"I ain't complained either, mother."

"Well, I don't think you'd better, a good father an' a good home as you've got. S'pose your father made you go out an' work for your livin'. Lots of girls have to that ain't no stronger an' better able to than you be."

* * * * * * *

Nobility of character manifests itself at loop-holes when it is not provided with large doors. Sarah Penn's showed itself to-day in flaky dishes of pastry. So she made the pies faithfully, while across the table she could see, when she glanced up from her work, the sight that rankled in her patient and steadfast soul—the digging of the cellar of the new barn in the place where Adoniram forty years ago had promised her their new house should stand.

The pies were done for dinner. The dinner was eaten with serious haste. There was never much con-

versation at the table in the Penn family. Adoniram asked a blessing, and they ate promptly, then rose up and went about their work.

Adoniram went to work out in the yard unloading wood from the wagon. Mrs. Penn went to the door. "Father!" she called.

"Well, what is it!"

"I want to see you jest a minute, father."

"I can't leave this wood nohow. I've got to git it unloaded an' go for a load of gravel afore two o'clock."

"I want to see you jest a minute."

"I tell ye I can't, nohow, mother."

"Father, you come here." Sarah Penn stood in the door like a queen; she held her head as if it bore a crown; there was that patience which makes authority royal in her voice. Adoniram went.

Mrs. Penn led the way into the kitchen, and pointed to a chair. "Sit down, father," said she; "I've got somethin' I want to say to you."

He sat down heavily; his face was quite stolid, but he looked at her with restive eyes. "Well, what is it, mother?"

"I want to know what you're buildin' that new barn for, father?"

"I ain't got nothin' to say about it."

"It can't be you think you need another barn?"

"I tell ye I ain't got nothin' to say about it, mother; an' I ain't goin' to say nothin'."

"Be you goin' to buy more cows?"

Adoniram did not reply; he shut his mouth tight.

"I know you be, as well as I want to. Now, father, look here, I'm goin' to talk real plain to you; I never

have sence I married you, but I'm goin' to now. You see this room here, father; you look at it well. You see there ain't no carpet on the floor, an' you see the paper is all dirty, an' droppin' off the walls. You see this room, father; it's all the one I've had to work in an' eat in an' sit in sence we were married. It's all the room Nanny's got to have her company in. It's all the room she'll have to be married in. What would you have thought, father, if we had had our weddin' in a room no better than this? An' this is all the room my daughter will have to be married in. Look here, father!"

Sarah Penn went across the room as though it were a tragic stage. She flung open a door and disclosed a tiny bedroom, only large enough for a bed and bureau, with a path between. "There, father," said she—"there's all the room I've had to sleep in forty year. All my children were born there—the two that died, an' the two that's livin'."

She threw open another door. A narrow crooked flight of stairs wound upward from it. "There, father," said she, "I want you to look at the stairs that go up to them two unfinished chambers that are all the places our son an' daughter have had to sleep in all their lives. It ain't so good as your horse's stall; it ain't so warm an' tight."

Sarah Penn went back and stood before her husband. "Now, father," said she, "I want to know if you think you're doin' right an' accordin' to what you profess. Here, when we was married, forty year ago, you promised me faithful that we should have a new house built in that lot over in the field before the year was out. It is forty year now, an' you've been makin'

more money, an' I've been savin' of it for you ever sence, an' you ain't built no house yet. You've built sheds an' cow-houses an' one new barn, an' now you're goin' to build another. Father, I want to know if you think it's right. You're lodgin' your dumb beasts better than you are your own flesh an' blood. I want to know if you think it's right."

"I ain't got nothin' to say."

"You can't say nothin' without ownin' it ain't right, father."

Mrs. Penn's face was burning; her mild eyes gleamed. She had pleaded her little cause like a Webster; she had ranged from severity to pathos; but her opponent employed that obstinate silence which makes eloquence futile with mocking echoes. Adoniram arose clumsily.

"Father, ain't you got nothin' to say?" said Mrs. Penn.

"I've got to go off after that load of gravel. I can't stan' here talkin' all day."

"Father, won't you think it over, an' have a house built there instead of a barn?"

"I ain't got nothin' to say."

The barn was all completed ready for use by the third week in July. Adoniram had planned to move his stock in on Wednesday; on Tuesday he received a letter which changed his plans. "I've got a letter from Hiram," he said. "He says he thinks if I come up country right off there's a chance to buy jest the kind of a horse I want. *If* them cows come to-day, Sammy can drive 'em into the new barn, an' when they bring the hay up, they can pitch it in there."

Adoniram set his shaven face ahead and started. When he had cleared the door-step, he turned and looked back with a kind of nervous solemnity. "I shall be back by Saturday if nothin' happens," said he.

"Do be careful, father," returned his wife.

Mrs. Penn hurried her baking; at eleven o'clock it was all done. The load of hay from the west field came slowly down the cart track, and drew up at the new barn. Mrs. Penn ran out. "Stop!" she screamed—"stop!"

The men stopped and looked.

"Don't you put the hay in the new barn; there's room enough in the old one, ain't there?" said Mrs. Penn.

"Room enough," returned the hired man, in his thick, rustic tones. "Didn't need the new barn, nohow, far as room's concerned."

Mrs. Penn went back to the house.

"I ain't goin' to get a regular dinner to-day, as long as father's gone," she said to Nanny, as Sammy came in to see if dinner was ready. "I've let the fire go out. You can have some bread an' milk an' pie. I thought we could get along." She set out some bowls of milk, some bread, and a pie on the kitchen table. "You'd better eat your dinner now," said she. "You might jest as well get through with it. I want you to help me afterward."

Nanny and Sammy stared at each other. There was something strange in their mother's manner. Mrs. Penn did not eat anything herself. She went into the pantry, and they heard her moving dishes while they ate. Presently she came out with a pile of

plates. She got the clothes-basket out of the shed, and packed them in it. Nanny and Sammy watched. She brought out cups and saucers, and put them in with the plates.

"What you goin' to do, mother?" inquired Nanny, in a timid voice.

"You'll see what I'm goin' to do," replied Mrs. Penn. "If you're through, Nanny, I want you to go up-stairs an' pack up your things; an' I want you, Sammy, to help me take down the bed in the bedroom."

"Oh, mother, what for?" gasped Nanny.

"You'll see."

During the next few hours a feat was performed by this simple, pious New England mother which was equal in its way to Wolfe's storming of the Heights of Abraham. It took no more genius and audacity of bravery for Wolfe to cheer his wondering soldiers up those steep precipices, under the sleeping eyes of the enemy, than for Sarah Penn, at the head of her children, to move all their little household goods into the new barn while her husband was away.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the little house in which the Penns had lived for forty years had emptied itself into the new barn. At six o'clock the stove was up in the harness-room, the kettle was boiling, and the table set for tea.

* * * * * * *

Toward sunset on Saturday, when Adoniram was expected home, there was a knot of men in the road near the new barn. The hired man had milked, but he still hung around the premises. Sarah Penn had

supper all ready. There were brown-bread and baked beans and a custard pie; it was the supper that Adoniram loved on a Saturday night. She had on a clean calico, and she bore herself imperturbably. Nanny and Sammy kept close at her heels. Their eyes were large, and Nanny was full of nervous tremors. Still there was to them more pleasant excitement than anything else. An inborn confidence in their mother over their father asserted itself.

Sammy looked out of the harness-room window. "There he is," he announced, in an awed whisper. He and Nanny peeped around the casing. Mrs. Penn kept on about her work. The children watched Adoniram leave the new horse standing in the drive while he went to the house door. It was fastened. Then he went around to the shed. That door was seldom locked, even when the family was away. The thought how her father would be confronted by the cow flashed upon Nanny. There was a hysterical sob in her throat. Adoniram emerged from the shed and stood looking about in a dazed fashion. His lips moved; he was saying something, but they could not hear what it was. The hired man was peeping around a corner of the old barn, but nobody saw him.

Adoniram took the new horse by the bridle and led him across the yard to the new barn. Nanny and Sammy slunk close to their mother. The barn doors rolled back, and there stood Adoniram, with the long mild face of the great Canadian farm horse looking over his shoulder.

Nanny kept behind her mother, but Sammy stepped suddenly forward, and stood in front of her.

Adoniram stared at the group. What on airth you all down here for?" said he. "What's the matter over to the house?"

"We've come here to live, father," said Sammy. His shrill voice quavered out bravely.

"What"—Adoniram sniffed—"what is it smells like cookin'?" said he. He stepped forward and looked in the open door of the harness-room. Then he turned to his wife. His old bristling face was pale and frightened. "What on airth does this mean, mother?" he gasped.

"You come in here, father," said Sarah. She led the way into the harness-room and shut the door. "Now, father," said she, "you needn't be scared. I ain't crazy. There ain't nothin' to be upset over. But we've come here to live, an' we're goin' to live here. We've got jest as good a right here as new horses an' cows. The house wa'n't fit for us to live in any longer, an' I made up my mind I wa'n't goin' to stay there. I've done my duty by you forty year, an' I'm goin' to do it now; but I'm goin' to live here. You've got to put in some windows and partitions; an' you'll have to buy some furniture."

"Why, mother!" the old man gasped.

"You'd better take your coat off an' get washed—there's the wash-basin—an' then we'll have supper."

Adoniram tried to take off his coat, but his arms seemed to lack the power. His wife helped him. She poured some water into the tin basin, and put in a piece of soap. She got the comb and brush, and smoothed his thin gray hair after he had washed. Then she put the beans, hot bread, and tea on the

table. Sammy came in, and the family drew up. Adoniram sat looking dazedly at his plate, and they waited.

"Ain't you goin' to ask a blessin', father?" said Sarah.

And the old man bent his head and mumbled.

After supper he went out, and sat down on the step of the smaller door at the right of the barn, through which he had meant his Jerseys to pass in stately file, but which Sarah designed for her front house door, and he leaned his head on his hands.

After the supper dishes were cleared away and the milk-pans washed, Sarah went out to him. The twilight was deepening. There was a clear green glow in the sky. Before them stretched the smooth level of field; in the distance was a cluster of hay-stacks like the huts of a village; the air was very cool and calm and sweet. The landscape might have been an ideal one of peace.

Sarah bent over and touched her husband on one of his thin, sinewy shoulders. "Father!"

The old man's shoulders heaved: he was weeping.

"Why, don't do so, father," said Sarah.

"I'll—put up the—partitions, an'—everything you—want, mother."

Sarah put her apron up to her face; she was overcome by her own triumph.

Adoniram was like a fortress whose walls had no active resistance, and went down the instant the right besieging tools were used. "Why, mother," he said, hoarsely, "I hadn't no idee you was so set on't as all this comes to."

A SECOND TRIAL

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG

It was Commencement at one of our colleges. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the centre of the audience-room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half-smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said "Thank you!" we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how school-boys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not—they are dark-blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he's so good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"His oration is a real good one, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I 'most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, en-

couraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——'"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those big words rolling out of the smiling childish mouth.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a som-

nambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage-fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave child-voice:

"'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——'"

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her, but she was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together to make room for her. She sat

down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. —— —— would now deliver his oration—"Historical Parallels."

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audi-

ence was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child, the child who had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

HOW THE DERBY WAS WON

HARRISON ROBERTSON

It was natural that when Gid Bronxon realized he had his way to make in the world, he should turn to horses, even though he was well aware that horses had been the ruin of his father. Gid liked horses better than anything else in the world, except Jean Heath. He may have inherited his fondness for horses from his father, but he had acquired his information concerning them from other sources; for he had been quick to see that his father was one of those men, by no means rare in Kentucky, whose interest in the race-horse is far in excess of their ability to form an intelligent opinion as to his qualities, and who are almost invariably greater losers in purse than they are gainers by experience.

Such, at least, had been the case with the elder Bronxon. His farm, once a valuable one, had diminished as his tendency to " back his opinion " increased, until, at the time of his death, a few weeks after his son's return from school, all that was left was the house, then decidedly ramshackle, and about forty acres of land; which would also have probably slipped out of his hands if he had lived to make one or two more trips to the annual spring and fall " meetings " at Louisville and Lexington.

The Bronxon place adjoined the Heath place, which was a stock farm, though not as large nor as widely known as many similar farms in Kentucky. It was probably due to this proximity to Major Heath's that Gid's father became so much interested in the thoroughbred; and without doubt this circumstance of his residence was largely responsible for the early bent of Gid's own youthful tastes, for he and Tom Heath were inseparable playfellows as boys, and while Tom lived there was never a colt on his father's farm which did not know the twain, and which was not better known by them.

After Tom's death, however, Gid was very rarely at the Heaths'. He went off to school about that time, and during his vacations at home he seldom saw the Major or the Major's daughter, except at some chance meeting on the public roads, or on Sundays at the little neighborhood church, which Gid attended regularly all through those vacations. For Jean Heath was no longer in his eyes merely Tom's little hoiden sister. She had budded into a young womanhood which awed while it charmed him, and which made her seem as far above him as he had been accustomed to hold himself above her when she *was* merely Tom's little hoiden sister.

On his final return from college, however, he had outgrown, in some degree, his diffidence, although his admiration for her who had inspired it was stronger than ever. And if he was yet disinclined to seek advancement in her favor by any means more positive than he had formerly employed, he soon saw that

others were more aggressive, and this spurred him to the necessity of making some demonstration in his own behalf. And so one day about this time, when Major Heath suggested that a young fellow with as much " horse sense " as Gid ought to be his chief lieutenant, Gid replied, in the flush of the moment, that he agreed with the Major entirely on that point, and before the two parted it was settled between them that the younger man was to relieve the older one of the duties of the active management of the Heath farm.

It would be an injustice to him to infer that he accepted the Major's proposition with any idea of advancing himself in the graces of the Major's daughter. The truth is, that while he had determined that he would exert no effort to inspire a reciprocation of his love for Jean Heath until his worldly prospects should better warrant such presumption, he could not resist the temptation, which her father's proposition held out to him, of her presence—of hearing the cheeriness of her voice, and looking upon the sunshine of her hair and the shadows of her eyes.

But he was far from being pleased with life at the Major's. Not that his work was any less to his taste than he had anticipated, or that he could have given any definite reason for his disappointment. But reason there was, he felt rather than knew; and, moreover, felt that it was connected in some way with Jean Heath. He was conscious of a subtle change in her manner toward him from the first day on which he began his new duties. He knew no explanation for this altered demeanor; at first he could think of none;

and when, after much gloomy speculation, he stumbled on one, he stumbled on it with the fatuity of a man in love, and of course it was a wrong one.

It was not an explanation which tended to make him less dissatisfied with himself. On the contrary, it added to his discomfort and unhappiness; for it was based on the assumption that Jean had interpreted his coming to her home as an open manifestation of a purpose to ingratiate himself with her, and that she regarded it with disapproval, if not with suspicion.

His inference that she had discovered, and sought to rebuke his passion was further strengthened by her graciousness to other men, and especially to Casey Pallam, a handsome young Tennesseean, who, having recently come into his fortune, was bent upon indulging in a racing stable. It was ostensibly to collect such a stable that he was in Kentucky, although Gid Bronxon was perfectly sure that this did not require his remaining in the Bluegrass so long, or spending so much of his time at the Major's, whose sale of thoroughbreds, as every one knows, took place annually, and in public, on a day duly advertised.

Once satisfied that his presence was distasteful to Jean Heath, there was, of course, but one thing for Gid to do, and he was prompt in doing it. Frankly telling the Major that he wished to be released from their agreement, the latter, although not pretending to understand the motive of the request, at once assented to it; and Gid went to his room and made his preparations for leaving. These completed, he returned downstairs, intending to send back for his things; and as

he stepped from the house Jean Heath was on the lawn.

"Good-by, Miss Jean," he called out, lightly, as he walked on toward the gate.

"Good-by? Why, where are you goin'?" she asked, turning to him in surprise.

"Over home," he answered, pausing and facing her. "The Major and I have agreed to quit," with a moderately successful attempt at a smile.

"You—you haven't quarrelled, have you?" with a suspicion of something in her manner that might have suggested trepidation to her auditor if he had been in a frame of mind to entertain a distinct consciousness of anything of less significance than that he was going away, and that he was leaving all his hopes behind him.

"No; we haven't quarrelled," he replied. "Of course not. I simply asked him to release me, and he kindly did so."

"I'm glad you're goin'. I mean I'm glad that—that you're goin' to do somethin' else."

But whatever her meaning might have been, Gid was incapable, just then, of construing it except literally. Her words stung him into a desperation which broke into such expression as he would have shrunk from a minute before.

"I know it!" he said. "I know you're glad; you need not take the trouble to tell me. I'm too well aware that my love for you annoys you; but I did not intend to speak to you of it or to——"

"I hope you didn't, as long as you were satisfied to —to be—my father's servant!" she interrupted, with a vehemence that to Gid was inexplicable.

It was a brutal thing to say, and he did not feel this more acutely than she, as soon as it was said; but its brutality would not have been without avail if it had disclosed to him, as it might have done, the true cause of this spirited girl's recent coldness to him.

"Oh! I don't mean—I don't mean——"

But her distress was unheeded, perhaps unheard; for he had wheeled and was walking rapidly away. She let her pruning-shears fall unnoted to the ground as she stood mutely looking after him, and as he disappeared through the gate she covered her face for an instant with her hands and then ran, as if in fright, into the house.

Meanwhile Gid stalked on homeward, not turning his head to one side or the other, except once to glare stolidly at the handsome roadsters of Casey Pallam as he rattled by toward the Major's.

Two weeks later the annual sale of the Major's yearlings took place. Gid had determined, within the fortnight intervening between his departure from the Major's and the sale, that he would go into business for himself, and business with him, as has been noted already, meant horses. Concerning one thing he had made up his mind: he would regain, if possible, by his own efforts, the estate which his father had squandered. His desire to do this was impatiently strong since that galling taunt of Jean Heath's, and although he told himself that henceforth Jean Heath was as dead to him as poor Tom Heath himself, yet he knew that his greatest incentive to the recuperation of his fortunes was his wish that she should see, and be compelled to acknowledge, his prosperity.

He procured fifteen hundred dollars by mortgaging his little farm, and this he authorized Bob Ozley, his representative, to invest in young thoroughbreds at the sale.

"Couldn't do much for you, Gid," Ozley reported. "But I bid in three youngsters, though they were not the ones you wanted most. Your first choices brought higher figures than our pile would reach."

"Yes, I expected that."

"But I got you the Babette colt for seven hundred, and the Paquita filly for five-fifty. They're good, for the money, I think. Then I had no trouble about that two-year-old Brunhilde colt. Nobody seemed to want him, and pretty much everybody laughed when he was knocked down to me for one hundred and sixty dollars. What do you want with the ugly beast, anyway?"

Gid smiled. "He isn't a beauty; but I have an idea that there is some outcome in him if his villanous temper can be cured."

"Well, I shouldn't care to have him on my hands, even at the price. Why wasn't he sold twelve months ago as a yearling? Nobody wanted him?"

"That was it," Gid smiled. "If you call him ugly now, you ought to have seen him as a yearling. I remember very well no one would make a bid for him then, and he and the Alsatia colt, who was sick and was not offered, were the only two in last year's catalogue that were not sold."

"Ah! that Alsatia colt is a jewel; brought the top price to-day, too."

"He ought to have done so. Who got him?"

"Casey Pallam. All the high-rollers were after him, but Pallam outlasted them and bid him in for eight thousand and five hundred."

"He's worth it, in my opinion," Gid answered. "Major Heath thinks him the finest colt he ever bred."

"Maybe he won't have such smooth sailing, after all, if you start your Brunhilde wonder against him," Ozley suggested, with a grin.

"Never mind about my Brunhilde wonder. He won't have to run against Alsatia colts often, I reckon. Besides, I don't expect to start him until he is three years old. It will take a year to civilize him."

At the opening of the following spring Gid was forced to admit that his hopes of success in his new business depended on this ill-favored colt. His Paquita filly had died, and his Babette colt had gone lame. Unless, therefore, the Brunhilde colt should prove better than the general estimate of him, Gid realized that he had not only failed at the very outset of his undertaking, but that he had lost in the venture what little property his father had left him.

He was not at all sanguine about the colt, which was as surly and vicious a brute as ever rebelled against bit or saddle, and which looked more like a camel than a race-horse. It was in a moment of disgust at these characteristics of the colt that Gid bestowed upon him the name of Yaboo, the designation by which the Persians contemptuously distinguish their native drudge horses from their highly prized Turcomans and Arabians.

He had placed Yaboo in the hands of Uncle Lije

Heath, to whom the Major, his old master, had given a strip of ground, and who followed the honored and responsible calling of a public trainer.

As the winter broke and the mild weather gave Uncle Lije an opportunity to put the colt into active training, the old man began to make more encouraging reports concerning his charge. "He des ez mean ez ever, Mr. Gid—en da's de meanis I ever come acrost yit. He doin' a leetle better dough now, sence Alec Saffel commenced wukin wid him. Somehow he sorter takes to Alec mo'n to anybody else, cepn—cepn—I mean Alec's de onles boy he'll let ride him to do any good; en dis mawnin Alec he wuked him a mile in '49, en dat ain't so bad fer a hawse ez high in flesh ez Yaboo is yit."

It was Gid's intention to start Yaboo in the Kentucky Derby, the great race of the South and West for three-year-olds. As the time approached for the race Gid began to feel that there might be just a chance, if Yaboo could be prevailed upon to run kindly. Of course, nothing in the race could expect to contest it with Huguenot, if Huguenot came to the post in good condition. Huguenot—who was the Alsatia colt Casey Pallam had bought at the Major's sale—had proved the best of the preceding season's two-year-olds, winning nine successive stakes, and retiring into winter quarters with an unbeaten record. It was generally conceded, and by none more freely than by Gid, that if the colt did not go amiss he would also have the principal three-year-old stakes at his mercy. But the uncertainties of spring racing led Gid to decide that if anything should happen to prevent what seemed the

inevitable victory of Huguenot in the Derby, Yaboo should, if possible, be ready to compete for the prize.

Meanwhile, during the year which had elapsed since his departure from the Major's he had not seen Jean Heath, except at a distance—across the pews at church, perhaps, or dashing over the country with her father or friends; for she was a reckless and adept horsewoman.

About two weeks before the date fixed for the Derby Gid rode over to Uncle Lije's to look at Yaboo, and just before reaching the gate into the old trainer's domain he saw two female figures on horseback ride through it and gallop off down the road. One of them he recognized as Jean; but the fact that she had visited Uncle Lije or Aunt Polly was in no way surprising to him, for he knew that these two worthies, who considered themselves members in good standing of the Heath family, enjoyed the special favor of the Major and his daughter.

As the two figures on horseback disappeared behind a green swell of the undulating meadow Gid rode around to the stables, where he found Uncle Lije in the act of removing a side-saddle from the back of Yaboo. The old trainer cast a somewhat apprehensive glance at Gid, and hastened to say:

"He's comin'on, Mr. Gid, he's comin' on; wuked a mile dis mawnin' wid his shoes on in '47. De ole Bonnie Scotlan' blood begins to warm up, I tell you! Ef he keeps on disaway dey'll hear fum us in dat Derby yit, en Huguenot he gotter be feelin' lak hisse'f ef he wanter have a walk-over."

"But why have you had that side-saddle on him?" Gid asked.

"Oh, dat ain't gwiner do no harm," evasively.

"Uncle Lije, one of those ladies who left here a few minutes ago has been riding Yaboo!"

"Well, dat don't mek no diffunce," the old negro replied, uneasily. "Alec Saffel he was sick dis mawnin', en Miss Jean she happen to come by, en she took it into her head she wanter breeze Yaboo 'roun' de track, en long's Yaboo need de wuk, en long's Miss Jean she allus could do mo' wid dat hawse den any yuther livin' soul, not scusin' Alec Saffel hisse'f, I s'posed I mought ez well let her have her way."

As he thought of Jean Heath riding that fiendish brute, Gid for the first time in his life burned with anger against Uncle Lije. Taking the saddle from the ground, he tossed it with some vehemence under the shed, enjoining Uncle Lije that he was never, upon penalty of having the horse shot, to allow Miss Heath to touch Yaboo again.

"Yes, suh," he answered in bewilderment; "but," he added, under his breath, as he turned to throw a blanket over Yaboo, "I'd ruther be hamstrung den tell Honey dat."

It was Derby day in Kentucky. At that time the Kentucky Derby was not only the first of the great regular events of the American turf, but it was more coveted by horsemen than any other prize of the year. Five minutes after the struggle was over the conqueror was worth to his owner a respectable fortune; for in addition to the five or six thousand dollars which the stake was worth, the winner also usually won with the stake that which was of far greater value, the reputa-

tion of being the best colt of his age this side of England.

By half-past two, when the first race was called, the grand-stand was thronged; the overflowing crowd filled the grounds about it, and the grass of the field was crushed and hidden from sight beneath the feet of thousands, who stood in the sun, and joked and laughed and scuffled, waiting for the running of the great race.

Gid Bronxon had decided to start Yaboo in the Derby, although he had no real hope of beating Huguenot, whom he knew to be in excellent condition. But there is always a possibility that some accident may befall the best of horses; and, besides, it would be worth something to anybody's colt to run as well as second to Huguenot, as Uncle Lije had more than once insisted. Young Bronxon did not begrudge Huguenot his coming triumph; he was too genuine an admirer of fleetness and gameness in a thoroughbred not to admire at all times his triumph honestly won. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling somewhat rebellious against his untoward fate that he should be prevented from winning this race, which would mean so much to him, by the superiority of a horse whose owner was, of all men, Casey Pallam, the fortune-favored young Tennesseean, who, if report was reliable, was no surer of winning the Derby than he was of winning Jean herself.

The first race was a three-quarter-mile dash, with nearly a score of contestants, whose coyness and fretfulness at the post were watched with impatience by the spectators, who resented anything that would delay the principal race of the day. A start was at last made,

with every jockey fighting for the lead; and as they turned into the homestretch one of the horses was seen to fall, and immediately after another tumbled over him. As the second went down Gid Bronxon, who was watching the race through a pair of field-glasses, uttered a slight exclamation and hastened toward the scene of the accident. The two fallen horses were quickly on their feet, none the worse for their misadventure, and one of the jockeys also sprang up, laughingly brushing the dust from his gorgeously colored jacket; but the other rider lay where he had been thrown, and as Gid came up he saw that the boy was, as he had thought, Alec Saffel. A physician, who was not hard to find in the crowd which had hurried to the spot, declared that the little fellow had suffered no injury more serious than the dislocation of a shoulder. Gid had him taken to the club-house and properly cared for; and then walked out listlessly on the lawn, his hands aimlessly in his pockets and his eyes fixed vacuously on the variegated foliage of the plants that shaped a jockey's cap and saddle at his feet. His last chance of winning the Derby, insignificant as it had been, had gone, for young Saffel's mishap would prevent him riding Yaboo, and even if another good jockey could be secured at that late hour, it was extremely improbable that anyone unfamiliar with the horse would be able to manage him.

Uncle Lije came slowly forward, looking so lugubrious that Gid, who was not wearing a very cheerful expression himself, could not repress a smile. "Well, Mr. Gid," forlornly, "luck's gone agin us."

"It seems so, Uncle Lije."

"I knowed sumpn bad wus gwiner happen 'fo' night, case I tied one shoe 'fo' I put on tother dis mawnin', en I ain't nuvver seed dat sign miss yit."

"Well, we'll have to withdraw Yaboo and save him for some other day. Alec will be all right before the meeting is over, I reckon," Gid answered, with some attempt at consolation.

"We gotter try fer de Derby anyhow," Uncle Lije maintained. "Dat race wuff mo' to us den all de res' Yaboo kin run in de whole meetin'—you know dat widout me tellin' you, Mr. Gid. So I done got dis yere boy Whitlock to ride him, stid 'er Alec. We hatter take our chances, Mr. Gid, dough de Lawd knows dey mighty slim shakes. Alec Saffel de onles boy yit ever could do anything wid dat Yaboo."

Gid authorized Uncle Lije to do whatever he thought best, and then made his way absently to a seat high up in the grand-stand. There he sat until after the second race, with his head bared gratefully to the breeze, and his eyes directed toward the misty billows of the Indiana hills. And as he gazed at them they seemed, as if from a majestic amphitheatre, to look down with exalted indifference upon this paltry scene of excitement and contention about him; and catching something of their spirit of philosophical serenity, he told himself that a man was a fool who, with no more resources than his, ventured upon the turf with the expectation of keeping his head above it. Reaching this sagacious conclusion, he diverted his eyes from the Indiana hills to a certain spot in the ladies' section of the grand-stand, where Jean Heath and her aunt were sitting.

This change of view did not result in reflections that were particularly profitable or pleasing, for perhaps the most definite impressions which he received were, that the bonnet of Jean's aunt was aggressively old-fashioned as she sat among those stylish Louisville girls, and that the clothes of Casey Pallam, who was constantly saying something that made Jean laugh, were conspicuously new and his diamonds were disgustingly dazzling.

At four o'clock the bell rang to call the horses from the stables for the Derby. The gate from the paddock opened, and Petrel, the first of the Derby contestants, minced daintily through it to the course. Following him from the paddock came Timarch, a well-formed well-bred black giant, who looked, however, a little too fleshy for such a race as the Derby. Seven of the nine starters thus appeared, and each was awarded some sign of applause. As the eighth leaped lithely to the track with elastic step and free stride a cheer broke from thousands. It was Huguenot, of course; no other horse on the grounds would have met such an ovation. Shaking his head from side to side as if for very joy in the ecstacy of motion, he was followed by a parting cheer as he cantered off to the starting-post; and Gid Bronxon saw Casey Pallam, a few feet away, smile radiantly as he lifted his hat to Jean Heath, who was beaming on him from the grand-stand.

The next moment Uncle Lije at his bit and young Whitlock on his back succeeded in getting Yaboo from the paddock to the course. As the uncomely colt plunged right and left, laughter echoed from stand and field, and rose again as a big voice exclaimed, "Hitch

him to the water-cart!" Gid Bronxon flushed as he saw Casey Pallam join in the laughter and cast an amused glance in the direction of Jean Heath. But he did not look at Jean Heath again himself.

After much persuasion and lashing Yaboo at last switched his tail in the air impatiently and rushed off rapidly toward the other horses, which were waiting for him at the half-mile post. Arriving there, he refused to stop, but ran on a quarter of a mile farther before Whitlock could check him; and ten minutes more were consumed in bringing him back to the starting-post. A good half-hour was then wasted in attempting to get him off with the other horses, and it looked as if it would be necessary to leave the crimson and white behind and run the race without Yaboo's assistance. Gid smiled when he saw Uncle Lije go up to the judges and engage those officials in earnest conversation, emphasizing it with many obeisances and gestures. He was evidently well pleased with his call, for when he left the judges' stand he was wreathed in smiles. Before Gid could reach him he had disappeared through the crowd, but the next minute a messenger from the judges was galloping across the field to inform the starter that another jockey would be allowed to ride Yaboo, and a few moments later Gid caught sight of Uncle Lije driving a buggy furiously toward the half-mile post, with a boyish figure in crimson and white at his side. He wondered idly what jockey Uncle Lije had picked up now, but was satisfied that it was of no importance who rode Yaboo, as nothing could be expected from the colt in his present humor.

Through his glasses he saw Uncle Lije and his com-

panion spring from the buggy and go upon the track; saw Whitlock dismount with alacrity, and the new jockey approach Yaboo in front and stand for an instant patting him on the nose; saw him vault from Uncle Lije's hand into the saddle, and then bend over the colt and stroke his neck for a few seconds; saw him lift himself in his seat and gently shake the reins, and Yaboo walk slowly toward the other horses; saw him come abreast of them, then saw, like a flash of refracted light, a many-colored platoon plunge forward. The next instant the red flag had cut the air to the earth, there was a resonant shout from the grand-stand, and the Derby had begun.

As the horses swung into the stretch for the first time, they rounded the turn all bunched. But only for two or three seconds did they run in this order, for as the long stretch was fairly entered Petrel burst from the ruck and shot to the van, increasing his speed at every stride until by the time he had covered fifty yards he was fully three lengths ahead of all the others. Then another rein was loosened, and the big black form of Timarch loomed out in hot pursuit of the flying Petrel, followed by a general quickening of the pace by the others. As they neared the stand Petrel was still leading, but Timarch was following with a rush that was fast lessening the distance between them. Behind Timarch, two lengths away, were the others in a pack, from which the shapely head of Huguenot showed slightly in advance of the remaining six. That head was sawing from side to side desperately as the colt fought against the unyielding bit that kept him from spurning his company and leaping disdainfully to the

lead. Meanwhile, at his saddle-girth, unmindful of his disdain, and seemingly of everything else, Yaboo lounged sleepily along.

As the end of the stand was reached Timarch worked up to Petrel, and the two raced down to the "wire," cheered on by the applause of the spectators. They ended the first half-mile of the race head and head, passing lapped together under the wire, and beginning in earnest the mile which was yet to be traversed. As they dashed by the judges the other horses were four lengths behind them; but just at this point Huguenot's jockey relaxed his reins a little and with a wonderful bound that shook the grand-stand with a shout of joy, the orange and blue began to cut down the gap which Petrel and Timarch had made. In a second Huguenot was clear of the bunch, and leaving it farther in his rear at every one of those mighty, graceful bounds. But in another second Yaboo's rider had bent forward slightly, and Yaboo himself, appearing to wake from his dreams, switched his tail and hurried off in pursuit of his late companion. "Just look at old Water-cart!" yelled the big voice again, and before the laughter had subsided Yaboo's nose was back at its old place at Huguenot's saddle-girth: in another moment it was at his throat-latch; and in two more strides the crimson and white and the orange and blue were streaming through the sunlight blended together. The excitement now began to grow intense as the next quarter was finished with Huguenot and Yaboo side by side, only a length behind Petrel and Timarch, still lapped, while the others were struggling some lengths away. It was evident, however, that Petrel and Timarch were

running at the top of their speed, while the other two each had something yet in reserve.

Gid Bronxon felt the hand that held his glasses become a trifle unsteady as he watched the good work which Yaboo was doing, and yielding to a sudden impulse he glanced up in the grand-stand, but he could not see either Jean Heath or her aunt. Looking over into the field, he broke into a nervous laugh as he caught sight of Uncle Lije hilariously tossing his hat high in the air.

But his laugh instantly died away when he levelled his glasses on the horses again. They were approaching the turn into the backstretch, in the same order as last noted, when Yaboo abruptly left Huguenot and bolted obliquely to the opposite side of the track, an action which sent a murmurous commotion through the throngs which saw it, and left no doubt in any one's mind that all chances for the crimson and white were over. For Huguenot not only went on alone in pursuit of Petrel and Timarch, but by the time Yaboo had been pulled back into the course every horse in the race had passed that obstinate brute.

Along the backstretch it soon began to look as if the result would be between Petrel and Huguenot, for Timarch faltered, and then dropped back to Huguenot, the latter going by the tired black colt quickly, and now rapidly overtaking the gallant Petrel. In the next twenty yards he collars Petrel, and a cry goes up from the grand-stand. There seems nothing in the race now except the two, and in another twenty yards the cry swells into an exultant roar as Huguenot's colors flash to the lead. Petrel's jockey draws his whip

and plies it vigorously, and the brave colt makes an heroic effort to recover his lost ground.. But it is useless. Petrel's race is run, and Huguenot enters on the last half-mile two good lengths in front, which it is easy to see he can make a dozen if necessary. "It's all over!" is the exclamation which rises above the pandemonium in the field and the grand-stand. "It's Huguenot's race!" "There's nothing in it that can mak him run!" "He wins in a walk!"

Huguenot swings into the homestretch retaining his advantage without an effort, and running with a free action that is as beautiful as it is powerful, his rider sitting motionless in supreme confidence that all that is required of him now is to hold the horse to his course.

The great crowd is laughing good-humoredly at Huguenot's easily won Derby. Many in it are shaking each other's hands, and Gid Bronxon observes that those near Casey Pallam are boisterously congratulating him.

Suddenly there is a new tumult. "Look!" "Look!" "Who is that?" "See how he comes!" For out from the rear tears a tornado of dust, swirling by horse after horse with a swiftness that is electric in its effect on those who see it. "Who is it?" "What is it?" "What are those colors?" And a big voice bellows, "By the great Geehosaphat if it ain't old Water-cart!" "Yaboo!" "Yaboo!" "Yaboo!" proclaim a thousand straining tongues, and the reverberant shouts startle from his fancied security Huguenot's jockey, who, turning in his seat, looks over his shoulder and sees swooping down on him that pillar of dust, out from which, even as he looks, there leaps like a gleam

of lightning a sheen of crimson and white—and Yaboo is once more alongside of Huguenot. The rider in orange and blue is no longer motionless in his saddle; his arms beat the air rapidly as he shakes the reins, and his heels strike against Huguenot's sides incessantly, as, for the first time, he begins to urge the son of Virgil to do his best. But Yaboo is not to be gotten rid of easily. It is as if he were borne on by some preternatural force, on which he has been hurled forward with a momentum that is resistless. Do what he can, Huguenot cannot shake that demon from his side, and an eighth of a mile from the end the two are neck and neck, and each is running as he has never run before. On they plunge, stride for stride, the dust rising and hanging over the other horses a few yards behind them, whose riders are now making a last desperate attempt to force them to the front. And as they respond with their final rally, and dash furiously forward in a close cluster through that lowering dust, it is, indeed, as if a storm were sweeping down the course, from which those two terror-stricken beasts just in front of it are fleeing for their lives. On they fly from one storm into another—from the storm behind them into the storm that bursts before them from ten thousand throats. They are so near now that the play of their tense muscles can be seen without the aid of glasses; but near as they are, those myriad eyes cannot see which, if either, leads the other. They are so near that the delicate nostrils of Huguenot, dilated to their utmost in this mighty struggle, glow like opalescent fire. They are so near that, straining, as if almost they would leave their sockets, the whites of Yaboo's eyes

are plainly visible. Huguenot, with every faculty of his beautiful body and dauntless spirit thrown into this supreme effort, is superb and more than worthy of every one of those deafening plaudits, "Huguenot!" "Huguenot!" Yaboo in motion, now the incarnation of a terrific power, is grand, and deserves that frantic acclaim, "Yaboo!" "Yaboo!" Pitted together they are magnificent, and "Huguenot!" "Huguenot!" "Yaboo!" "Yaboo!" "Yaboo wins!" "Huguenot wins!" rend that mad multitude with a warring chaos of enthusiasm. On they come, even yet as though yoked together; but now as they reach the sixteenth pole, is it—can it be that the crimson has forged just a hand's-breath in front of the orange? "Huguenot is beaten!" rises from the people like a groan of defeat and a yell of victory. His jockey immediately raises his whip, and Huguenot for the first time in his life feels the sting of raw-hide. "Huguenot is whipping!" is heard above that wild uproar, if there is any one to hear. The sensitive creature springs gamely from the lash, and with an herculean bound wrests the lead from his competitor. "Huguenot has him!" "Huguenot wins!" and the multitude sways and storms over the triumph of the favorite—for triumph it must be as the goal is now not fifteen yards away. Yaboo's jockey bends lower over his horse's withers; there is a tremulous motion of his hands, a convulsive pressure of his knees, a quick lifting as if of the horse by the rider, and while the cruel blows yet fall on Huguenot's flank, Yaboo, amid an outburst that must startle the far Indiana hills, hurtles past the judges, winner, by a "head," of the Kentucky Derby.

As the jockeys rode back to the judges' stand to dismount after the finish of the race, Gid Bronxon suddenly sprang through the gate to the track, and hurrying to Yaboo, lifted his drooping rider from the saddle. His own face was as pale as the boy's, and as he held the exhausted figure for an instant in his arms he saw tears trembling on the little fellow's lashes. "Put me down quick, quick!" came from the quivering lips, and like one in a dream Gid placed him on the ground. The crimson and white jacket disappeared immediately into the latticed weighing-room. In a moment Gid saw it come forth and slip away through the crowd. A minute later he caught a glimpse of it by Uncle Lije's side, as the old trainer drove away in the buggy; and while the eyes of perhaps all that throng were directed upon the horse that had won the Derby, and upon the time of the race, which had just been posted, Gid, going to the topmost railing of the grand-stand, followed with a dazed look the buggy as it left the grounds, turned into the old road that extends beyond them, and stopped in front of a little cottage back among the trees. Then he saw the crimson and white jacket leave the buggy and run up to the door, into the arms of a lady who was standing there, and on whose head was an aggressively old-fashioned bonnet.

About eight o'clock that evening Gid met Major Heath in the lobby of the Galt House, and after receiving the old gentleman's congratulations the two engaged in a conversation which concluded in this way:

"I'm afeard not, Gid. Jean is in a turrible tantrum. Cryin' all the time, an' says she never wants to see nobody ag'in."

"But, Major, if it is possible, I *must* speak to her somehow."

"Come along then, an' I'll see if I c'n manage it."

Among the "Notes" which followed a long description of the Derby in a Louisville paper next day were these:

"It is reported that the owner of Yaboo was offered $10,000 for him within half an hour after the race yesterday."

"The most important and happiest man in town last night was old Uncle Lije Heath, who trained the Derby winner. He says he knew all the time that Yaboo was no half-breed, and that his Bonnie Scotland blood was bound to pull him through."

"It is said that young Smith, who piloted Yaboo to victory, never rode in a race before. If such is the case the lad's performance was nothing short of marvellous. Smith is from the country, and was discovered by Uncle Lije Heath, who says, however, that the boy's parents would never consent to his going upon the turf. This is unfortunate, as there is no doubt that he would soon rank with the premier jockeys of America. Uncle Lije explains that Smith would not have ridden yesterday if the horse had not been a favorite of his, and if the ridicule with which the crowd greeted Yaboo had not made the boy indignant."

"The genial Major Heath, of Woodford County, was seen by a reporter in front of the Galt House late last night, in company with Mr. Bronxon, the owner

of Yaboo. The Major seemed as radiant over the result as Mr. Bronxon himself, as the great son of Glenelg and Brunhilde was bred by the Major, being the first Derby winner he has yet produced. He sold Yaboo as a two-year-old, he says, for $160. Mr. Bronxon, in response to an inquiry by the reporter, said he thought that yesterday's experience would satisfy him, and that he would seek no further honors on the turf. Major Heath intimated that there was some probability of the formation of a partnership between himself and Mr. Bronxon for the management of the former's stock farm, an intimation which Mr. Bronxon did not deny."

HIS MOTHER'S SERMON *

IAN MACLAREN

He was an ingenuous lad, with the callow simplicity of a theological college still untouched, and had arrived on the preceding Monday at the Free Kirk manse with four cartloads of furniture and a maiden aunt. For three days he roamed from room to room in the excitement of householding, and made suggestions which were received with hilarious contempt; then he shut himself up in his study to prepare the great sermon, and his aunt went about on tiptoe. During meals on Friday he explained casually that his own wish was to preach a simple sermon, and that he would have done so had he been a private individual, but as he had held the MacWhammel scholarship a deliverance was expected by the country. He would be careful and say nothing rash, but it was due to himself to state the present position of theological thought, and he might have to quote once or twice from Ewald.

His aunt was a saint, with that firm grasp of truth, and tender mysticism, whose combination is the charm of Scottish piety, and her face was troubled. While the minister was speaking in his boyish complacency, her thoughts were in a room where they had both

* See Suggestions for Cutting, p. 552.

stood, five years before, by the death-bed of his mother.

He was broken that day, and his sobs shook the bed, for he was his mother's only son and fatherless, and his mother, brave and faithful to the last, was bidding him farewell.

"Dinna greet like that, John, nor break yir hert, for it's the will o' God, and that's aye best.

"Here's my watch and chain," placing them beside her son, who could not touch them, nor would lift his head, "and when ye feel the chain about yir neck it will mind ye o' yir mother's arms.

"Ye'ill no forget me, John, I ken that weel, and I'll never forget you. I've loved ye here, and I'll love ye yonder. Th'ill no be an 'oor when I'll no pray for ye, and I'll ken better what to ask than I did here; sae dinna be comfortless."

Then she felt for his head and stroked it once more, but he could not look nor speak.

"Ye'ill follow Christ, and gin He offers ye His cross, ye'ill no refuse it, for He aye carries the heavy end Himsel'. He's guided yir mother a' thae years, and been as guid as a husband since yir father's death, and He'ill hold me fast tae the end. He'ill keep ye too, and, John, I'll be watchin' for ye. Ye'ill no fail me," and her poor cold hand that had tended him all his days tightened on his head.

But he could not speak, and her voice was failing fast.

"I canna see ye noo, John, but I know yir there, and I've just one other wish. If God calls ye to the ministry, ye'ill no refuse, an' the first day ye preach

in yir ain kirk, speak a gude word for Jesus Christ, an', John, I'll hear ye that day, though ye'ill no see me, and I'll be satisfied."

A minute after she whispered, "Pray for me," and he cried, "My mother, my mother!"

It was a full prayer, and left nothing unasked of Mary's Son.

"John," said his aunt, "your mother is with the Lord," and he saw death for the first time, but it was beautiful with the peace that passeth all understanding.

Five years had passed, crowded with thought and work, and his aunt wondered whether he remembered that last request, or indeed had heard it in his sorrow.

"What are you thinking about, aunt? Are you afraid of my theology?"

"No, John, it's no that, laddie, for I ken ye'ill say what ye believe to be true withoot fear o' man," and she hesitated.

"Come, out with it, auntie: you're my only mother now, you know," and the minister put his arm round her, "as well as the kindest, bonniest, goodest auntie ever man had."

Below his student self-conceit he was a good lad, and sound of heart.

"Shame on you, John, to make a fule o' an auld dune body, but ye'ill no come round me wi' yir flattery. I ken ye ower weel," and as she caught the likeness in his face, her eyes filled suddenly.

"What's the matter, auntie? Will ye no tell me?"

"Dinna be angry wi' me, John, but a'm concerned aboot Sabbath, for a've been praying ever syne ye were called to Drumtochty that it micht be a great day,

and that I micht see ye comin' tae yir people, laddie, wi' the beauty o' the Lord upon ye, according tae the auld prophecy: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace,' " and again she stopped.

" Go on, auntie, go on," he whispered; " say all that's in yir mind."

" It's no for me tae advise ye, who am only a simple auld woman, who ken's naethin' but her Bible and the Catechism, and it's no that a'm feared for the new views, or aboot yir faith, for I aye mind that there's mony things the Speerit hes still tae teach us, and I ken weel the man that follows Christ will never lose his way in ony thicket. But it's the fouk, John, a'm anxious aboot; the flock o' sheep the Lord hes given ye tae feed for Him."

She could not see his face, but she felt him gently press her hand and took courage.

" Ye maun mind, laddie, that they're no clever and learned like what ye are, but juist plain country fouk, ilka ane wi' his ain temptation, an' a' sair trachled wi' mony cares o' this world. They'ill need a clear word tae comfort their herts and show them the way everlasting. Ye'ill say what's richt, nae doot o' that, and a'body 'ill be pleased wi' ye, but, oh, laddie, be sure ye say a gude word for Jesus Christ."

The minister's face whitened, and his arm relaxed. He rose hastily and went to the door, but in going out he gave his aunt an understanding look, such as passes between people who have stood together in a sorrow. The son had not forgotten his mother's request.

The manse garden lies toward the west, and as the minister paced its little square of turf sheltered by fir hedges, the sun was going down behind the Grampians. Black massy clouds had begun to gather in the evening and threatened to obscure the sunset, which was the finest sight a Drumtochty man was ever likely to see, and a means of grace to every sensible heart in the glen. But the sun had beat back the clouds on either side, and shot them through with glory, and now between piled billows of light he went along a shining pathway into the Gates of the West. The minister stood still before that spectacle, his face bathed in the golden glory, and then before his eyes the gold deepened into an awful red, and the red passed into shades of violet and green, beyond painter's hand or the imagination of man. It seemed to him as if a victorious saint had entered through the gates into the city, washed in the blood of the Lamb, and the after-glow of his mother's life fell solemnly on his soul. The last trace of sunset had faded from the hills when the minister came in, and his face was of one who had seen a vision. He asked his aunt to have worship with the servant, for he must be alone in his study.

It was a cheerful room in the daytime, with its southern window, through which the minister saw the roses touching the very glass and dwarf apple trees lining the garden walks; there was also a western window that he might watch each day close. It was a pleasant room now, when the curtains were drawn, and the light of the lamp fell on the books he loved, and which bade him welcome. One by one he had arranged the hard bought treasures of student days in the little book-

case, and had planned for himself that sweetest of pleasures, an evening of desultory reading. But his books went out of mind as he looked at the sermon shining beneath the glare of the lamp and demanding judgment. He had finished its last page with honest pride that afternoon, and had declaimed it, facing the southern window, with a success that amazed himself. His hope was that he might be kept humble, and not called to Edinburgh for at least two years; and now he lifted the sheets with fear. The brilliant opening with its historical parallel, this review of modern thought reinforced by telling quotations, that trenchant criticism of old-fashioned views, would not deliver. For the audience had vanished, and left one careworn, but ever beautiful face, whose gentle eyes were waiting with a yearning look. Twice he crushed the sermon in his hands, and turned to the fire his aunt's care had kindled, and twice he repented and smoothed it out. What else could he say now to the people? and then in the stillness of the room he heard a voice, "Speak a gude word for Jesus Christ."

Next minute he was kneeling on the hearth, and pressing the *magnum opus*, that was to shake Drumtochty, into the heart of the red fire, and he saw, half-smiling and half-weeping, the impressive words "Semitic environment" shrivel up and disappear. As the last black flake fluttered out of sight, the face looked at him again, but this time the sweet brown eyes were full of peace.

It was no masterpiece, but only the crude production of a lad who knew little of letters and nothing of the world. Very likely it would have done neither

harm nor good, but it was his best, and he gave it for love's sake, and I suppose that there is nothing in a human life so precious to God, neither clever words nor famous deeds, as the sacrifices of love.

The moon flooded his bedroom with silver light, and he felt the presence of his mother. His bed stood ghostly with its white curtains, and he remembered how every night his mother knelt by its side in prayer for him. He is a boy once more, and repeats the Lord's Prayer, then he cries again, "My mother! my mother!" and an indescribable contentment fills his heart.

His prayer next morning was very short, but afterward he stood at the window, for a space, and when he turned his aunt said:

"Ye will get yir sermon, and it will be worth hearing."

"How did ye know?"

But she only smiled, "I heard you pray."

When he shut himself into the study that Saturday morning, his aunt went into her room above, and he knew she had gone to intercede for him.

An hour afterward he was pacing the garden in such anxious thought that he crushed with his foot a rose lying on the path, and then she saw his face suddenly lighten, and he hurried to the house, but first he plucked a bunch of forget-me-nots. In the evening she found them on his sermon.

Two hours later—for still she prayed and watched in faithfulness to mother and son—she observed him come out and wander around the garden in great joy. He lifted up the soiled rose and put it in his coat; he

released a butterfly caught in some mesh; he buried his face in fragrant honeysuckle. Then she understood that his heart was full of love, and was sure that it would be well on the morrow.

When the bell began to ring, the minister rose from his knees and went to his aunt's room to be robed, for this was a covenant between them.

His gown was spread out in its black silken glory, but he sat down in despair.

"Auntie, whatever shall we do, for I've forgotten the bands?"

"But I've not forgot them, John, and here are six pair wrought with my own hands, and now sit still and I'll tie them round my laddie's neck."

When she had given the last touch, and he was ready to go, a sudden seriousness fell upon them.

"Kiss me, auntie."

"For your mother, and her God be with you," and then he went through the garden and underneath the honeysuckle and into the kirk, where every Free Churchman in Drumtochty that could get out of bed, and half the Established Kirk, were waiting in expectation.

I sat with his aunt in the minister's pew, and shall always be glad that I was at that service. When winter lies heavy upon the glen I go upon my travels, and in my time have seen many religious functions. I have been in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, where the people wept one minute and laughed the next; have heard Canon Liddon in St. Paul's, and the sound of that high, clear voice is still with me, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion;" have seen High Mass in St. Peter's,

and stood in the dusk of the Duomo at Florence when Padre Agostino thundered against the evils of the day. But I never realized the unseen world as I did that day in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty.

It is impossible to analyze a spiritual effect, because it is largely an atmosphere, but certain circumstances assisted. One was instantly prepossessed in favor of a young minister who gave out the second paraphrase at his first service, for it declared his filial reverence and won for him the blessing of a cloud of witnesses. No Scottish man can ever sing,

> "God of our fathers, be the God
> Of their succeeding race,"

with a dry heart. It satisfied me at once that the minister was of a fine temper when, after a brave attempt to join, he hid his face and was silent. We thought none the worse of him that he was nervous, and two or three old people who had suspected self-sufficiency took him to their hearts when the minister concluded the Lord's prayer hurriedly, having omitted two petitions. But we knew it was not nervousness which made him pause for ten seconds after praying for widows and orphans, and in the silence which fell upon us the Divine Spirit had free access. His youth commended him, since he was also modest, for every mother had come with an inarticulate prayer that the "puir laddie wud dae weel on his first day, and him only twenty-four." Texts I can never remember, nor, for that matter, the words of sermons; but the subject was Jesus Christ, and before he had spoken five minutes I was convinced, who am outside dogmas and churches, that Christ was present.

The preacher faded from before one's eyes, and there rose the figure of the Nazarene, best lover of every human soul, with a face of tender patience such as Sarto gave the Master in the Church of the Annunziata, and stretching out his hands to old folk and little children as He did, before his death, in Galilee. His voice might be heard any moment, as I have imagined it in my lonely hours by the winter fire or on the solitary hills—soft, low, and sweet, penetrating like music to the secret of the heart, "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest."

During a pause in the sermon I glanced up the church, and saw the same spell held the people. Donald Menzies had long ago been caught into the third heaven, and was now hearing words which it is not lawful to utter. Campbell in his watch-tower at the back had closed his eyes, and was praying. The women were weeping quietly, and the rugged faces of our men were subdued and softened, as when the evening sun plays on the granite stone.

But what will stand out for ever before my mind was the sight of Marget Howe. Her face was as white as death, and her wonderful gray eyes were shining through a mist of tears, so that I caught the light in the manse pew. She was thinking of George, and had taken the minister to her heart.

The elders, one by one, gripped the minister's hand in the vestry, and, though plain, homely men, they were the godliest in the glen; but no man spoke save Burnbrae.

"I a' but lost ae fairm for the Free Kirk, and I wud hae lost ten tae be in the Kirk this day."

Donald walked with me homewards, but would only say:

"There was a man sent from God whose name was John." At the cottage he added, "The friend of the bridegroom rejoiced greatly because of the bridegroom's voice."

Beneath the honeysuckle at his garden gate a woman was waiting.

"My name is Marget Howe, and I'm the wife of William Howe of Whinnie Knowe. My only son was preparin' for the ministry, but God wanted him nearly a year syne. When ye preached the Evangel o' Jesus the day I heard his voice, and I loved you. Ye hev nae mither on earth, I hear, and I hae nae son, and I wantit tae say that if ye ever wish tae speak to ony woman as ye wud tae yir mither, come tae Whinnie Knowe, an' I'll coont it ane of the Lord's consolations."

His aunt could only meet him in the study, and when he looked on her his lip quivered, for his heart was wrung with one wistful regret.

"Oh, auntie, if she had only been spared to see this day, and her prayers answered."

But his aunt flung her arms round his neck.

"Dinna be cast doon, laddie, nor be unbelievin'. Yir mither has heard every word, and is satisfied, for ye did it in remembrance o' her, and yon was yir mither's sermon."

THE RACE WITH THE FLAMES

W. H. H. MURRAY

At the head of a stretch of swiftly running water the river widened into a broad and deep pool. From the western bank a huge ledge of rock sloped downward and outward into the water. On it stood the trapper, John Norton, with a look of both expectation and anxiety on his face.

"Yis, the wind has changed and the fire be comin' this way; and ef it gits into the balsam thickets this side of the mountain and the wind holds where it is, a buck in full jump could hardly outrun it. Yis, the smoke thickens. I hope he won't do anything resky for the sake of the pups. Ef he can't git 'em, he can't; and I trust he won't resk the life of a man for a couple of dogs."

With these words the trapper relapsed into silence. But every minute added to his anxiety, for the smoke thickened in the air and even a few cinders began to pass him as they were blown onward with the smoke by the wind.

"The fire is comin' down the river," he said, "and the boy has it behind him. Lord-a-massy! hear it roar! I know the boy is comin', for I never knowed him to do a foolish thing in the woods; and it would be downright madness for him to stay in the shanty, or

even go to the shanty, ef the fire had struck the balsam thicket afore he made the landin'. Lord, ef an oar-blade should break,—but it won't break. The Lord of marcy won't let an oar that the boy is handlin' break, when the fire is racin' behind him, and he's comin' back from an errand of marcy. I never seed a man desarted in a time like——"

A report of a rifle rang out quick and sharp through the smoke.

"God be praised!" said the trapper, "it's the boy's own piece, and he let it off as he shot the rift the fourth bend above. I trust the boy got the pups, arter all."

It couldn't have been over five minutes after the report of a rifle had sounded, before a boat swept suddenly around the bend above the rock and shot like an arrow through the haze toward the trapper. Herbert was at the oars and the two hounds were sitting on their haunches at the stern. The stroke the oarsman was pulling was such as a man pulls when, in answer to some emergency, he is putting forth his whole strength. But though the stroke was an earnest one, there was no apparent hurry in it; for it was long and evenly pulled, from dip to finish, and the recovery seemed a trifle leisurely done. The face of the trapper fairly shone with delight as he saw the boat and the occupants.

"Hillow there, boy! Hi, hi, pups! Here I be on the p'int of the rock, as fresh as a buck arter a mornin' drink. Ease away a leetle, Herbert, in yer stroke and move the pups forad a leetle and make room for a man and a paddle, for the fire is arter ye and the time has come to jine works."

The young man did as the trapper requested. The boat was under good headway when it passed the point of the ledge on which the trapper was standing, but as it glanced by, the old man leaped with practised agility to his place in the stern and had given a full and strong stroke to his paddle before he had fairly settled to his seat.

"Now, Herbert," he began, "ease yerself a bit, for ye have had a tough pull and it's good seven miles to the rapids. The fire is sartinly comin' in arnest, but the river runs nigh onto straight till ye git within sight of 'em, and I think we will beat it. I didn't feel sartin that ye had got the pups, Herbert, for I could see by the signs that ye wouldn't have any time to spare. Was it a tech and a go, boy?"

"The fire was in the pines west of the shanty when I entered it," answered the young man, "and the smoke was so thick that I couldn't see it from the river as I landed."

"I conceited as much," replied the trapper, "I conceited as much. Yis, I knowed 'twould be a close shave ef ye got 'em, and I feared ye would run a resk that ye oughtn't to run, in yer love for the dogs."

"I didn't propose to leave the dogs to die," responded the young man.

"Ye speak with right feelin', Herbert," replied the trapper. "No, a hunter has no right to desart his dog when danger be nigh; for the Creator has made 'em in their loves and their dangers, alike. Did ye save the powder and the bullits, boy?"

"I did not," responded Herbert; "the sparks were all around me and the shanty was smoking while I was

feeling around for the dogs' leash. I heard the canister explode before I reached the first bend."

"'Twas a narrer rub, boy," rejoined the trapper. "Yis, I can see 'twas a narrer rub ye had of it, and the holes in yer shirt show that the sparks was fallin' pritty thick and pritty hot, too, when ye come out of the shanty. How does the stroke tell on ye, boy?" continued the old man, interrogatively. "Ye be pullin' a slashin' stroke, ye see, and there's five mile more of it, ef there's a rod."

"The stroke begins to tell on my left side," answered Herbert; "but if you were sitting where you could see what's coming down upon us as I can, you would see it wasn't any time for us to take things leisurely."

"Lord, boy," rejoined the trapper, "do ye think I haven't any ears? The fire's at the fourth bend above us and the pines on the ridge we passed five minutes ago ought to be blazin' by this time. Ah me, boy, this isn't the fust time I've run a race with a fire of the devil's own kindlin', alone and in company, both. And my ears have measured the roar and the cracklin' ontil I can tell to a rod, eenamost, how fur the red line be behind me."

"What do you think of our chances?" queried his companion; "shall we get over the carry in time? for I suppose we are making for the big pool, are we not?"

"Yis, we be makin' for the pool," replied the trapper, "for it's the only safe spot on the river; and as for the chances, I sartinly doubt ef we can fetch the carry in time. Ef the fire isn't there ahead of us, it

will be on us afore we could git to the pool at the other eend."

"Why can't we run the rapids?" asked Herbert promptly.

"The smoke, boy, the smoke," was the answer. "The smoke will be there ahead of us. And who can run a stretch of water like the one ahead yender, with his eyes blinded? No, boy, we must git there ahead of the fire, for we can't run the rapids in the smoke. Here," he added, "ye be pullin' a murderin' stroke, and it's best that I spell ye. Down with ye, pups, down with ye, and lie still as a frozen otter while the boy comes over ye."

With the celerity of long practice in boating, the two men changed places, and with such quickness was the change in position effected, that the onrushing shell scarcely lessened its headway. The trapper seized the oars on the instant, while Herbert supported him with equal swiftness with the paddle and the light craft raced along like a feather blown by the gale.

For several moments the trapper, who, by the change in his position was brought face to face with the pursuing fire, said not a word. His stroke was long and sweeping and pulled with an energy which only perfect skill and tremendous strength can put into action. He looked at the rolling flames with a face undisturbed in its calmness and with eyes that noted knowingly every sign of its progress.

"The fire is a hot un," he said at length, "and it runs three feet to our two. We may git there ahead of it, for there isn't more than a mile furder to go; but—Lord!" exclaimed the trapper, "how it roars!

and it makes its own wind as it comes on. Don't break yer paddle shaft, boy; but the shaft is a good un and ye may put all the strength into it that ye think it will stand."

The spectacle on which the trapper was gazing was, indeed, a terrible one; and the peril of the two men was getting to be extreme. The valley, through the centre of which the river ran, was perhaps a mile in width, at which distance a range of lofty hills on either side walled it in. Down this enclosed stretch the fire was being driven by a wind which sent the blazing evidences of its approach in advance of its terrible progress. The spectacle was indescribable. The dreadful line of flame moved onward like a line of battle, when it moves at a charge against a flying enemy. The hungry flames ate up the woods as a monster might eat food when starving. Grasses, shrubs, bushes, thickets of undergrowth and the great trees, which stood in groves over the level plain on either side of the stream, disappeared at its touch as if swallowed up. The evergreens crackled and flamed fiery hot. The smoke eddied up in rushing volumes. Overhead, and far in advance of the onrolling line of fire, the air was darkened with black cinders, amid whose sombre masses fiery sparks and blazing brands shone and flashed like falling stars.

A deer suddenly sprang from the bank into the river ahead of the boat and, frenzied with fear, swam boldly athwart its course. He was followed by another and another. Birds flew shrieking through the air. Even the river animals swam uneasily along the banks, or peered out of their holes, as if nature had communi-

cated to them, also, the terrible alarm; while, like the roar of a cataract—dull, heavy, portentous—the wrath of the flames rolled ominously through the air.

Amid the sickening smoke which was already rolling in volumes over the boat and the terrible uproar and confusion of nature, Herbert and the trapper kept steadily to their task. But every moment the line of fire gained on them. The smoke was already at intervals stifling and the heat of the coming conflagration getting unbearable. Brands began to fall hissing into the water. Twice had Herbert flung a blazing fragment out of the boat. And so, in a race literally for life, with the flames chasing them and their lives in jeopardy, they turned the last bend above the carry which began at the head of the rapids. But it was too late; the fiery fragments blown ahead by the high wind had fallen in front of them, and the landing at the carry itself was actually enveloped in smoke and flame.

"The fire be ahead of us, boy!" exclaimed the trapper, "and death is sartinly comin' behind. The odds be agin us to start with, for the smoke is thick and the fire will be in the bends at least half the way down, but it's our only chance; we must run the rapids."

"What about the dogs?"

"The pups must shirk for themselves," answered the old man. "I'm sorry, but the rapids be swift and the waters shaller on the first half of the stretch. And the pups settle the boat half an inch, ef they settle it a hair. Yis, overboard with ye, pups! overboard with ye!" commanded the trapper. "Ye must use the gifts

the Lord has gin ye now, or git singed. Yer best chance is to foller the boat, as I jedge."

The trapper had continued to talk as if addressing members of the human and not the canine species; and long before he had finished his remarks, the hounds had taken to the water and were swimming with all their power directly in the wake of the boat, as if they had actually understood their master's injunction, and were, indeed, determined to shoot the rapids in his wake.

The conflagration was now at its fiercest heat. The smoke whirled upward in mighty eddies or rolled along in huge convolutions. Through the fleecy rolls here and there tongues of flame shot fiercely. The river steamed. The roar of the rushing flames was deafening. The tops of the huge pines that stood along the banks would wave and toss as the fiery line reached them, and then burst into blaze, as if they were but the mighty torches that lighted the path of the passing destruction. In all his long eventful life, passed amid peril, it is doubtful if the trapper had ever been in a wilder scene. The rapids were ahead and the fire behind and on either side. The great mass of flame had not yet rolled abreast the boat, but the blazing brands were already falling in advance. It was not a moment to hesitate; nor was he a man to falter when action was called for.

By this time the boat had come nigh the upper rift of the rapids, and the motion of the downward suction was beginning to tell on its progress. The trapper shipped his oars and, lifting his paddle, placed himself in a kneeling posture, gazing down stream. The

fire was almost upon them, and the smoke too dense for sight. But pressing as was the emergency, neither man touched his paddle to the water, but let the boat go down with the quickening current to the verge of the rapids, where the sharp dip of the decline would send it flying.

"This be an onsartin ventur', Henry," cried the trapper, shouting to his comrade from the smoke that now made it impossible for the young man, even at only the boat's length, to see his person. "This be an onsartin ventur', and the Lord only knows how it will eend. Ye know the waters as well as I do; and ye know the p'ints where things must be did right. We'll beat the smoke arter we make the fust dip and git out of the thickest of it in the fust half of the distance, onless somethin' happens. Let her go with the current, boy, ontil yer sight comes to ye, for the current knows where it's goin', and that's more than a mortal can tell in this infarnal smoke. Here we go, boy!" shouted the old man, as the boat balanced in its perilous flight on the sharp edge of the uppermost rift. "Here we go, boy!" he shouted out of the smoke and the rush of waters, "it's hotter than Tophet where we be and it matters mighty leetle what meets us below."

To those who have had no experience in running rapids, no adequate conception can be given touching what can with truth be called one of the most exciting experiences that man can pass through. The very velocity with which the flight is made is enough of itself to make the sensation startling. The skill

which is required on the part of the boatman is of the finest order. Eye and hand and readiest wit must work in swift connection. Some who read these lines perhaps have—shall we say—enjoyed the sensation which we have always found impossible to describe in words? These, at least, will appreciate the difficulty of our task, and also the peril which surrounded the trapper and his companion.

The first flight down which the boat glanced was a long one. The river-bed sloped away in a straight direction for nigh on to fifty rods, and at an angle so steep that the water, although the bottom was rough, fairly flattened itself as it ran; and the channel where the current was the deepest gave forth a serpentine sound as it whizzed downward. The smoke, which hung heavily over the stretch from shore to shore, was too dense for the eye to penetrate a yard. Amid the smoke sparks floated, and brands, crackling as they fell, plunged through it into the steaming water. Guidance of the frail craft was, as the trapper had predicted, out of the question; the two men could only keep their position as they went streaming downward. They kept their seats like statues, knowing well that their safety lay in allowing their light shell to follow, without the least interruption, the pressure of the swift current.

Half down the flight the volume of smoke was parted, by some freak of the wind, from shore to shore, and for a couple of rods they saw the water, the blazing banks, the fiery tree-tops and each other. The trapper turned his face, blackened and stained by the grimy cinders, toward his companion and gave one

glance, in which humor and excitement were equally mingled. His mouth was open, but the words were lost in the roar of the flame and the rush of the water. He had barely time to toss a hand upward, as if by gesture he would make good the impossibility of speech, before face and hand alike faded from Herbert's eyes as the boat plunged again into the smoke.

The next instant the boat launched down the final pitch of the declivity and shot far out into the smooth water that eddied in a huge circle in the pool below. The smoke was at this point less compact, for through it the blazing pines on either side flamed partially into view.

"It's the devil's own work, boy, for sartin," cried the trapper, "and the fool or the knave that started the fire oughter be toasted. I trust the pups will be reasonable and come down with the current. Has the fire touched ye anywhere?"

"Not much," answered Herbert. "A brand struck me on the shoulder and opened a hole in my shirt—that's all. How do you feel?"

"Fried, boy; yis, actally fried. Ef this infarnal heat lasts, I'll be ready to turn afore we reach the second bend."

"How goes the stream below?" asked Herbert.

"All clear for a while," answered the trapper, "all clear for a while. Put yer strength into the paddle till we come to the varge below, for the fire be runnin' fast, and it's agin reason for a mortal to stand this heat long."

"Shall we run out of the smoke at the next flight?" asked Herbert.

"I think so, boy; I think so," answered the trapper. "The maples grow to the bank at the foot of the next dip, and it isn't in the natur' of hard wood to make smoke like a balsam."

He would have said more, but his companion had nodded to him as he had ended the sentence, for they had come to the last flight of the rapids, and the great pool lay glimmering through the branches of the trees below.

The old man knew what was meant and said: "I know it, boy, I know it. Take the east run, for the water be deeper that way, and the boat sets deep. I won't trouble ye, for ye know the way. Lord! how the water biles! Now's yer time, boy,—to the right with ye! to the right! Sweep her round and let her go!"

Away and downward swept the boat. The strong eddies caught it, but the controlling paddle was stronger than the eddies and kept it to the line of its safest descent. Past rocks that stood in mid current, against which the swift-going water beat and dashed —past mossy banks and shadowed curves where the great eddies whirled—down over miniature falls into bubbles and froth the light craft swept, and with a final plunge and leap jumped the last cascade, and, darting out into the great basin, ran shoreward—saved!

JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP

VICTOR HUGO

An hour before sunset, on the evening of a day in the beginning of October, 1815, a man travelling afoot entered the little town of D——. It would have been hard to find a passer-by more wretched in appearance. A slouched leather cap half hid his face, bronzed by the sun and wind, and dripping with sweat. He wore a cravat twisted like a rope; coarse blue trousers, worn and shabby, white on one knee and with holes in the other; an old, ragged, gray blouse patched on one side with a piece of green cloth sewed with twine; upon his back was a well-filled knapsack; in his hand he carried an enormous knotted stick; his stockingless feet were in hobnailed shoes; his hair was cropped and his beard long.

The traveller turned his steps toward an inn, which was the best in the place, and went at once into the kitchen. The host, hearing the door open and a newcomer enter, said, without raising his eyes from his ranges:

"What will monsieur have?"

"Something to eat and lodging."

"Nothing more easy," said mine host, but on turning his head and taking an observation of the traveller, he added, "for pay."

The man drew from his pocket a large leather purse and answered:

"I have money."

"Then," said mine host, "I am at your service."

The man put his purse back into his pocket, took off his knapsack and put it down hard by the door, and, holding his stick in his hand, sat down on a low stool by the fire.

However, as the host passed backward and forward, he kept a careful eye on the traveller.

"Is dinner almost ready?" said the man.

"Directly," said mine host.

While the new-comer was warming himself with his back turned the worthy innkeeper took a pencil from his pocket and then tore off the corner of an old paper which he pulled from a little table near the window. On the margin he wrote a line or two, folded it, and handed the scrap of paper to a boy who ran off in the direction of the mayor's office.

The traveller saw nothing of this.

He asked a second time: "Is dinner ready?"

"Yes; in a few moments," said the host.

The boy came back with the paper. The host unfolded it hurriedly, as one who is expecting an answer. He seemed to read with attention, then, throwing his head on one side, thought for a moment. Then he took a step toward the traveller, who seemed drowned in troublous thought.

"Monsieur," said he, "I cannot receive you."

The traveller half rose from his seat.

"Why? Are you afraid I shall not pay you, or do

you want me to pay in advance? I have money, I tell you."

"It is not that."

"What then?"

"I have no room."

"Well, put me in the stable," quietly replied the man.

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Because the horses take all the room."

"Well," responded the man, "a corner in the garret; a truss of straw—we will see about that after dinner."

"I cannot give you any dinner."

This declaration, made in a measured but firm tone, appeared serious to the traveller. He got up.

"Ah, bah! but I am dying with hunger. I have walked since sunrise; I have travelled twelve leagues. I will pay, and I want something to eat."

"I have nothing," said the host.

The man burst into a laugh and turned toward the fire-place and the ranges.

"Nothing! and all that?"

"All that is engaged."

The man sat down again and said, without raising his voice: "I am at an inn. I am hungry, and I shall stay."

The host bent down to his ear and said, in a voice which made him tremble:

"Go away! Shall I tell you your name? your name is Jean Valjean; now, shall I tell you *who* you are? When I saw you enter I suspected something. I sent

to the mayor's office, and here is the reply. Can you read?" So saying, he held toward him the open paper, which had just come from the mayor. The man cast a look upon it; the innkeeper, after a short silence, said: "It is my custom to be polite to all. Go!"

The man bowed his head, picked up his knapsack, and went out.

He took the principal street; he walked at random, slinking near the houses like a sad and humiliated man; he did not once turn around. People overwhelmed with trouble do not look behind; they know only too well that misfortune follows them.

He walked along in this way some time, going by chance down streets unknown to him, and forgetting fatigue, as is the case in sorrow. Suddenly he felt a pang of hunger; night was at hand, and he looked around to see if he could not discover a lodging.

The good inn was closed against him; he sought some humble tavern, some poor cellar.

Just then a light shone at the end of the street; he saw a pine branch hanging by an iron bracket against the white sky of the twilight. He went thither. It was a tavern.

The traveller stopped a moment and looked in at the little window upon the low hall of the tavern, lighted by a small lamp upon a table and a great fire in the chimney-place. Some men were drinking and the host was warming himself; an iron pot hung over the fire seething in the blaze.

Two doors lead into this tavern, which is also a sort of eating-house—one from the street, the other from a small court full of rubbish.

The traveller did not dare to enter by the street door; he slipped into the court, stopped again, then timidly raised the latch and pushed open the door.

"Who is it?" said the host.

"One who wants supper and a bed."

"All right; here you can sup and sleep."

He went in; all the men who were drinking turned toward him; the lamp shining on one side of his face, the firelight on the other, they examined him for some time as he was taking off his knapsack.

The host said to him: "There is the fire; the supper is cooking in the pot; come and warm yourself, comrade."

He seated himself near the fire-place and stretched his feet out toward the fire, half dead with fatigue; an inviting odor came from the pot. All that could be seen of his face under his slouched cap assumed a vague appearance of comfort, which tempered the sorrowful aspect given him by long-continued suffering.

However, one of the men at the table was a fisherman who had put up his horse at the stable of the inn before entering the tavern. He beckoned to the tavern-keeper to come to him, which he did. They exchanged a few words in a low voice; the traveller had again relapsed into thought.

The tavern-keeper returned to the fire, and, laying his hand roughly on his shoulder, said, harshly:

"You are going to clear out from here!"

The stranger turned round and said, mildly:

"Ah! Do you know?"

"Yes."

"They sent me away from the other inn."

"And we turn you out of this."

"Where would you have me go?"

"Somewhere else."

The man took up his stick and knapsack and went off. As he went out some children who had followed him from the *Croix-de-Colbas* and seemed to be waiting for him threw stones at him. He turned angrily and threatened them with his stick, and they scattered like a flock of birds.

He passed the prison; an iron chain hung from the door attached to a bell. He rang.

The grating opened.

"M. Turnkey," said he, taking off his cap respectfully, "will you open and let me stay here to-night?"

A voice answered:

"A prison is not a tavern; get yourself arrested and we will open."

The grating closed.

Night came on apace; the cold Alpine winds were blowing; by the light of the expiring day the stranger perceived in one of the gardens which fronted the street a kind of hut which seemed to be made of turf; he boldly cleared a wooden fence and found himself in the garden. He was suffering both from cold and hunger. He had resigned himself to the latter; but there, at least, was a shelter from the cold. These huts are not usually occupied at night. He got down and crawled into the hut. It was warm there, and he found a good bed of straw. He rested a moment upon this bed, motionless from fatigue; then, as his knapsack on his back troubled him, and it would make a good pillow, he began to unbuckle the straps. Just

then he heard a ferocious growling, and looking up saw the head of an enormous bull-dog at the opening of the hut.

It was a dog-kennel!

He was himself vigorous and formidable; seizing his stick he made a shield of his knapsack, and got out of the hut as best he could, but not without enlarging the rents of his already tattered garments.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening; as he did not know the streets he walked at hazard.

So he came to the prefecture, then to the seminary; on passing by the cathedral, he shook his fist at it.

Exhausted with fatigue, and hoping for nothing better, he lay down on a stone bench in the cathedral square.

Just then an old woman came out of church. She saw the man lying there in the dark, and said:

"What are you doing there, my friend?"

He replied, harshly, and with anger in his tone:

"You see, my good woman, I am going to sleep."

"Upon the bench?" said she.

"For nineteen years I have had a wooden mattress," said the man; "to-night I have a stone one."

"Why don't you go to the inn?"

"Because I have no money."

"Alas! I have only four sous in my purse."

"Give them, then." The man took the four sous and the woman continued:

"You cannot find lodging for so little in an inn. But have you tried? You cannot pass the night so. You must be cold and hungry. They should give you lodging for charity."

"I have knocked at every door."

"Well, what then?"

"Everybody has driven me away."

The good woman touched the man's arm and pointed out to him, on the other side of the square, a little low house beside the bishop's palace.

"You have knocked at every door?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Have you knocked at that one there?"

"No."

"Knock there."

At the bishop's house, his housekeeper, Mme. Magloire was saying:

"We say that this house is not safe at all; and, if monseigneur will permit me, I will go on and tell the locksmith to come and put the old bolts in the door again. I say than a door which opens by a latch on the outside to the first comer, nothing could be more horrible; and then monseigneur has the habit of always saying: 'Come in,' even at midnight. But, my goodness, there is no need to even ask leave——"

At this moment there was a violent knock on the door.

"Come in!" said the bishop.

The door opened.

It opened quickly, quite wide, as if pushed by someone boldly and with energy.

A man entered.

That man we know already; it was the traveller we have seen wandering about in search of a lodging.

He came in, took one step, and paused, leaving the door open behind him. He had his knapsack on his

back, his stick in his hand, and a rough, hard, and fierce look in his eyes. He was hideous.

The bishop looked upon the man with a tranquil eye. As he was opening his mouth to speak, doubtless to ask the stranger what he wanted, the man, leaning with both hands on his club, glanced from one to another in turn, and, without waiting for the bishop to speak, said, in a loud voice:

"See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict; I have been nineteen years in the galleys. Four days ago I was set free, and started for Pontarlier; during these four days I have walked from Toulon. To-day I have walked twelve leagues. When I reached this place this evening I went to an inn, and they sent me away on account of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the mayor's office, as was necessary. I went to another inn; they said: 'Get out!' It was the same with one as with another; nobody would have me. I went to the prison and the turnkey would not let me in. I crept into a dog-kennel, the dog bit me, and drove me away as if he had been a man; you would have said that he knew who I was. I went into the fields to sleep beneath the stars; there were no stars. I thought it would rain, and there was no good God to stop the drops, so I came back to the town to get the shelter of some doorway. There in the square I laid down upon a stone; a good woman showed me your house, and said: 'Knock there!' I have knocked. What is this place? Are you an inn? I have money; my savings, 109 francs and fifteen sous, which I have earned in the galleys by my work for nineteen years. I will pay. What do I care? I have

money. I am very tired—twelve leagues on foot—and I am so hungry. Can I stay?"

"Mme. Magloire," said the bishop, "put on another plate."

The man took three steps and came near the lamp which stood on the table. "Stop," he exclaimed; as if he had not been understood; "not that, did you understand me? I am a galley slave—a convict—I am just from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded. "There is my passport, yellow, as you see. That is enough to have me kicked out wherever I go. Will you read it? See, here is what they have put in my passport: 'Jean Valjean, a liberated convict; has been nineteen years in the galleys; five years for burglary; fourteen years for having attempted four times to escape. This man is very dangerous.' There you have it! Everybody has thrust me out; will you receive me? Is this an inn? Can you give me something to eat and a place to sleep? Have you a stable?"

"Mme. Magloire," said the bishop, "put some sheets on the bed in the alcove."

The bishop turned to the man:

"Monsieur, sit down and warm yourself; we are going to take supper presently, and your bed will be made ready while you sup."

At last the man quite understood; his face, the expression of which till then had been gloomy and hard, now expressed stupefaction, doubt and joy, and became absolutely wonderful. He began to stutter like a madman.

"True? What? You will keep me? you won't

drive me away—a convict? You call me monsieur and don't say, 'Get out, dog!' as everybody else does. I shall have a supper! a bed like other people, with mattress and sheets—a bed! It is nineteen years that I have not slept on a bed. You are good people! Besides, I have money; I will pay well. I beg your pardon, M. Innkeeper, what is your name? I will pay all you say. You are a fine man. You are an innkeeper, ain't you?"

"I am a priest who lives here," said the bishop.

"A priest," said the man. "Oh, noble priest! Then you do not ask any money?"

"No," said the bishop, "keep your money. How much have you?"

"One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous," said the man.

"One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous. And how long did it take you to earn that?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!"

The bishop sighed deeply, and shut the door, which had been left wide open.

Mme. Magloire brought in a plate and set it on the table.

"Mme. Magloire," said the bishop, "put this plate as near the fire as you can." Then turning toward his guest, he added: "The night wind is raw in the Alps; you must be cold, monsieur."

Every time he said the word monsieur with his gently solemn and heartily hospitable voice the man's countenance lighted up. Monsieur to a convict is a glass of water to a man dying of thirst at sea.

"The lamp," said the bishop, "gives a very poor light."

Mme. Magloire understood him, and, going to his bedchamber, took from the mantel the two silver candlesticks, lighted the candles and placed them on the table.

"M. le Curé," said the man, "you are good; you don't despise me. You take me into your house; you light your candles for me, and I haven't hid from you where I come from, and how miserable I am."

The bishop touched his hand gently and said: "You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house; it is the house of Christ. It does not ask any comer whether he has a name, but whether he has an affliction. You are suffering; you are hungry and thirsty; be welcome. And do not thank me; do not tell me that I take you into my house. This is the home of no man except him who needs an asylum. I tell you, who are a traveller, that you are more at home here than I; whatever is here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me, I knew it."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Really? You knew my name?"

"Yes," answered the bishop, "your name is my brother."

"Stop, stop, M. le Curé," exclaimed the man, "I was famished when I came in, but you are so kind that now I don't know what I am; that is all gone."

The bishop looked at him again and said:

"You have seen much suffering?"

"Oh, the red blouse, the ball and chain, the plank

to sleep on, the heat, the cold, the galley's screw, the lash, the double chain for nothing, the dungeon for a word—even when sick in bed, the chain. The dogs, the dogs are happier! nineteen years! and I am forty-six, and now a yellow passport: that is all."

"Yes," answered the bishop, "you have left a place of suffering. But listen, there will be more joy in heaven over the tears of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred good men. If you are leaving that sorrowful place with hate and anger against men, you are worthy of compassion; if you leave it with good-will, gentleness, and peace, you are better than any of us."

Meantime Mme. Magloire had served up supper. The bishop said the blessing and then served the soup himself, according to his usual custom. The man fell to eating greedily.

Suddenly the bishop said: "It seems to me something is lacking on the table."

The fact was that Mme. Magloire had set out only the three plates which were necessary. Now it was the custom of the house when the bishop had any one to supper to set all six of the silver plates on the table.

Mme. Magloire understood the remark; without a word she went out, and a moment afterward the three plates for which the bishop had asked were shining on the cloth symmetrically arranged before each of the three diners.

After supper the bishop took one of the silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him:

"Monsieur, I will show you to your room."

The man followed him.

Just as they were passing through the bishop's room Mme. Magloire was putting up the silver in the cupboard at the head of the bed. It was the last thing she did every night before going to bed.

The bishop left his guest in the alcove before a clean, white bed. The man set down the candlestick upon a small table.

"Come," said the bishop, "a good night's rest to you; to-morrow morning, before you go, you shall have a cup of warm milk from our cows."

"Thank you," said the man.

Valjean was so completely exhausted that he did not even avail himself of the clean white sheets; he blew out the candle with his nostrils, after the manner of convicts, and fell on the bed, dressed as he was, into a sound sleep.

A few moments afterward all in the little house slept.

As the cathedral clock struck two, Jean Valjean awoke.

He had slept something more than four hours. His fatigue had passed away. He was not accustomed to give many hours to repose.

He opened his eyes and looked for a moment into the obscurity about him, then he closed them to go to sleep again. Many thoughts came to him, but there was one which continually presented itself, and which drove away all others. He had noticed the six silver plates and the large ladle that Mme. Magloire had put on the table.

Those six silver plates took possession of him. There they were within a few steps. At the very

moment that he passed through the middle room to reach the one he was now in, the old servant was placing them in a little cupboard at the head of the bed. He had marked that cupboard well; on the right, coming from the dining-room. They were solid, and old silver. With the big ladle they would bring, at least, 200 francs; double what he had got for nineteen years' labor.

His mind wavered a whole hour and a long one, in fluctuation and in struggle. The clock struck three. All at once he stooped down, took off his shoes and put them softly upon the mat in front of the bed, then he resumed his thinking posture and was still again.

He continued in this situation and would, perhaps, have remained there until daybreak, if the clock had not struck the quarter or the half-hour. The clock seemed to say to him, "Come along!"

He rose to his feet, hesitated for a moment longer and listened; all was still in the house; he walked straight and cautiously toward the window. On reaching the window Jean Valjean examined it. It had no bars, opened into the garden, and was fastened, according to the fashion of the country, with a little wedge only. He opened it; but as the cold, keen air rushed into the room he closed it again immediately. He looked into the garden with that absorbed look which studies rather than sees. The garden was inclosed with a white wall, quite low and readily scaled.

When he had taken this observation he turned like a man whose mind is made up, went to his alcove, took his knapsack, opened it, fumbled in it, took out something which he laid upon the bed, put his shoes into

one of his pockets, tied up his bundle, swung it upon his shoulders, put on his cap, and pulled the vizor down over his eyes, felt for his stick, and went and put it in the corner of the window, then returned to the bed, and resolutely took up the object which he had laid on it. It looked like a short iron bar, pointed at one end like a spear. It was a miner's drill.

He took the drill in his right hand, and, holding his breath, with stealthy steps he moved toward the door of the next room, which was the bishop's. On reaching the door he found it unlatched. The bishop had not closed it.

Jean Valjean listened. Not a sound. He pushed the door. He pushed it lightly with the end of his finger, with the stealthy and timorous carefulness of a cat. He waited a moment and then pushed the door again more boldly. Then a third time, harder than before. He listened. Nothing was stirring in the house. He took one step and was in the room. A deep calm filled the chamber. At the further end of the room he could hear the equal and quiet breathing of the sleeping bishop. Suddenly he stopped; he was near the bed; he had reached it sooner than he thought.

At the moment when Jean Valjean paused before the bed a ray of moonlight crossing the high window, suddenly lighted up the bishop's pale face. He slept tranquilly. His entire countenance was lit up with a vague expression of content, hope, and happiness. It was more than a smile and almost a radiance.

Jean Valjean was in the shadow with the iron drill in his hand, erect, motionless, terrified at this radiant

figure. He had never seen anything comparable to it. This confidence filled him with fear. He did not remove his eyes from the old man. The only thing which was plain from his attitude and his countenance was a strange indecision. You would have said he was hesitating between two realms—that of the doomed and that of the saved. He appeared ready either to cleave this skull or to kiss this hand.

In a few moments he raised his left hand slowly to his forehead and took off his hat; then, letting his hand fall with the same slowness, Jean Valjean resumed his contemplations, his cap in his left hand, his club in his right, and his hair bristling on his fierce-looking head.

Under this frightful gaze the bishop still slept in profoundest peace.

The crucifix above the mantel-piece was dimly visible in the moonlight, apparently extending its arms toward both, with a benediction for one and a pardon for the other.

Suddenly Jean Valjean put on his cap, then passed quickly, without looking at the bishop, along the bed, straight to the cupboard which he perceived near its head; he raised the drill to force the lock; the key was in it; he opened it; the first thing he saw was the basket of silver, he took it, crossed the room with hasty stride, careless of noise, reached the door, entered the oratory, took his stick, stepped out, put the silver into his knapsack, threw away the basket, ran across the garden, leaped over the wall like a tiger and fled.

The next day at sunrise the bishop was walking in the garden. Mme. Magloire ran toward him quite be-

side herself. "Monseigneur, monseigneur," cried she, "does your greatness know where the silver basket is?"

"Yes," said the bishop.

"God be praised!" said she; "I did not know what had become of it."

The bishop had just found the basket on a flower-bed. He gave it to Mme. Magloire and said: "There it is."

"Yes," said she, "but there is nothing in it. The silver?"

"Ah!" said the bishop, "it is the silver, then, that troubles you. I do not know where that is."

"Good heavens! it is stolen. The man who came last night stole it."

And in the twinkling of an eye, with all the agility of which her age was capable, Mme. Magloire ran to the oratory, went into the alcove, and came back to the bishop. "Monseigneur, the man has gone! the silver is stolen!"

* * * * *

Just as the bishop was rising from the table there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the bishop.

The door opened. A strange, fierce group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were gendarmes; the fourth, Jean Valjean.

A brigadier of gendarmes, who appeared to head the group, was near the door. He advanced toward the bishop, giving a military salute. Mgr. Bienvenu approached as quickly as his great age permitted.

"Ah, there you are!" said he, looking toward Jean Valjean, "I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest, and would bring 200 francs. Why did you not take them along with your plates?"

Jean Valjean opened his eyes and looked at the bishop with an expression which no human tongue could describe.

"Monseigneur," said the brigadier, "then what this man said was true? We met him. He was going like a man who was running away and we arrested him in order to see. He had this silver."

"And he told you," interrupted the bishop, with a smile, "that it had been given him by a good old priest with whom he had passed the night. I see it all. And you brought him back here? It is all a mistake."

"If that is so," said the brigadier, "we can let him go."

"Certainly," replied the bishop.

The gendarmes released Jean Valjean, who shrank back.

"Is it true that they let me go?" he said in voice almost inarticulate, as if he were speaking in his sleep.

"Yes! you can go. Do you not understand?" said a gendarme.

"My friend," said the bishop, "before you go away here are your candlesticks; take them."

He went to the mantel-piece, took the two candlesticks and brought them to Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean was trembling in every limb. He took the two candlesticks mechanically and with a wild appearance.

"Now," said the bishop, "go in peace. By the way,

my friend, when you come again you need not come through the garden. You can always come in and go out by the front door. It is closed only with a latch, day or night."

Then turning to the gendarmes, he said:

"Messieurs, you can retire." The gendarmes withdrew.

Jean Valjean felt like a man who is just about to faint.

The bishop approached him and said, in a low voice:

"Forget not, never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man."

Jean Valjean, who had no recollection of this promise, stood confounded. The bishop had laid much stress upon these words as he uttered them. He continued, solemnly:

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition and I give it to God!"

Jean Valjean went out of the city as if he were escaping. He made all haste to get into the open country, taking the first lanes and by-paths that offered, without noticing that he was every moment retracing his steps. He wandered thus all the morning. He had eaten nothing, but he felt no hunger. He was the prey of a multitude of new sensations. He felt somewhat angry, he knew not against whom. He could not have told whether he was touched or humiliated. There came over him, at times, a strange relenting which he struggled with and to which he opposed the hardening of his last twenty years.

At this moment a boy stepped out of the thicket without seeing Jean Valjean and tossed up a handful of sous; until this time he had skilfully caught the whole of them upon the back of his hand.

This time the forty-sou piece escaped him and rolled toward the thicket, near Jean Valjean.

Jean Valjean put his foot upon it.

The boy, however, had followed the piece with his eye, and had seen where it went.

He was not frightened, and walked straight to the man.

It was an entirely solitary place. Far as the eye could reach there was no one on the plain or in the path.

"Monsieur," said the little Savoyard, with that childish confidence which is made up of ignorance and innocence, "my piece?"

"What is your name?" said Jean Valjean.

"Petit Gervais, monsieur."

"Get out," said Jean Valjean.

"Monsieur," said the boy, "give me my piece."

Jean Valjean dropped his head and did not answer.

The child began again:

"My piece, monsieur!"

Jean Valjean's eyes remained fixed on the ground.

"My piece!" exclaimed the boy, "my white piece! my silver!"

Jean Valjean did not appear to understand. The boy took him by the collar of his blouse and shook him. And at the same time he made an effort to move the big, iron-soled shoe which was placed upon his treasure.

"I want my piece! my forty-sou piece!"

The child began to cry. Jean Valjean raised his head. He still kept his seat. His look was troubled. He looked upon the boy with an air of wonder, then reached out his hand toward his stick, and exclaimed, in a terrible voice: "Who is there?"

"Me, monsieur," answered the boy. "Petit Gervais! me! me! give me my forty sous, if you please! Take away your foot, monsieur, if you please." Then, becoming angry, small as he was, and almost threatening:

"Come, now, will you take away your foot? Why don't you take away your foot?"

"Ah! you are here yet!" said Jean Valjean, and, rising hastily to his feet, without releasing the piece of money, he added: "You'd better take care of yourself!"

The boy looked at him in terror, then began to tremble from head to foot, and after a few seconds of stupor took to flight and ran with all his might, without daring to turn his head or to utter a cry.

At a little distance, however, he stopped for want of breath, and Jean Valjean, in his reverie, heard him sobbing.

In a few minutes the boy was gone.

The sun had gone down.

The shadows were deepening around Jean Valjean. He had not eaten during the day; probably he had some fever.

He had remained standing and had not changed his attitude since the child fled. His breathing was at long and unequal intervals. His eyes were fixed on

a spot ten or twelve steps before him, and seemed to be studying with profound attention the form of an old piece of blue crockery that was lying in the grass. All at once he shivered; he began to feel the cold night-air.

He pulled his cap down over his forehead, sought mechanically to fold and button his blouse around him, stepped forward and stooped to pick up his stick.

At that instant he perceived the forty-sou piece which his foot had half buried in the ground, and which glistened among the pebbles. It was like an electric shock. "What is that?" said he, between his teeth. He drew back a step or two, then stopped without the power to withdraw his gaze from this point which his foot had covered the instant before, as if the thing that glistened there in the obscurity had been an open eye fixed upon him.

After a few minutes he sprang convulsively toward the piece of money, seized it, and, rising, looked away over the plain, straining his eyes toward all points of the horizon, standing and trembling like a frightened deer which is seeking a place of refuge.

He saw nothing. Night was falling, the plain was cold and bare, thick purple mists were rising in the glimmering twilight.

He said: "Oh!" and began to walk rapidly in the direction in which the child had gone. After some thirty steps he stopped, looked about, and saw nothing.

Then he called with all his might: "Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais!"

And then he listened.

There was no answer.

The country was desolate and gloomy. On all sides was space. There was nothing about him but a shadow, in which his gaze was lost, and a silence, in which his voice was lost.

He began to walk again, then quickened his pace to a run, and from time to time stopped and called out in that terrible solitude, in a most terrible and desolate voice:

"Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais!"

But doubtless the boy was already far away.

He met a priest on horseback. He went up to him and said:

"M. le Curé, have you seen a child go by?"

"No," said the priest.

"Petit Gervais was his name."

"I have seen nobody."

He took two five-franc pieces from his bag and gave them to the priest.

"M. le Curé, this is for your poor. M. le Curé, he is a little fellow, about ten years old, I think. He went this way."

"I have not seen him."

Jean Valjean hastily took out two more five-franc pieces and gave them to the priest.

"For your poor," said he.

Then he added, wildly:

"M. l'Abbé, have me arrested; I am a robber."

The priest put spurs to his horse and fled in great fear.

Jean Valjean began to run again in the direction which he had first taken.

He went on in this wise for a considerable distance, looking around, calling and shouting, but met nobody else. Finally, at a place where three paths met, he stopped. The moon had risen. He strained his eyes in the distance and called out once more: "Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais!" His cries died away into the mist without even awakening an echo. Again he murmured: "Petit Gervais!" but with a feeble and almost inarticulate voice. That was his last effort; his knees suddenly bent under him, as if an invisible power overwhelmed him at a blow, with the weight of his bad conscience; he fell exhausted upon a great stone, his hands clinched in his hair, and his face on his knees, and exclaimed: "What a wretch I am!"

Then his heart swelled and he burst into tears. It was the first time he had wept for nineteen years.

Jean Valjean wept long. He shed hot tears, he wept bitterly, with more weakness than a woman, with more terror than a child. He beheld his life, and it seemed to him horrible; his soul, and it seemed to him frightful. There was, however, a softened light upon that life and upon that soul. It seemed to him that he was looking upon Satan by the light of paradise.

How long did he weep thus? What did he do after weeping? Where did he go? Nobody ever knew. It is known simply that, on that very night, the stage-driver, as he passed through the bishop's street, saw, kneeling upon the pavement in the shadow, before the door of the bishop's house, a man in the attitude of prayer.

PATHETIC

THE OLD MAN

EUGENE FIELD

I called him the Old Man, but he wuzn't an old man; he wuz a little boy — our fust one; 'nd his gran'ma, who'd had a heap of experience in sich matters, allowed that he wuz for looks as likely a child as she'd ever clapped eyes on. Bein' our fust, we sot our hearts on him, and Lizzie named him Willie, for that wuz the name she liked best, havin' had a brother Willyum killed in the war. But I never called him anything but the Old Man, and that name seemed to fit him, for he wuz one of your sollum babies,—alwuz thinkin' 'nd thinkin' 'nd thinkin', like he wuz a jedge, and when he laffed it wuzn't like other children's laffs, it wuz so sad-like.

Lizzie 'nd I made it up between us that when the Old Man growed up we'd send him to collige 'nd give him a lib'ril edication, no matter though we had to sell the farm to do it. But we never cud exactly agree as to what we was goin' to make of him; Lizzie havin' her heart sot on his bein' a preacher like his gran'pa Baker, and I wantin' him to be a lawyer 'nd git rich out'n the corporations, like his uncle Wilson

Barlow. So we never come to no definite conclusion as to what the Old Man wuz goin' to be bime by; but while we wuz thinkin' 'nd debatin' the Old Man kep' growin' 'nd growin', and all the time he wuz as serious 'nd sollum as a jedge.

Lizzie got jest wrapt up in that boy; toted him round ever'where 'nd never let on like it made her tired,—powerful big 'nd hearty child too, but heft warn't nothin' 'longside of Lizzie's love for the Old Man. When he caught the measles from Sairy Baxter's baby Lizzie sot up day 'nd night till he wuz well, holdin' his hands 'nd singin' songs to him, 'nd cryin' herse'f almost to death because she dassent give him cold water to drink when he called f'r it. As for me, *my* heart wuz wrapt up in the Old Man, *too*, but, bein' a man, it wuzn't for me to show it like Lizzie, bein' a woman; and now that the Old Man is—wall, now that he has gone, it wouldn't do to let on how much I sot by him, for that would make Lizzie feel all the wuss.

Sometimes, when I think of it, it makes me sorry that I didn't show the Old Man some way how much I wuz wrapt up in him. Used to hold him in my lap 'nd make faces for him 'nd alder whistles 'nd things; sometimes I'd kiss him on his rosy cheek, when nobody wuz lookin'; oncet I tried to sing him a song, but it made him cry, 'nd I never tried my hand at singin' again. But, somehow, the Old Man didn't take to me like he took to his mother: would climb down outern my lap to git where Lizzie wuz; would hang on to her gownd, no matter what she wuz doin', —whether she was makin' bread, or sewin', or put-

tin' up pickles, it wuz alwuz the same to the Old Man; he wuzn't happy unless he wuz right there, clost beside his mother.

Most all boys, as I've heern tell, is proud to be round with their father, doin' what *he* does 'nd wearin' the kind of clothes *he* wears. But the Old Man wuz diff'rent; he allowed that his mother wuz his best friend, 'nd the way he stuck to her—wall, it has alwuz been a great comfort to Lizzie to recollect it.

The Old Man had a kind of confidin' way with his mother. Every oncet in a while, when he'd be playin' by hisself in the front room, he'd call out, "Mudder, mudder;" and no matter where Lizzie wuz,—in the kitchen, or in the wood-shed, or in the yard, she'd answer: "What is it, darlin'?" Then the Old Man 'ud say: "Tum here, mudder, I wanter tell you sumfin'." Never could find out what the Old Man wanted to tell Lizzie; like's not he didn't wanter tell her nothin'; may be he wuz lonesome 'nd jest wanted to feel that Lizzie wuz round. But that didn't make no diff'rence; it wuz all the same to Lizzie. No matter where she wuz or what she wuz a-doin', jest as soon as the Old Man told her he wanted to tell her somethin' she dropped ever'thing else 'nd went straight to him. Then the Old Man would laff one of his sollum, sad-like laffs, 'nd put his arms round Lizzie's neck 'nd whisper—or pertend to whisper—somethin' in her ear, 'nd Lizzie would laff 'nd say, "Oh, what a nice secret we have atween us!" and then she would kiss the Old Man 'nd go back to her work.

Time changes all things,—all things but memory, nothin' can change *that*. Seems like it wuz only yes-

terday or the day before that I heern the Old Man callin', "Mudder, mudder, I wanter tell you sumfin'," and that I seen him put his arms around her neck 'nd whisper softly to her.

It had been an open winter, 'nd there wuz fever all around us. The Baxters lost their little girl, and Homer Thompson's children had all been taken down. Ev'ry night 'nd mornin' we prayed God to save our darlin'; but one evenin' when I come up from the wood lot, the Old Man wuz restless 'nd his face wuz hot 'nd he talked in his sleep. May be you've been through it yourself,—may be you've tended a child that's down with the fever; if so, may be you know what we went through, Lizzie 'nd me. The doctor shook his head one night when he come to see the Old Man; we knew what that meant. I went out-doors,—I couldn't stand it in the room there, with the Old Man seein' 'nd talkin' about things that the fever made him see. I wuz too big a coward to stay 'nd help his mother to bear up; so I went out-doors 'nd brung in wood,—brung in wood enough to last all spring,—and then I sat down alone by the kitchen fire 'nd heard the clock tick 'nd watched the shadders flicker through the room.

I remember Lizzie's comin' to me and sayin': "He's breathin' strange-like, 'nd his little feet is cold as ice." Then I went into the front chamber where he lay. The day wuz breakin'; the cattle wuz lowin' outside; a beam of light come through the winder and fell on the Old Man's face,—perhaps it wuz the summons for which he waited and which shall some time come to me 'nd you. Leastwise the Old Man roused from his

sleep 'nd opened up his big blue eyes. It wuzn't me he wanted to see.

"Mudder! mudder!" cried the Old Man, but his voice warn't strong 'nd clear like it used to be. "Mudder, where *be* you, mudder?"

Then, breshin' by me, Lizzie caught the Old Man up 'nd held him in her arms, like she had done a thousand times before.

"What is it, darlin'? *Here* I be," says Lizzie.

"Tum here," says the Old Man,—"tum here; I wanter tell you sumfin'."

The Old Man went to reach his arms around her neck 'nd whisper in her ear. But his arms fell limp and helpless-like, 'nd the Old Man's curly head drooped on his mother's breast.

THE SOUL OF THE VIOLIN

MARGARET M. MERRILL

SCENE.—A dingy attic-room in a wretched tenement. A bit of candle stuck in an old bottle gives a faint, gloomy light; uncanny shadows move about the room; a rickety chair, a table, a pile of straw that serves for a bed. A man stands by the table lifting a violin from its case. He touches it as men touch the things they love best. He holds it against his hunger-wasted face, and talks to it as if it lived and understood all he said.

"It has come at last, old comrade, it has come at last—the time when you and I must say good-by. God knows I wish I could sell myself instead of you. But I am worthless, while you—do you know, my beauty? A Shylock down the street, the man who has all else I own save you, has offered me five hundred dollars if I will give you to him—five hundred dollars to a man who has not a coat to his back, a roof to cover him, or a crumb of bread to eat! Why do I hesitate? You are only some bits of wood and a few trumpery strings—not much for a man to starve for. I have only to run down the stairs with you—a few steps more—hand you over the counter—the thing is done; and I have five hundred dollars. I can leave this wretched, rat-ridden hole. I can have food to eat such as I have not tasted for a year. I can mingle again with the men I used to know. I can be one of them. Five hundred dollars! Why, that is wealth, wondrous wealth! And all for you—you thing without

a stomach. You cannot know hunger, you, body without a soul. Stay—am I sure of that?"

The man passes his fingers over the strings and bends his head to listen. The soft vibrations follow each other like sweet, half-forgotten thoughts.

"Your E-string is a trifle flat," says the man. "Well, it doesn't matter."

He rises hastily, possessed by a sudden determination, opens the case, and is about to thrust the violin inside, when he stops. A faint tremor of sound is still audible. It seems almost like a whisper of pain. The man lifts the violin again in his arms and lays his cheek upon it.

"What, old comrade, does it hurt you, too? Ah! I've wronged you. You have a heart. You can feel. I almost believe you can remember.

"Let me see. How long has it been? Twenty, thirty, thirty-five years. Think of that, old comrade. Thirty-five years! The average lifetime of man we have been together. And I knew you long before that. You were in a funny old shop, kept by a man who had owned you longer than I have. He would show you to the people who came, and allowed them to read your inscription, 'Cremona, 1731.' But he would not sell you. It is not probable that he was ever hungry. I loved you then, you inanimate thing of wood. I loved to hold you and hear you sing. I longed for you, as I had never longed for anything before. One day the old man sent for me.

"'Bring me your old violin,' he said, 'and you shall have the Cremona.'

"'To keep!' I exclaimed.

"'Yes,' said the old man, 'to keep. For I am sure you will keep it. I'm old. Someone else will soon take possession here, and the Cremona might be sold into strange hands. I should not like that. I would rather give it to you.'

"So I took you home with me and sat up half the night drawing the bow softly over your strings. I was the happiest boy in the world, I think. I laid you where, if I waked in the night, I could reach out and touch you. I would not have taken a kingdom in exchange for you then. Ah! but then I was not hungry. What animals we are, after all!"

The man still held the violin against his cheek, passing his hands gently along the strings, and talking on in a dreamy way, as if he scarcely knew that he spoke at all.

"Thirty-five years! and we have seen the world together. We have tasted its sweets and its bitterness. Kings and beggars have listened to you, and both have loved you.

"Do you remember the night in Berlin, when we played the 'Dream,' and the beautiful woman in the box at the right threw a great red rose? It caught upon one of your strings—caught and hung by a thorn. And when I tried to release it, the blood-red petals fell in a shower at my feet. Then we played the 'Last Rose of Summer.' I'm sure you had a heart that night. I could feel it vibrate with the quivering of your strings. There were tears in many eyes when we had finished, and she—I think the music had taken possession of her. For she rose, crying out:

"'No, no! It is not the last, the world is full of

roses. See!' and she threw a great armful of white and red blossoms.

"I wonder if she loved me best, or you? It was in the time of roses, when she, the rose of all the world, lay dead. You must remember that, old comrade. When it was dark, when all the rest had gone and left her, we went to say good-by. The world was full of roses then, and I heaped them over her. Then you sang. Oh! how you sang. I have always believed that her soul was borne away on the wings of your song, carrying the perfume of the roses with it. The next time we played, someone threw a rose and I set my heel upon it. What right had roses to bloom when she was dead?

"We have done badly since then, you and I. Someway, things ceased to seem worth striving for. And you have been dearer, because you were the only one who knew and understood. And yet I said you had no soul. Forgive me, old comrade! A man is not to be blamed for what he says when he's hungry.

"Ah, what a fool I am; maundering away to an old fiddle when I might be filling my empty stomach!"

The man sprang up, thrust the violin rudely into its case, closed the lid with a bang, seized it and stopped, listening. The strings were quivering from his rough handling. He heard a sigh, faint as the farewell breath from the lips of a loved one dying. The man set his feet hard, took another step, stopped again. Then, suddenly, he clasped the violin in his arms.

"No, no, I cannot, I cannot. I will not! It may be folly; it is folly. It is madness. No matter. I will not do it, I'm not hungry now."

The man opens the case, lifts the violin again, and holds it in his arms as if it were a child.

"To think that I ever dreamed of selling you, my treasure! But a devil prompted me—the demon of hunger. It is gone now. I am quite content, quite satisfied. Come, sing to me, and I shall be altogether happy."

The man raises the violin and draws the bow.

"Ah! that E-string! There—so—that is better. Now we are all right. And we are happy, are we not? Sing to me of the rose and of her. See! she is in the box yonder, all among her blossoms. She is smiling and throwing us handfuls, red and white. We must do our best, our very best, when she listens."

The man's eyes kindle and burn. His pale cheeks flush. Starvation and rags are far away and forgotten things. He is again the master of music. The foul attic-room has widened and brightened into a great, glittering amphitheatre, wherein thousands sit, breathless under the spell of that divine melody. The man's soul is breathing itself upon the strings; and how they respond! They shiver with sobs; they vibrate with laughter; they shout in exultation.

"Hear! hear! my comrade!" cries the man. "Bravos! encores! Ah, we have conquered the world to-night. How the lights glitter! This is ecstasy—this is heaven!"

Wilder and wilder grows the music. Faster and faster flies the bow.

Snap! a string breaks. Snap! another.

The weird strains sink to a wailing, minor key. The arm that holds the bow grows unsteady. The

wild eyes cease their feverish shifting and fasten themselves upon one spot at the right. The tense features relax into a smile. The voice is very low and very tender.

"One more rose, my beauty, my queen of all the world. The lights are growing dim. My sight is failing. I can see only you, only you."

Snap! The last string breaks.

Scene.—The same as at first. The candle, the chair, the table, the straw—yes, and the man, too. But he lies prone upon his face, and under him is a handful of wooden fragments, upon one of which is the inscription—

"CREMONA, 1731."

THROWN AWAY *

RUDYARD KIPLING

To rear a boy under what parents call the "sheltered life system" is, if the boy must go into the world and fend for himself, not wise. Unless he be one in a thousand he has certainly to pass through many unnecessary troubles; and may, possibly, come to extreme grief simply from ignorance of the proper proportions of things.

Let a puppy eat the soap in the bath-room or chew a newly blacked boot. He chews and chuckles until, by and by, he finds out that blacking and Old Brown Windsor make him very sick; so he argues that soap and boots are not wholesome. Any old dog about the house will soon show him the unwisdom of biting big dogs' ears. Being young, he remembers and goes abroad, at six months, a well-mannered little beast with a chastened appetite. If he had been kept away from boots, and soap, and big dogs till he came to the trinity full-grown and with developed teeth, just consider how fearfully sick and thrashed he would be! Apply that notion to the "sheltered life," and see how it works. It does not sound pretty, but it is the better of two evils.

There was a Boy once who had been brought up

* See Suggestions for Cutting, p. 552.

under the "sheltered life" theory; and the theory killed him dead. He stayed with his people all his days, from the hour he was born till the hour he went into Sandhurst nearly at the top of the list. He was beautifully taught in all that wins marks by a private tutor, and carried the extra weight of "never having given his parents an hour's anxiety in his life." What he learnt at Sandhurst beyond the regular routine is of no great consequence. He looked about him, and he found soap and blacking, so to speak, very good. He ate a little, and came out of Sandhurst not so high as he went in. Then there was an interval and a scene with his people, who expected much from him. Next a year of living "unspotted from the world" in a third-rate depot battalion where all the juniors were children, and all the seniors old women; and lastly he came out to India where he was cut off from the support of his parents, and had no one to fall back on in time of trouble except himself.

Now India is a place beyond all others where one must not take things too seriously—the midday sun always excepted. Too much work and too much energy kill a man just as effectively as too much assorted vice or too much drink. Flirtation does not matter, because every one is being transferred and either you or she leave the Station, and never return. Good work does not matter, because a man is judged by his worst output and another man takes all the credit of his best as a rule. Bad work does not matter, because other men do worse and incompetents hang on longer in India than anywhere else. Amusements

do not matter, because you must repeat them as soon as you have accomplished them once, and most amusements only mean trying to win another person's money. Sickness does not matter, because it's all in the day's work, and if you die another man takes over your place and your office in the eight hours between death and burial. Nothing matters except Home-furlough and acting allowances, and these only because they are scarce. This is a slack, *kutcha* country where all men work with imperfect instruments; and the wisest thing is to take no one and nothing in earnest, but to escape as soon as ever you can to some place where amusement is amusement and a reputation worth the having.

But this Boy—the tale is as old as the Hills—came out, and took all things seriously. He was pretty and was petted. He took the pettings seriously, and fretted over women not worth saddling a pony to call upon. He found his new free life in India very good. It *does* look attractive in the beginning, from a Subaltern's point of view—all ponies, partners, dancing, and so on. He tasted it as the puppy tastes the soap. Only he came late to the eating, with a growing set of teeth. He had no sense of balance—just like the puppy—and could not understand why he was not treated with the consideration he received under his father's roof. This hurt his feelings.

He quarrelled with other boys and, being sensitive to the marrow, remembered these quarrels, and they excited him. He found whist, and gymkhanas, and things of that kind (meant to amuse one after office) good; but he took them seriously too, just as he took

the "head" that followed after drink. He lost his money over whist and gymkhanas because they were new to him.

He took his losses seriously, and wasted as much energy and interest over a two-goldmohur race for maiden *ekka*-ponies with their manes hogged, as if it had been the Derby. One half of this came from inexperience—much as the puppy squabbles with the corner of the hearthrug—and the other half from the dizziness bred by stumbling out of his quiet life into the glare and excitement of a livelier one. No one told him about the soap and the blacking, because an average man takes it for granted that an average man is ordinarily careful in regard to them. It was pitiful to watch The Boy knocking himself to pieces, as an over-handled colt falls down and cuts himself when he gets away from the groom.

This unbridled license in amusements not worth the trouble of breaking line for, much less rioting over, endured for six months—all through one cold weather—and then we thought that the heat and the knowledge of having lost his money and health and lamed his horses would sober The Boy down, and he would stand steady. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this would have happened. You can see the principle working in any Indian Station. But this particular case fell through because The Boy was sensitive and took things seriously—as I may have said some seven times before. Of course, we couldn't tell how his excesses struck him personally. They were nothing very heart-breaking or above the average. He might be crippled for life financially, and want a

little nursing. Still the memory of his performances would wither away in one hot weather, and the *shroff* would help him to tide over the money-troubles. But he must have taken another view altogether and have believed himself ruined beyond redemption. His Colonel talked to him severely when the cold weather ended. That made him more wretched than ever; and it was only an ordinary "Colonel's wigging!"

What follows is a curious instance of the fashion in which we are all linked together and made responsible for one another. *The* thing that kicked the beam in The Boy's mind was a remark that a woman made when he was talking to her. There is no use in repeating it, for it was only a cruel little sentence, rapped out before thinking, that made him flush to the roots of his hair. He kept himself to himself for three days, and then put in for two days' leave to go shooting near a Canal Engineer's Rest House about thirty miles out. He got his leave, and that night at Mess was noisier and more offensive than ever. He said that he was "going to shoot big game," and left at half-past ten o'clock in an *ekka*. Partridge—which was the only thing a man could get near the Rest House—is not big game; so every one laughed.

Next morning one of the Majors came in from short leave, and heard that The Boy had gone out to shoot "big game." The Major had taken an interest in The Boy, and had, more than once, tried to check him in the cold weather. The Major put up his eyebrows when he heard of the expedition and went to The Boy's rooms, where he rummaged.

Presently he came out and found me leaving cards

on the Mess. There was no one else in the anteroom.

He said: "The Boy has gone out shooting. *Does* a man shoot *tetur* with a revolver and a writing-case!"

I said: "Nonsense, Major!" for I saw what was in his mind.

He said: "Nonsense or no nonsense, I'm going to the Canal now—at once. I don't feel easy."

Then he thought for a minute, and said: "Can you lie?"

"You know best," I answered. "It's my profession."

"Very well," said the Major; "you must come out with me now—at once—in an *ekka* to the Canal to shoot black-buck. Go and put on *shirkar*-kit—*quick*—and drive here with a gun."

The Major was a masterful man; and I knew that he would not give orders for nothing. So I obeyed, and on return found the Major packed up in an *ekka*—gun-cases and food slung below—all ready for a shooting-trip.

He dismissed the driver and drove himself. We jogged along quietly while in the station; but as soon as we got to the dusty road across the plains, he made that pony fly. A country-bred can do nearly anything at a pinch. We covered the thirty miles in under three hours, but the poor brute was nearly dead.

Once I said:—"What's the blazing hurry, Major?"

He said, quietly: "The Boy has been alone, by himself for—one, two, five,—fourteen hours now! I tell you, I don't feel easy."

This uneasiness spread itself to me, and I helped to beat the pony.

When we came to the Canal Engineer's Rest House the Major called for The Boy's servant; but there was no answer. Then we went up to the house, calling for The Boy by name; but there was no answer.

"Oh, he's out shooting," said I.

Just then I saw through one of the windows a little hurricane-lamp burning. This was at four in the afternoon. We both stopped dead in the veranda, holding our breath to catch every sound; and we heard, inside the room, the "*brr—brr—brr*" of a multitude of flies. The Major said nothing, but he took off his helmet and we entered very softly.

The Boy was dead on the *charpoy* in the centre of the bare, lime-washed room. He had shot his head nearly to pieces with his revolver. The gun-cases were still strapped, so was the bedding, and on the table lay The Boy's writing-case with photographs. He had gone away to die like a poisoned rat!

The Major said to himself softly: "Poor Boy! Poor, *poor* devil!" Then he turned away from the bed and said: "I want your help in this business."

Knowing The Boy was dead by his own hand, I saw exactly what that help would be, so I passed over to the table, took a chair, lit a cheroot, and began to go through the writing-case; the Major looking over my shoulder and repeating to himself: "We came too late!—Like a rat in a hole!—Poor, *poor* devil!"

The Boy must have spent half the night in writing to his people, and to his Colonel, and to a girl at

Home; and as soon as he had finished, must have shot himself, for he had been dead a long time when we came in.

I read all that he had written, and passed over each sheet to the Major as I finished it.

We saw from his accounts how very seriously he had taken everything. He wrote about "disgrace which he was unable to bear"—"indelible shame"—"criminal folly"—"wasted life," and so on; besides a lot of private things to his Father and Mother much too sacred to put into print. The letter to the girl at Home was the most pitiful of all, and I choked as I read it. The Major made no attempt to keep dry-eyed. I respected him for that. He read and rocked himself to and fro, and simply cried like a woman without caring to hide it. The letters were so dreary and hopeless and touching. We forgot all about The Boy's follies, and only thought of the poor Thing on the *charpoy* and the scrawled sheets in our hands. It was utterly impossible to let the letters go Home. They would have broken his Father's heart and killed his Mother after killing her belief in her son.

At last the Major dried his eyes openly, and said: "Nice sort of thing to spring on an English family! What shall we do?"

I said, knowing what the Major had brought me out for: "The Boy died of cholera. We were with him at the time. We can't commit ourselves to half-measures. Come along."

Then began one of the most grimly comic scenes I have ever taken part in—the concoction of a big, written lie, bolstered with evidence, to soothe The

Boy's people at home. I began the rough draft of the letter, the Major throwing in hints here and there while he gathered up all the stuff that The Boy had written and burnt it in the fireplace. It was a hot, still evening when we began, and the lamp burned very badly. In due course I got the draft to my satisfaction, setting forth how The Boy was the pattern of all virtues, beloved by his regiment, with every promise of a great career before him, and so on; how we had helped him through the sickness—it was no time for little lies you will understand—and how he had died without pain. I choked while I was putting down these things and thinking of the poor people who would read them. Then I laughed at the grotesqueness of the affair, and the laughter mixed itself up with the choke—and the Major said that we both wanted drinks.

I am afraid to say how much whiskey we drank before the letter was finished. It had not the least effect on us. Then we took off The Boy's watch-locket, and rings.

Lastly, the Major said: "We must send a lock of hair too. A woman values that."

But there were reasons why we could not find a lock fit to send. The Boy was black-haired, and so was the Major, luckily. I cut off a piece of the Major's hair above the temple with a knife, and put it into the packet we were making. The laughing-fit and the chokes got hold of me again, and I had to stop. The Major was nearly as bad; and we both knew that the worst part of the work was to come.

We sealed up the packet, photographs, locket, seals,

ring, letter, and lock of hair with The Boy's sealing-wax and The Boy's seal.

Then the Major said: "For God's sake let's get outside—away from the room—and think!"

We went outside, and walked on the banks of the Canal for an hour, eating and drinking what we had with us, until the moon rose. I know now exactly how a murderer feels. Finally, we forced ourselves back to the room with the lamp and the Other Thing in it, and began to take up the next piece of work. I am not going to write about this. It was too horrible. We burned the bedstead and dropped the ashes into the Canal; we took up the matting of the room and treated that in the same way. I went off to a village and borrowed two big hoes,—I did not want the villagers to help,—while the Major arranged—— the other matters. It took us four hours' hard work to make the grave. As we worked, we argued out whether it was right to say as much as we remembered of the Burial of the Dead. We compromised things by saying the Lord's Prayer with a private unofficial prayer for the peace of the soul of The Boy. Then we filled in the grave and went into the veranda —not the house—to lie down to sleep. We were dead-tired.

When we woke the Major said, wearily: "We can't go back till to-morrow. We must give him a decent time to die in. He died early *this* morning, remember. That seems more natural." So the Major must have been lying awake all the time, thinking.

I said: "Then why didn't we bring the body back to cantonments?"

The Major thought for a minute: "Because the people bolted when they heard of the cholera. And the *ekka* has gone!"

That was strictly true. We had forgotten all about the *ekka*-pony, and he had gone home.

So, we were left there alone, all that stifling day, in the Canal Rest House, testing and re-testing our story of The Boy's death to see if it was weak in any point. A native turned up in the afternoon, but we said that a *Sahib* was dead of cholera, and he ran away. As the dusk gathered, the Major told me all his fears about The Boy, and awful stories of suicide or nearly-carried-out suicide—tales that made one's hair crisp. He said that he himself had once gone into the same Valley of the Shadow as The Boy, when he was young and new to the country; so he understood how things fought together in The Boy's poor jumbled head. He also said that youngsters, in their repentant moments, consider their sins much more serious and ineffaceable than they really are. We talked together all through the evening and rehearsed the story of the death of The Boy. As soon as the moon was up, and The Boy, theoretically, just buried, we struck across country for the Station. We walked from eight till six o'clock in the morning; but though we were dead-tired, we did not forget to go to The Boy's rooms and put away his revolver with the proper amount of cartridges in the pouch. Also to set his writing-case on the table. We found the Colonel and reported the death, feeling more like murderers than ever. Then we went to bed and slept the clock round; for there was no more in us.

The tale had credence as long as was necessary, for every one forgot about The Boy before a fortnight was over. Many people, however, found time to say that the Major had behaved scandalously in not bringing in the body for a regimental funeral. The saddest thing of all was the letter from The Boy's mother to the Major and me—with big inky blisters all over the sheet. She wrote the sweetest possible things about our great kindness, and the obligation she would be under to us as long as she lived.

All things considered, she *was* under an obligation; but not exactly as she meant.

HUMOROUS

WHEN ANGRY, COUNT A HUNDRED

E. CAVAZZI

The dining-room of a house on Fifth Avenue. Personages: the host, hostess, and guests, irreproachable in manner, unapproachable in costume, politely engaged in conversation—all but Mr. Alfred Ames and Miss Eva Rosewarne, who, seated side by side, regard in silence their respective bouquets, which lie upon the tablecloth.

Alfred (slightly embarrassed).—Miss Rosewarne, I hope you will believe me when I say that I'm not to blame for this. Until I read your name in the billet handed me as I came into the house, I had no idea that you were to be here. . . . Our short-lived romance was quite unknown to anybody but ourselves; Mrs. Leclerc supposed that she was doing me a great favor—kind hostess that she is—in giving me a place next to you at her table. . . . You took my arm silently. All the way down-stairs I was trying to judge whether you were annoyed or indifferent at this unexpected meeting; but you gave no sign. I have not forgotten that, a fortnight ago, you said you would never speak to me again: and heaven defend me from expecting the impossible, that a woman

should change her mind, or speak when she had resolved not to do so! I shall not ask you to talk to me—I am afraid that you would not say anything kind if you should—but I beg as a great favor, not to me, but to Mrs. Leclerc, who has done nothing to offend you, that you will appear to be on the ordinary terms of acquaintance with me.

(Eva regards him for an instant in silence, takes up her bouquet, examines it, and lays it down upon the table again.)

Alfred.—I wish to spare you as much as possible. I will gladly do more than my share of the talking. In those other days, when we were friends, I never had much practice at that, but I dare say I can manage it. Ah! I have an idea—not a very brilliant one, perhaps; but it may serve. . . . This is it: I once heard of a man who, for some reason or other, had nothing to say one evening at table. So he turned to his neighbor and began to count one, two, three, four, with expression. Will you do that—for the sake of our hostess? It commits you to nothing. It surely isn't talking to me. What information can I get from hearing the numerals recited in the tones of polite society? . . . Once more, let me ask you to do so for the sake of Mrs. Leclerc.

(Eva assents by a bend of her golden head.)

Alfred.—Thank you—if I may presume so far. I am glad that I never vowed not to speak to you; it seems to me that there are so many things to be said. And since I expect to sail for Europe in a few days, to be gone indefinitely, perhaps, like any other condemned man, I may be allowed a few last words.

Eva.—One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

Alfred.—You know that I loved you with my whole heart——

Eva (with haste).—Eight, nine——

Alfred.—And now, at this moment, trying to recall the beginning of the end, I cannot find any reason why you and I should be farther apart than if the Atlantic were already between us. . . .

Eva (pensively).—Ten, eleven, twelve.

Alfred.—I did not ask you to explain to me in what way I displeased you, nor to divide your part from mine in the quarrel. You are still angry with me, but I shall always be grateful to you. For a few days I lived in Paradise; and it isn't every man who can say as much. It gives one, afterward—there is a great deal of afterward in life, Miss Rosewarne—an ideal with which to compare other things, and find them wanting. And if one absolutely must leave Paradise, 'tis at least more bearable to be evicted by Eve—pardon me, it was her name, you know, a great while before it was yours—than to be chased out of it by the serpent. There was no serpent in my Eden!

Eva (with a little cynicism).—Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen!

Alfred.—Ah, you are right. Of course he was there, glittering with—orders of merit. Also, he waltzed like an angel of light—you told me so that evening at the Casino. But if you preferred Count von Waldberg to my humble self, you might at least have said so frankly. I would not have stood in the way of your happiness; and it would have spared me some examinations of conscience.

Eva (reproachfully).—Seventeen, eighteen.

Alfred.—You were so good as to say that you—liked me, and I believed it. Now, you have taught me to disbelieve; I only wish that I could doubt the sincerity with which, when you gave back my ring, you told me that you hated me.

Eva (deprecatingly, but coldly).—Nineteen, twenty.

Alfred.—Mrs. Leclerc is looking at us. Say something kind to me—for her sake!

Eva (cheerfully).—Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight!

Alfred.—A thousand thanks. She is quite satisfied that we are enjoying ourselves.

Eva (with a shade of coquetry).—Twenty-nine, thirty?

Alfred.—Oh, immensely—no—yet—that is to say, not precisely. However, I mean to improve my opportunity, such as it is. . . . Are you not glad that we are to have Italian opera this winter, instead of Wagner?

Eva (with astonishment).—Thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three!

Alfred.—Major Starr was listening to us just then. Now he is talking again. The usual thing, I believe, is to say that because you have disappointed me I shall lose faith in all women. It won't have that effect with me, I fancy, though I should have liked to believe in you too.

Eva (with bitterness).—Thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six.

Alfred.—I think that neither you nor I can ever for-

get those evenings on the river: it will be a dainty aquarelle in your mind; in mine the scene is an etching, every line inalterable. That sort of thing is bitten in with aquafortis, you know. . . . On the whole, you need not remember that occasion, Miss Rosewarne!

Eva (sadly).—Thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one.

Alfred.—And in the morning, as I waited on the cliff for you to appear, I understood how the earth waits for the dawn to illuminate it, to give it new life. Well, I have had my day; it was bright, but the sunset came too soon.

Eva (dreamily).—Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four.

Alfred.—The sea sang of you, the waves sparkled for you, all the sirens had given their magic to you, and their harping must have been like the sound of the sea-wind in your hair.

Eva (with an effort at mockery).—Forty-five, forty-six!

Alfred.—Your criticism is deserved. My expressions do sound rather too lyric and high-flown. . . .

Eva (sarcastically).—Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty. . . .

Alfred.—If you really think them so comic, let me go on. I dreamed of you—don't you like the present way of arranging the flowers low, so that one hasn't to peep this side and that of a mountain of roses?

Eva (with enthusiasm).—Fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-six!

Alfred.—Thank you again; for a briefer answer might have led Major Starr to suspect that my con-

versation failed to interest you. As I was saying, I dreamed of you and of you only. I still dream——

Eva (hurriedly).—Fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight——

Alfred.—Don't be disturbed. I quite understand that dreams are illusions. I am awake; very thoroughly.

Eva (softly).—Sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two.

Alfred.—It is better to wake than to dream; but if one has no more pleasure in either—then best to sleep soundly.

Eva (puzzled, slightly alarmed).—Seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five? . . .

Alfred.—As I said, I expect to sail in a few days for Europe; in any case, one of the firm would have to go there.

Eva (with resignation).—Seventy-six.

Alfred.—I have tried again and again to retrace those parted ways, back to the path where, for a little while, we walked together. A dry and wearisome road it may have been for you. For me, as I have told you, it was the way of Paradise. I began to suspect the presence of the inconvenient third party of the legend of Eden at that Casino ball. You remember; the evening when you wore a gown of some sort of cloth which had the tint of a blush-rose, adorably fitted, hanging in smooth, heavy folds, trimmed with—trimmed with—well, I suppose it was tape——

Eva (with horror).—Seventy-seven!

Alfred.—How stupid of me! Of course it wasn't

tape. I used to be posted on the difference between tape and bombazine and lace and things in those other days when you were so good as to explain it to me. At all events, that was a delicious gown.

Eva (with conviction).—Seventy-eight, seventy-nine.

Alfred.—You told me to come early to the Casino. . . . Great fun I was to have that evening! You let me take your programme of dances; the trail of the serpent—pardon me, I should say the autograph of Count von Waldberg—was over it all.

Eva (deprecatingly).—Eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two.

Alfred.—I know that. It's quite true that I had a poor little lancers, a quadrille, and the fag-end of a mazurka. But the waltz—our waltz, the "Garden of Sleep"—you danced with the Count.

Eva (protesting).—Eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five.

Alfred.—Of course he asked for it. But you have a thousand pretty ways of saying no. You could have kept that waltz for me.

Eva (timidly).—Eighty-six, eighty-seven.

Alfred.—Well, let that pass. I suggested, as considerately as I knew how, that you were giving rather too many dances to Count von Waldberg. You replied that those numbers were at your disposal when he took your card, and you chose to give them to him.

Eva (poignantly).—Eighty-eight!

Alfred.—Reserved! If I had understood that! Now I dare not even hint my thanks for what—I did not have.

Eva (with recovered composure).—Eighty-nine, ninety.

Alfred.—Is there anything more cruel than the sarcasm of a dance when one is unhappy? . . . And what do you think of this imported notion of a Théâtre Libre?

Eva (startled). — Ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three!

Alfred.—Pardon the abrupt change of subject. But Mrs. Leclerc had a very curious look on her face.

Eva (acquiescent).—Ninety-four, ninety-five.

Alfred.—If Count von Waldberg pleased you, there was certainly no reason that you should not like him. He's a very good fellow, I believe, and he dances remarkably well. As my rival, he was ex-officio hateful—not upon personal grounds. Moreover, he has gone back to his own country, and rather suddenly. I like that about him; it's a case where the absent is in the right. Then, too, I'm inclined to pity Von Waldberg; for one doesn't, by his own will, lose his chances of waltzing with Miss Rosewarne. You must have given him leave of absence. I begin to feel for the Count as a brother in misfortune.

Eva (reprovingly).—Ninety-six, ninety-seven.

Alfred.—I accept the reproof. I have no right to guess at what may have taken place between yourself and Count von Waldberg. It was impertinent, but decidedly agreeable, that surmise of mine.

Eva (with increased coldness).—Ninety-eight.

Alfred.—I'm always saying the wrong thing. . . . But this time it seems to me I must speak—and then forever after be silent.

Eva (mockingly).—Ninety-nine!

Alfred.—That's a quotation from—from—in fact—something that I was interested, a while ago, to coach myself upon.

Eva (with marked indifference).—One hundred.

Alfred.—You have reached the hundred. And you are still angry, I'm afraid. Ah! if by chance it seems to you that you have said anything which you would rather have left unsaid, or said differently—we all do that sometimes, you know—you could retract it by counting that same hundred backward, down to nothing again. Isn't that a pretty good scheme?

Eva (assenting).—Ninety-nine.

Alfred.—I think, with a little economy, you can make that double back-action hundred last until Mrs. Leclerc begins to "collect eyes" for the exit of the women. You can be epigrammatic, staccato, like the French novelists. When you lisp in numbers, they needn't come too many at once. I know your intonations so well that words are hardly needed to convey—or conceal—your meaning.

Eva.—Ninety-eight.

Alfred.—Quite so.

Eva.—Ninety-seven.

Alfred.—Perfectly.

Eva.—Ninety-six.

Alfred.—I'll take my affidavit to that. . . . This is capital. Mrs. Leclerc is sure that we are getting on famously.

Eva.—Ninety-five, ninety-four——

Alfred.—Take care; don't be a spendthrift of your numbers. You might—if you wouldn't mind doing it

—smile at me now and then, instead of speaking. Only to save the numerals, of course. . . . Oh, this is a comedy that we are playing! But for me it is also a tragedy. . . . But just now it seems to me that my whole spirit is in revolution.

Eva.—Ninety-three.

Alfred.—Very much like "'93," as Victor Hugo has described it.

Eva.—Ninety-two.

Alfred.—I had built so many castles in air, and you were châtelaine of them all. Everything had a reason for existence. . . . But my life has ceased to be logical; in fact, it has gone all to pieces. I shall pick up the pieces, of course—I'm not a whimpering boy—and glue them, screw them, clamp them, tie them together, anyhow, provided they stick. But I don't pretend that the outfit will be as good as new, or as it was before it was broken up.

Eva (with remorse).—Ninety-one, ninety, eighty-nine, eighty-eight, eighty-seven, eighty-six.

Alfred.—'Twas not your fault. You couldn't help it. I did not deserve you; only I loved you with all my soul, as—heaven help me! I love you, love you now!

(Eva, in extreme agitation, very pale, rattles off the numbers down to sixteen, and stops there for want of breath.)

Alfred.—Poor beautiful child, do not be afraid. I will not offend in this way again. I only meant to tell you that amid the ruins of my fallen castle there blossoms an imperishable flower—my affection for you. . . . Now everything is ended. See, Mrs.

Leclerc is looking around the table to rally her feminine troop.

(Eva, counting desperately, and ending with the number three.)

Alfred.—And so, it is good-by—definitively. Because when we meet in future, if ever, it will be as mere acquaintances who have nothing to say to each other except the commonplaces of society. We, who were to have been united, must henceforward be—— (he stops short, surprised by an emotion that chokes his voice of a man of the world).

Eva (boldly skipping a number).—One! (She recklessly drops her bouquet as she rises with the other women.)

Alfred (stoops to pick up her bouquet, kisses the hand of Eva under the table, and says in a rapturous undertone).—One forever!

THE CYCLOPEEDY

EUGENE FIELD

Havin' lived next door to the Hobart place f'r goin' on thirty years, I calc'late that I know jest about ez much about the case ez anybody else now on airth, exceptin' perhaps it's ol' Jedge Baker, and he's so plaguey old 'nd so powerful feeble that *he* don't know nothin'.

It seems that in the spring uv '47—the year that Cy Watson's oldest boy wuz drownded in West River —there come along a book agent sellin' volyumes 'nd tracks f'r the diffusion uv knowledge, 'nd havin' got the recommend of the minister 'nd uv the selectmen, he done an all-fired big business in our part uv the county. His name wuz Lemuel Higgins, 'nd he wuz ez likely a talker ez I ever heerd, barrin' Lawyer Conkey, 'nd everybody allowed that when Conkey wuz round he talked so fast that the town pump ud have to be greased every twenty minutes.

One of the first uv our folks that this Lemuel Higgins struck wuz Leander Hobart. Leander had jest marr'd one uv the Peasley girls, 'nd had moved into the old homestead on the Plainville road,—old Deacon Hobart havin' give up the place to him, the other boys havin' moved out West (like a lot o' darned fools

that they wuz!). Leander wuz feelin' his oats jest about this time, 'nd nuthin' wuz too good f'r him.

"Hattie," sez he, "I guess I'll have to lay in a few books f'r readin' in the winter time, 'nd I've half a notion to subscribe f'r a cyclopeedy. Mr. Higgins here says they're invalerable in a family, and that we orter have 'em, bein' as how we're likely to have the fam'ly bime by."

"Lor's sakes, Leander, how you talk!" sez Hattie, blushin' all over, ez brides allers does to heern tell uv sich things.

Waal, to make a long story short, Leander bargained with Mr. Higgins for a set uv them cyclopeedies, 'nd he signed his name to a long printed paper that showed how he agreed to take a cyclopeedy oncet in so often, which wuz to be ez often ez a new one uv the volyumes wuz printed. A cyclopeedy isn't printed all at oncet, because that would make it cost too much; consekently the man that gets it up has it strung along fur apart, so as to hit folks oncet every year or two, and gin'rally about harvest time. So Leander kind uv liked the idee, and he signed the printed paper 'nd made his affidavit to it afore Jedge Warner.

The fust volyume of the cyclopeedy stood on a shelf in the old seckertary in the settin'-room about four months before they had any use f'r it. One night 'Squire Turner's son come over to visit Leander 'nd Hattie, and they got to talkin' about apples, 'nd the sort uv apples that wuz the best. Leander allowed that the Rhode Island greenin' wuz the best, but Hattie and the Turner boy stuck up f'r the Roxbury rus-

set, until at last a happy idee struck Leander, and sez he: "We'll leave it to the cyclopeedy, b'gosh! Whichever one the cyclopeedy sez is the best will settle it."

"But you can't find out nothin' 'bout Roxbury russets nor Rhode Island greenin's in *our* cyclopeedy," sez Hattie.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" sez Leander, kind uv indignant like.

"'Cause ours hain't got down to the R yet," sez Hattie. "All ours tells about is things beginnin' with A."

"Well, ain't we talkin' about Apples?" sez Leander. "You aggervate me terrible, Hattie, by insistin' on knowin' what you don't know nothin' 'bout."

Leander went to the seckertary 'nd took down the cyclopeedy 'nd hunted all through it f'r Apples, but all he could find wuz "Apple—See Pomology."

"How in thunder kin I see Pomology," sez Leander, "when there aint no Pomology to see? Gol durn a cyclopeedy, anyhow!"

And he put the volyume back onto the shelf 'nd never sot eyes into it agin.

That's the way the thing run f'r years 'nd years. Leander would've gin up the plaguey bargain, but he couldn't; he had signed a printed paper 'nd had swore to it afore a justice of the peace. Higgins would have had the law on him if he had throwed up the trade.

The most aggervatin' feature uv it all wuz that a new one uv them cussid cyclopeedies wuz allus sure to show up at the wrong time,—when Leander wuz hard up or had jest been afflicted some way or other.

His barn burnt down two nights afore the volyume containin' the letter B arrived, and Leander needed all his chink to pay f'r lumber, but Higgins sot back on that affidavit and defied the life out uv him.

"Never mind, Leander," sez his wife, soothin' like, "it's a good book to have in the house, anyhow, now that we've got a baby."

"That's so," sez Leander, "babies does begin with B, don't it?"

You see their fust baby had been born; they named him Peasley,—Peasley Hobart,—after Hattie's folks. So, seein' as how it wuz payin' f'r a book that told about babies, Leander didn't begredge that five dollars so very much after all.

"Leander," sez Hattie one forenoon, "that B cyclopeedy ain't no account. There ain't nothin' in it about babies except 'See Maternity'!"

"Waal, I'll be gosh durned!" sez Leander. That wuz all he said, and he couldn't do nothin' at all, f'r that book agent, Lemuel Higgins, had the dead wood on him,—the mean, sneakin' critter!

So the years passed on, one of them cyclopeedies showin' up now 'nd then,—sometimes every two years 'nd sometimes every four, but allus at a time when Leander found it pesky hard to give up a fiver. It warn't no use cussin' Higgins; Higgins just laffed when Leander allowed that the cyclodeepy wuz no good 'nd that he wuz bein' robbed. Meantime Leander's family wuz increasin' and growin'. Little Sarey had the hoopin' cough dreadful one winter, but the cyclopeedy didn't help out at all, 'cause all it said wuz: "Hoopin' Cough—See Whoopin' Cough"—and uv course,

there warn't no Whoopin' Cough to see, bein' as how the W hadn't come yet!

Oncet when Hiram wanted to dreen the home pasture, he went to the cyclopeedy to find out about it, but all he diskivered wuz: "Drain—See Tile." This wuz in 1859, and the cyclopeedy had only got down to G.

The cow wuz sick with lung fever one spell, and Leander laid her dyin' to that cussid cyclopeedy, 'cause when he went to readin' 'bout cows it told him to "See Zoölogy."

But what's the use uv harrowin' up one's feelin's talkin' 'nd thinkin' about these things? Leander got so after a while that the cyclopeedy didn't worry him at all: he grew to look at it ez one uv the crosses that human critters has to bear without complainin' through this vale uv tears. The only thing that bothered him wuz the fear that mebbe he wouldn't live to see the last volume,—to tell the truth, this kind uv got to be his hobby, and I've heern him talk 'bout it many a time settin' round the stove at the tavern 'nd squirtin' tobacco juice at the sawdust box. His wife, Hattie, passed away with the yaller janders the winter W come, and all that seemed to reconcile Leander to survivin' her wuz the prospect uv seein' the last volyume uv that cyclopeedy. Lemuel Higgins, the book agent, had gone to his everlastin' punishment; but his son, Hiram, had succeeded to his father's business 'nd continued to visit the folks his old man had roped in. By this time Leander's children had growed up; all on 'em wuz marr'd, and there wuz numeris grandchildren to amuse the ol' gentle-

man. But Leander wuzn't to be satisfied with the common things uv airth; he didn't seem to take no pleasure in his grandchildren like most men do; his mind wuz allers sot on somethin' else,—for hours 'nd hours, yes, all day long, he'd set out on the front stoop lookin' wistfully up the road for that book agent to come along with a cyclopeedy. He didn't want to die till he'd got all the cyclopeedies his contract called for; he wanted to have everything straightened out before he passed away.

When—oh, how well I recollect it—when Y come along he wuz so overcome that he fell over in a fit uv paralysis, 'nd the old gentleman never got over it. For the next three years he drooped 'nd pined, and seemed like he couldn't hold out much longer. Finally he had to take to his bed,—he was so old 'nd feeble, —but he made 'em move the bed up aginst the winder so he could watch for that last volyume of the cyclopeedy.

The end come one balmy day in the spring uv '87. His life wuz a-ebbin' powerful fast; the minister wuz there, 'nd me, 'nd Dock Wilson, 'nd Jedge Baker, 'nd most uv the fam'ly. Lovin' hands smoothed the wrinkled forehead 'nd breshed back the long, scant, white hair, but the eyes of the dyin' man wuz sot upon that piece uv road down which the cyclopeedy man allus come.

All to oncet a bright 'nd joyful look come into them eyes, 'nd ol' Leander riz up in bed 'nd sez, "It's come!"

"What is it, Father?" asked his daughter Sarey, sobbin' like.

"Hush," sez the minister, solemnly; "he sees the shinin' gates uv the Noo Jerusalum."

"No, no," cried the aged man; "it is the cyclopeedy—the letter Z—it's comin'!"

And, sure enough! the door opened, and in walked Higgins. He tottered rather than walked, f'r he had growed old 'nd feeble in his wicked perfession.

"Here's the Z cyclopeedy, Mr. Hobart," says Higgins.

Leander clutched it; he hugged it to his pantin' bosom; then stealin' one pale hand under the pillar he drew out a faded bank-note 'nd gave it to Higgins.

"I thank Thee for this boon," sez Leander, rollin' his eyes up devoutly; then he gave a deep sigh.

"Hold on," cried Higgins, excitedly, "you've made a mistake—it isn't the last——"

But Leander didn't hear him—his soul hed fled from its mortal tenement 'nd hed soared rejoicin' to realms uv everlastin' bliss.

"He is no more," sez Dock Wilson, metaphorically.

"Then who are his heirs?" asked that mean critter Higgins.

"We be," sez the family.

"Do you conjointly and severally acknowledge and assume the obligation of deceased to me?" he asked 'em.

"What obligation?" asked Peasley Hobart, stern like.

"Deceased died owin' me f'r a cyclopeedy!" sez Higgins.

"That's a lie!" sez Peasley. "We all seen him pay you for the Z!"

"But there's another one to come," sez Higgins.

"Another?" they all asked.

"Yes, the index!" sez he.

So there wuz, and I'll be eternally goll durned if he aint a-suin' the estate in the probate court now f'r the price uv it!

THE PARSON'S CONVERSION

W. H. H. MURRAY

"Mirandy, I'm going up to see the parson," exclaimed the deacon, when the morning devotions were over, "and see if I can thaw him out a little. He's sort of frozen all up latterly, and I can see that the young folks are afraid of him and the church, too, and that won't do—no, that won't do, for the minister ought to be loved by young and old, rich and poor, and everybody; and a church without young folks in it is like a family with no children in it. Yes, I'll go up and wish him a happy New Year, anyway. Perhaps I can get him out for a ride to see the young folks at their fun. It'll do him good and them good and me good, and do everybody good." Saying which the deacon got inside his warm fur coat and started toward the barn to harness Jack into the worn, old-fashioned sleigh.

"Happy New Year to you, Parson Whitney; happy New Year to you," cried the deacon, from his sleigh to the parson, who stood curled up and shivering in the doorway of the parsonage, "and may you live to enjoy a hundred."

"Come in; come in," cried Parson Whitney, "I'm

glad you've come; I'm glad you've come. I've been thinking of you all the morning."

"Thinking of me! Well, now, I never," exclaimed the deacon. "Thinking of me, and among all these books, too; bibles, catechisms, tracts, theologies, sermons; well, well, that's funny! What made you think of me?"

"Deacon Tubman," responded the parson, as he seated himself in his arm-chair, "I want to talk with you about the church."

"The church! nothing going wrong, I hope?"

"Yes, things *are* going wrong, deacon," responded the parson; "the congregation is growing smaller and smaller, and yet I preach good, strong, biblical, soul-satisfying sermons, I think."

"Good ones! good ones! never better; never better in the world."

"And yet the people are deserting the sanctuary," rejoined the parson, solemnly, "and the young people won't come to the sociables and the little children seem actually afraid of me. What shall I do, deacon? What shall I do?"

"You have hit the nail on the head, square's a hatchet, parson," responded the deacon. "The congregation is thinning; the young people don't come to the meetings, and the little children are afraid of you."

"What's the matter, deacon? What is it? speak it right out; don't try to spare my feelings. I will do anything to win back my people's love," and the strong, old-fashioned, Calvinistic preacher said it in a voice that actually trembled.

"You can do it; you can do it in a week!" exclaimed the deacon, encouragingly. "Don't worry about it, parson, it'll be all right; it'll be all right. Your books are the trouble."

"Eh? eh? books? What have they to do with it?"

"Everything; you pore over them day in and day out; they keep you in this room here, when you should be out among the people. Not making pastoral visits, I don't mean that, but going around among them, chatting and joking and having a good time. They would like it, and you would like it, and as for the young folks—how old are you, parson?"

"Sixty, next month; sixty next month."

"Thirty! thirty! that's all you are, parson, or all you ought to be," cried the deacon. "Thirty, twenty, sixteen. Let the figures slide down and up, according to circumstances, but never let them go higher than thirty, when you are dealing with young folks. I'm sixty myself, counting years, but I'm only sixteen; sixteen this morning, that's all, parson," and he rubbed his little, round, plump hands together, looked at the parson and winked.

"Bless my soul, Deacon Tubman, I don't know but that you are right! Sixty? I don't know as I am sixty." And he began to rub his own hands, and came within an ace of executing a wink at the deacon himself.

"Not a day over twenty, if I am any judge of age," responded the deacon, deliberately, as he looked the white-headed old minister over with a most comic imitation of seriousness. "Not a day over twenty, on my honor," and the deacon leaned forward toward

the parson and gave him a punch with his thumb, and then he lay back in his chair and laughed so heartily that the parson caught the infectious mirth and roared away as heartily as the deacon.

"But what can I do," queried the good man, sobering down. "I make my pastoral visits"——

"Pastoral visits!" responded Deacon Tubman, "oh, yes, and they are all well enough for the old folks, but they ar'n't the kind of biscuit the young folks like—too heavy in the centre, and too hard in the crust, for young teeth, eh, parson?"

"But what shall I do? what shall I do?" reiterated the parson, somewhat despondently.

"Oh, put on your hat and gloves and warmest coat and come along with me. Come, come; let the old books and catechisms and sermons and tracts have a respite for once, and we'll spend the day out of doors with the boys and girls and the people."

"I'll do it!" exclaimed the parson. "Deacon Tubman, you are right. Think how much He loved the children and how the little ones loved Him! And why shouldn't they love me, too? Why shouldn't they? I'll make them do it." And with these brave words, Parson Whitney bundled himself up in his warmest garment and followed the deacon down-stairs.

"Tell the folks that you won't be back till night," called the deacon from the sleigh, "for this is New Year's and we're going to make a day of it." And he laughed so heartily that the parson joined in the laughter himself as he came shuffling down the icy path toward him.

"Bless me, how much younger I feel already," said

the good man, as he stood up in the sleigh, and with a long, strong breath, breathed the cool, pure air into his lungs. "Bless me, how much younger I feel already," he repeated, as he settled down into the roomy seat of the old sleigh. "Only sixteen to-day, eh, deacon," and he nudged him with his elbow.

"That's all; that's all, parson," answered the deacon, gayly, as he nudged him vigorously back, "that's all we are, either of us," and, laughing as merrily as boys, the two glided away in the sleigh.

Well, perhaps they didn't have fun that day—those two old boys that had started out with the feeling that they were "only sixteen," and bound to make "a day of it." And they did make a day of it, in fact, and such a day as neither had had for forty years. For, first, they went to Bartlett's hill, where the boys and girls were coasting, and coasted with them for a full hour; and then it was discovered by the younger portion of his flock that the parson was not an old, stiff, solemn, surly poke, as they had thought, but a pleasant, good-natured, kindly soul, who could take and give a joke and steer a sled as well as the smartest boy in the crowd. How bright and sweet the boys and girls looked, with their rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, and how the old parson's heart thrilled as they crowded around him when he would go, and urged him to stay; and how little Alice Dorchester begged him, with her little arms around his neck, to "jes stay and gib me one more slide."

"You never made such a pastoral call as that, parson," said the deacon, as they drove away amid the cheers of the boys and the good-byes of the girls.

"God bless them! God bless them!" said the parson. "They have lifted a great load from my heart and taught me the sweetness of life, of youth and the wisdom of Him who took the little ones in His arms and blessed them. Ah, deacon," he added, "I've been a great fool, but I'll be so, thank God, no more."

And with Old Jack in the van they proceeded on their way to the village.

Now, Old Jack was a horse of a great deal of character, and it was hinted that he had once been a great racer with a 2.40 record.

He was, in sooth, an animal of most unique and extraordinary appearance. He was quite seventeen hands in height and long in proportion. His head was long and bony and his hip bones sharp and protuberant; his tail was what is known among horsemen as a "rat tail," being but scantily covered with hair, and his neck was even more scantily supplied with a mane. But his legs were flat and corded like a racer's, his neck long and thin as a thoroughbred's, his nostrils large, his ears sharply pointed and lively, while the white rings around his eyes hinted at a cross, somewhere in his pedigree, with Arabian blood.

Such was the horse, then, that the deacon had ahead of him and the old-fashioned sleigh when, with the parson alongside, he struck into the principal street of the village.

It happened that everybody in town, and many who lived out of it, were on that particular street, and just at the hour, too, when the deacon came to the foot

of it, so that the walk on either side was lined darkly with lookers on and the smooth snow path between the two lines looked like a veritable home-stretch on a race day. So the old-fashioned sleigh was quickly surrounded by the light, fancy cutters of the rival racers and Old Jack was shambling along in the midst of the high-spirited and smoking nags.

"Hillow, deacon," shouted one of the boys, who was driving a trim-looking bay, and who had crossed the line at the end of the course second only to the pacer that could "speed like lightning," as the boys said; "Hillow, deacon, ain't you going to shake out old shamble-heels and show us fellows what speed is, to-day?"

"I don't know but what I will," answered the deacon, good-naturedly; "I don't know but what I will, if the parson don't object, and you won't start off too quick to begin with; for this is New Year's and a little extra fun won't hurt any of us, I reckon."

"Do it! do it! we'll hold up for you," answered a dozen merry voices. "Do it, deacon, it'll do old shamble-heels good to go a ten-mile-an-hour gait for once in his life, and the parson needn't fear of being scandalized by any speed you'll get out of him, either," and the merry-hearted chaps haw-hawed as men and boys will when everyone is jolly and fun flows fast.

But the horse was a knowing old fellow and had the right stuff in him and hadn't forgotten his early training, either, for when he came to the "turn," his head and tail came up, his eyes brightened, and, with a playful movement of his huge body, without the least hint from the deacon, he swung himself and the

cumbrous old sleigh into line and began to straighten himself for the coming brush.

Now, Jack needed "steadying" at the start, but the good deacon had no experience with the "ribbons," and was, therefore, utterly unskilled in the matter of driving. And so it came about that Old Jack was so confused at the start that he made a most awkward and wretched appearance in his effort to get off, being all "mixed up," as the saying is, so much so that the crowd roared at his ungainly efforts and his flying rivals were twenty rods away before he had even got started. But at last he got his huge body in a straight line and, leaving his miserable shuffle, squared away to his work, and with head and tail up went off at so slashing a gait that it fairly took the deacon's breath away and caused the crowd that had been hooting him to roar their applause, while the parson grabbed the edge of the old sleigh with one hand and the rim of his tall black hat with the other.

Now it was not my fault, nor the deacon's, nor the parson's, either, please remember, then, that awkward, shuffling, homely-looking Old Jack was thus suddenly transformed from what he ordinarily was into a magnificent spectacle of energetic velocity. Indeed, the spectacle that the huge horse presented was so magnificent and his action so free, spirited, and playful, as he came sweeping onward that the cheers, such as "Good heavens! see the deacon's old horse!" "Look at him! look at him!" "What a stride!" were heard on all sides.

But by this time the deacon had become somewhat alarmed, for Old Jack was going nigh to a thirty clip

—a frightful pace for an inexperienced driver to ride —and began to put a good strong pressure upon the bit, not doubting that Old Jack, ordinarily the easiest horse in the world to manage, would take the hint and immediately slow up. But though the huge horse took the hint, it was in exactly the opposite manner that the deacon intended he should, for he interpreted the little man's steady pull as an intimation that his driver was getting over his flurry and beginning to treat him as a horse ought to be treated in a race, and that he could now, having got settled to his work, go ahead. And go ahead he did. The more the deacon pulled the more the great animal felt himself steadied and assisted. And so, the harder the good man tugged at the reins, the more powerfully the machinery of the big animal ahead of him worked, until the deacon got alarmed and began to call upon the horse to stop, crying, "Whoa, Jack, whoa, old boy, I say! whoa, will you, now? that's a good fellow!" and many other coaxing calls, while he pulled away steadily at the reins. But the horse misunderstood the deacon's calls as he had his pressure upon the reins. And so, with the memory of a hundred races stirring his blood, the crowds cheering him to the echo, the steadying pull, the encouraging cries of his driver in his ears and his only rival, the pacer, whirling along only a few rods ahead of him, the monstrous animal, with a desperate plunge that half lifted the old sleigh from the snow, let out another link, and, with such a burst of speed as was never seen in the village before, tore along after the pacer at such a terrific pace that, within the distance of a dozen

lengths, he lay lapped upon him and the two were going it nose and nose.

No sooner was Old Jack fairly lapped on the pacer, whose driver was urging him along with rein and voice alike, and the contest seemed doubtful, than the spirit of old Adam himself entered into the deacon and the parson both, so that, carried away by the excitement of the race, they fairly forgot themselves and entered as wildly into the contest as two ungodly jockeys.

"Deacon Tubman," said the parson, as he clutched more stoutly the rim of his tall hat, against which, as the horse tore along, the snow chips were pelting in showers, "Deacon Tubman, do you think the pacer will beat us?"

"Not if I can help it! not if I can help it!" yelled the deacon, in reply. "Go it, old boy!" he shouted, encouragingly, "go along with you, I say!" And the parson, also, carried away by the whirl of the moment, cried, "Go along, old boy! Go along with you, I say!"

This was the very thing, and the only thing, that the huge horse, whose blood was now fairly aflame, wanted to rally him for the final effort; and, in response to the encouraging cries of the two behind him, he gathered himself together for another burst of speed and put forth his collected strength with such tremendous energy and suddenness of movement that the little deacon, who had risen and was standing erect in the sleigh, fell back into the arms of the parson, while the great horse rushed over the line amid such cheers and roars of laughter as were never heard in that village before.

So everybody shook hands with the parson and wished him a happy New Year, and the parson shook hands with everybody and wished them all many happy returns; and everybody praised Old Jack and rallied the deacon on his driving, and then everybody went home good-natured and happy, laughing and talking about the wonderful race and the change that had come over Parson Whitney. And the following Sunday morning, when the parson held forth, so, I am told, the church couldn't hold them all.

ON BABIES

JEROME K. JEROME

Oh, yes, I do—I know a lot about 'em. I was one myself once—though not long, not so long as my clothes. *They* were very long, I recollect, and always in my way when I wanted to kick. Why do babies have such yards of unnecessary clothing? It is not a riddle. I really want to know. I never could understand it. Is it that the parents are ashamed of the size of the child, and wish to make believe that it is longer than it actually is? I asked a nurse once why it was. She said:

"Lor', sir, they always have long clothes, bless their little hearts."

And when I explained that her answer, although doing credit to her feelings, hardly disposed of my difficulty, she replied:

"Lor', sir, you wouldn't have 'em in *short* clothes, poor little dears?" And she said it in a tone that seemed to imply I had suggested some unmanly outrage.

Since then, I have felt shy at making inquiries on the subject, and the reason—if reason there be—is still a mystery to me. But, indeed, putting them in any clothes at all seems absurd to my mind. Goodness knows, there is enough of dressing and undress-

ing to be gone through in life, without beginning it before we need; and one would think that people who live in bed might, at all events, be spared the torture. Why wake the poor little wretches up in the morning to take one lot of clothes off, fix another lot on, and put them to bed again; and then, at night, haul them out once more, merely to change everything back? And when all is done, what difference is there, I should like to know, between a baby's nightgown and the thing it wears in the day-time?

Very likely, however, I am only making myself ridiculous—I often do; so I am informed—and I will, therefore, say no more upon this matter of clothes, except only that it would be of great convenience if some fashion were adopted, enabling you to tell a boy from a girl.

At present it is most awkward. Neither hair, dress, nor conversation affords the slightest clue, and you are left to guess. By some mysterious law of Nature you invariably guess wrong, and are thereupon regarded by all the relatives and friends as a mixture of fool and knave, the enormity of alluding to a male babe as "she" being only equalled by the atrocity of referring to a female infant as "he." Whichever sex the particular child in question happens *not* to belong to is considered as beneath contempt, and any mention of it is taken as a personal insult to the family.

And, as you value your fair name, do not attempt to get out of the difficulty by talking of "it." There are various methods by which you may achieve ignominy and shame. By murdering a large and respected family in cold blood, you will gain much

unpopularity in the neighborhood of your crime, and even robbing a church will get you cordially disliked, especially by the vicar. But if you desire to drain to the dregs the fullest cup of scorn and hatred that a fellow human creature can pour out for you, let a young mother hear you call dear baby "it."

Your best plan is to address the article as "little angel." The noun angel being of common gender, suits the case admirably, and the epithet is sure of being favorably received. "Pet" or "beauty" are useful for variety's sake, but "angel" is the term that brings you the greatest credit for sense and good feeling. The word should be preceded by a short giggle, and accompanied by as much smile as possible. And, whatever you do, don't forget to say that the child has got its father's nose. This "fetches" the parents (if I may be allowed a vulgarism) more than anything. They will pretend to laugh at the idea at first, and will say, "Oh, nonsense!" You must then get excited, and insist that it is a fact. You need have no conscientious scruples on the subject, because the thing's nose really does resemble its father's—at all events quite as much as it does anything else in nature—being, as it is, a mere smudge.

Do not despise these hints, my friends. There may come a time when, with mamma on one side and grandmamma on the other, a group of admiring young ladies (not admiring you, though) behind, and a bald-headed dab of humanity in front, you will be extremely thankful for some idea of what to say. A man—an unmarried man, that is—is never seen to such disadvantage as when undergoing the ordeal of

"seeing baby." A cold shudder runs down his back at the bare proposal, and the sickly smile with which he says how delighted he shall be, ought surely to move even a mother's heart, unless, as I am inclined to believe, the whole proceeding is a mere device, adopted by wives to discourage the visits of bachelor friends.

It is a cruel trick, though, whatever its excuse may be. The bell is rung, and somebody sent to tell nurse to bring baby down. This is the signal for all the females present to commence talking "baby," during which time you are left to your own sad thoughts, and to speculations upon the practicability of suddenly recollecting an important engagement, and the likelihood of your being believed if you do. Just when you have concocted an absurdly implausible tale about a man outside, the door opens, and a tall, severe-looking woman enters, carrying what at first sight appears to be a particularly skinny bolster, with the feathers all at one end. Instinct, however, tells you that this is the baby, and you rise with a miserable attempt at appearing eager. When the first gush of feminine enthusiasm with which the object in question is received has died out, and the number of ladies talking at once has been reduced to the ordinary four or five, the circle of fluttering petticoats divides, and room is made for you to step forward. This you do with much the same air that you would walk into the prisoner's dock, and then, feeling unutterably miserable, you stand solemnly staring at the child. There is dead silence, and you know that every one is waiting for you to speak. You try to think of something

to say, but find, to your horror, that your reasoning faculties have left you. It is a moment of despair, and your evil genius, seizing the opportunity, suggests to you some of the most idiotic remarks that it is possible for a human being to perpetrate. Glancing round with an imbecile smile, you sniggeringly observe that "It hasn't got much hair, has it?" Nobody answers you for a minute, but at last the stately nurse says, with much gravity: "It is not customary for children five weeks old to have long hair." Another silence follows this, and you feel you are being given a second chance, which you avail yourself of by inquiring if it can walk yet, or what they feed it on.

By this time, you have got to be regarded as not quite right in your head, and pity is the only thing felt for you. The nurse, however, is determined that, insane or not, there shall be no shirking, and that you shall go through your task to the end. In the tones of a high priestess, directing some religious mystery, she says, holding the bundle toward you: "Take her in your arms, sir." You are too crushed to offer any resistance, and so meekly accept the burden. "Put your arm more down her middle, sir," says the high priestess, and then all step back and watch you intently as though you were going to do a trick with it.

What to do you know no more than you did what to say. It is certain something must be done, however, and the only thing that occurs to you is to heave the unhappy infant up and down to the accompaniment of "oopsee-daisy," or some remark of equal intelligence. "I wouldn't jig her, sir, if I were you,"

says the nurse; "a very little upsets her." You promptly decide *not* to jig her, and sincerely hope that you have not gone too far already.

At this point, the child itself, who has hitherto been regarding you with an expression of mingled horror and disgust, puts an end to the nonsense by beginning to yell at the top of its voice, at which the priestess rushes forward and snatches it from you with, "There, there, there! What did ums do to ums?" "How very extraordinary!" you say pleasantly. "Whatever made it go off like that?" "Oh, why you must have done something to her!" says the mother, indignantly; "the child wouldn't scream like that for nothing." It is evident they think you have been running pins into it.

The brat is calmed at last, and would no doubt remain quiet enough, only some mischievous busybody points you out again with "Who's this, baby?" and the intelligent child, recognizing you, howls louder than ever. Whereupon, some fat old lady remarks that "It's strange how children take a dislike to anyone." "Oh, *they* know," replies another mysteriously. "It's a wonderful thing," adds a third; and then everybody looks sideways at you, convinced that you are a scoundrel of the blackest dye; and then glory in the beautiful idea that your true character, unguessed by your fellow-men, has been discovered by the untaught instinct of a little child.

Babies, though, with all their crimes and errors, are not without their use—not without use, surely, when they fill an empty heart; not without use when, at their call, sunbeams of love break through care-clouded

faces; not without use when their little fingers press wrinkles into smiles.

Odd little people! They are the unconscious comedians of the world's great stage. They supply the humor in life's all too heavy drama. Each one, a small but determined opposition to the order of things in general, is for ever doing the wrong thing, at the wrong time, in the wrong place, and in the wrong way. The nurse-girl, who sent Jenny to see what Tommy and Totty were doing, and "tell 'em they mustn't," knew infantile nature. Give an average baby a fair chance, and if it doesn't do something it oughtn't to, a doctor should be called in at once.

They have a genius for doing the most ridiculous things, and they do them in a grave, stoical manner that is irresistible. The business-like air with which two of them will join hands and proceed due east at a break-neck toddle, while an excitable big sister is roaring for them to follow her in a westerly direction, is most amusing—except, perhaps, for the big sister. They walk round a soldier, staring at his legs with the greatest curiosity, and poke him to see if he is real. They stoutly maintain, against all argument, and much to the discomfort of the victim, that the bashful young man at the end of the 'bus is "dadda." A crowded street corner suggests itself to their minds as a favorable spot for the discussion of family affairs at a shrill treble. When in the middle of crossing the road, they are seized with a sudden impulse to dance, and the door-step of a busy shop is the place they always select for sitting down and taking off their shoes.

When at home, they find the biggest walking stick in the house, or an umbrella—open preferred—of much assistance in getting upstairs. They discover that they love Mary Ann at the precise moment when that faithful domestic is blackleading the stove, and nothing will relieve their feelings but to embrace her then and there. With regard to food, their favorite dishes are coke and bread dough. They nurse pussy upside down, and they show their affection for the dog by pulling his tail.

They are a great deal of trouble, and they make a place untidy, and they cost a lot of money to keep; but still we would not have the house without them. It would not be home without their noisy tongues and their mischief-making hands. Would not the rooms seem silent without their pattering feet, and might not you stray apart if no prattling voices called you together?

The world! the small round world! what a vast, mysterious place it must seem to baby eyes! What a trackless continent the back garden appears! What marvellous explorations they make in the cellar under the stairs! With what awe they gaze down the long street, wondering, like us bigger babies, when we gaze up at the stars, where it all ends!

And down that longest street of all—that long, dim street of life that stretches out before them—what grave, old-fashioned looks they seem to cast! What pitiful, frightened looks sometimes! I saw a little mite sitting on a doorstep in the slums one night, and I shall never forget the look that the gas-lamp showed me on its wizen face—a look of dull despair, as if,

from the squalid court, the vista of its own squalid life had risen, ghost-like, and struck its heart dead with horror.

Poor little feet, just commencing the stony journey! We, old travellers, far down the road, can only pause to wave a hand to you. You come out of the dark mist, and we looking back, see you, so tiny in the distance, standing on the brow of the hill, your arms stretched out toward us. God speed you! We would stay and take your little hands in ours, but the murmur of the great sea is in our ears, and we may not linger. We must hasten down, for the shadow ships are waiting to spread their sable sails.

DICK SWIVELLER AND THE MARCHIONESS

CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Swiveller, being often left alone, began to find the time hang heavy on his hands. For the better preservation of his cheerfulness, therefore, and to prevent his faculties from rusting, he provided himself with a cribbage-board and pack of cards, and accustomed himself to play at cribbage with a dummy, for twenty, thirty, or sometimes even fifty thousand pounds a side, besides many hazardous bets to a considerable amount.

As these games were very silently conducted, notwithstanding the magnitude of the interests involved, Mr. Swiveller began to think that on those evenings when Mr. and Miss Brass were out he heard a kind of snorting or hard-breathing sound in the direction of the door, which it occurred to him, after some reflection, must proceed from the small servant, who always had a cold from damp living. Looking intently that way one night, he plainly distinguished an eye gleaming and glistening at the key-hole; and having now no doubt that his suspicions were correct, he stole softly to the door, and pounced upon her before she was aware of his approach.

"Oh! I didn't mean any harm, indeed, upon my word I didn't," cried the small servant, struggling

like a much larger one. "It's so very dull down-stairs. Please don't tell upon me, please don't."

"Tell upon you!" said Dick. "Do you mean to say you were looking through the key-hole for company?"

"Yes, upon my word I was," replied the small servant.

"How long have you been cooling your eye there?" said Dick.

"Oh, ever since you first began to play them cards, and long before."

Vague recollections of several fantastic exercises with which he had refreshed himself after the fatigues of business, and to all of which, no doubt, the small servant was a party, rather disconcerted Mr. Swiveller; but he was not very sensitive on such points, and recovered himself speedily.

"Well, come in"—he said, after a little consideration. "Here—sit down, and I'll teach you how to play."

"Oh! I durstn't do it," rejoined the small servant; "Miss Sally 'ud kill me if she know'd I come up here."

"Have you got a fire down-stairs?" said Dick.

"A very little one," replied the small servant.

"Miss Sally couldn't kill me if she know'd I went down there, so I'll come," said Richard, putting the cards into his pocket. "Why, how thin you are! What do you mean by it?"

"It ain't my fault."

"Could you eat any bread and meat?" said Dick, taking down his hat. "Yes? Ah! I thought so. Did you ever taste beer?"

"I had a sip of it once," said the small servant.

"Here's a state of things!" cried Mr. Swiveller, raising his eyes to the ceiling. "She *never* tasted it—it can't be tasted in a sip! Why, how old are you?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Swiveller opened his eyes very wide, and appeared thoughtful for a moment; then bidding the child mind the door until he came back, vanished straightway.

Presently he returned, followed by the boy from the public-house, who bore in one hand a plate of bread and beef, and in the other a great pot, filled with some very fragrant compound, which sent forth a grateful steam, and was indeed a choice purl, made after a particular recipe which Mr. Swiveller had imparted to the landlord, at a period when he was deep in his books and desirous to conciliate his friendship. Relieving the boy of his burden at the door, and charging his little companion to fasten it, to prevent surprise, Mr. Swiveller followed her into the kitchen.

"There!" said Richard, putting the plate before her. "First of all, clear that off, and then you'll see what's next."

The small servant needed no second bidding, and the plate was soon empty.

"Next," said Dick, handing the purl, "take a pull at that; but moderate your transports, you know, for you're not used to it. Well, is it good?"

"Oh! isn't it?" said the small servant.

Mr. Swiveller appeared gratified beyond all expression by this reply, and took a long draught himself; steadfastly regarding his companion while he did so.

These preliminaries disposed of, he applied himself to teaching her the game, which she soon learned tolerably well, being both sharp-witted and cunning.

"Now," said Mr. Swiveller, putting two sixpences into a saucer, and trimming the wretched candle, when the cards had been cut and dealt, "those are the stakes. If you win, you get 'em all. If I win, I get 'em. To make it seem more real and pleasant, I shall call you the Marchioness, do you hear?"

The small servant nodded.

"Then, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "fire away."

The Marchioness, holding her cards very tight in both hands, considered which to play, and Mr. Swiveller, assuming the gay and fashionable air which such society required, took another pull at the tankard, and waited for her lead.

Mr. Swiveller and his partner played several rubbers with varying success, until the loss of three sixpences, the gradual sinking of the purl, and the striking of ten o'clock, combined to render that gentleman mindful of the flight of Time, and the expediency of withdrawing before Mr. Sampson and Miss Sally Brass returned.

"With which object in view, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, gravely, "I shall ask your ladyship's permission to put the board in my pocket, and to retire from the presence when I have finished this tankard; merely observing, Marchioness, that since life like a river is flowing, I care not how fast it rolls on, ma'am, on, while such purl on the bank still is growing, and such eyes light the waves as they run.

Marchioness, your health. You will excuse me wearing my hat, but the palace is damp, and the marble floor is—if I may be allowed the expression—sloppy."

As a precaution against this latter inconvenience, Mr. Swiveller had been sitting for some time with his feet on the hob, in which attitude he now gave utterance to these apologetic observations, and slowly sipped the last choice drops of nectar.

"The Baron Sampsono Brasso and his fair sister are (you tell me) at the Play?" said Mr. Swiveller, leaning his left arm heavily upon the table, and raising his voice and his right leg after the manner of a theatrical bandit.

The Marchioness nodded.

"Ha!" said Mr. Swiveller, with a portentous frown. "'Tis well. Marchioness!—but no matter. Some wine there. Ho!" He illustrated these melodramatic morsels by handing the tankard to himself with great humility, receiving it haughtily, drinking from it thirstily, and smacking his lips fiercely.

The small servant, who was not so well acquainted with theatrical conventionalities as Mr. Swiveller, was rather alarmed by demonstrations so novel in their nature, and showed her concern so plainly in her looks, that Mr. Swiveller felt it necessary to discharge his brigand manner for one more suitable to private life, as he asked,

"Do they often go where glory waits 'em, and leave you here?"

"Oh, yes; I believe you they do," returned the small servant. "Miss Sally's such a one-er for that, she is."

"Such a what?" said Dick.

"Such a one-er," returned the Marchioness.

After a moment's reflection, Mr. Swiveller determined to forego his responsible duty of setting her right, and to suffer her to talk on; as it was evident that her tongue was loosened by the purl, and her opportunities for conversation were not so frequent as to render a momentary check of little consequence.

"Is Mr. Brass a wunner?" said Dick.

"Not half what Miss Sally is, he isn't," replied the small servant, shaking her head. "Bless you, he'd never do anything without her."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said Dick.

"Miss Sally keeps him in such order," said the small servant; "he always asks her advice, he does; and he catches it sometimes. Bless you, you wouldn't believe how much he catches it."

"I suppose," said Dick, "that they consult together a good deal, and talk about a great many people—about me, for instance, sometimes, eh, Marchioness?"

The Marchioness nodded amazingly.

"Complimentary?" said Mr. Swiveller.

The Marchioness changed the motion of her head, which had not yet left off nodding, and suddenly began to shake it from side to side, with a vehemence which threatened to dislocate her neck.

"Humph!" Dick muttered. "Would it be any breach of confidence, Marchioness, to relate what they say of the humble individual who has now the honor to——"

"Miss Sally says you're a funny chap," replied his friend.

"Well, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "that's not uncomplimentary. Merriment, Marchioness, is not a bad or a degrading quality. Old King Cole was himself a merry old soul, if we may put any faith in the pages of history."

"But she says," pursued his companion, "that you ain't to be trusted."

"Why, really, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, thoughtfully; "several ladies and gentlemen—not exactly professional persons, but trades-people, ma'am, trades-people, have made the same remark. The obscure citizen who keeps the hotel over the way inclined strongly to that opinion to-night when I ordered him to prepare the banquet. It's a popular prejudice, Marchioness; and yet I am sure I don't know why, for I have been trusted in my time to a considerable amount, and I can safely say that I never forsook my trust until it deserted me—never. Mr. Brass is of the same opinion, I suppose?"

His friend nodded again, with a cunning look which seemed to hint that Mr. Brass held stronger opinions on the subject than his sister; and seeming to recollect herself, added, imploringly, "But don't you ever tell upon me, or I shall be beat to death."

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, rising, "the word of a gentleman is as good as his bond—sometimes better, as in the present case, where his bond might prove but a doubtful sort of security. I am your friend, and I hope we shall play many more rubbers together in this same saloon. But, Marchioness," added Richard, stopping in his way to the door, and wheeling slowly round upon the small servant, who

was following with the candle; "it occurs to me that you must be in the constant habit of airing your eye at key-holes, to know all this."

"I only wanted," replied the trembling Marchioness, "to know where the key of the safe was hid; that was all; and I wouldn't have taken much, if I had found it—only enough to squench my hunger."

"You didn't find it, then?" said Dick. "But of course you didn't, or you'd be plumper. Good-night, Marchioness. Fare thee well, and if forever, then forever fare thee well."

THE RECONSIDERED VERDICT

A True Story

GILBERT VENABLES

True in substance, though I tell it from a memory not very retentive of details, and, though true, probably new to many of my readers, is the story of the "Reconsidered Verdict."

Some sixty years ago the case was tried at Chester, before a judge of great ability and eminence, and a jury whose intelligence—but you shall hear. In the preceding spring—April, I think, was the month—there had been a bad case of burglary at a farmhouse in Cheshire. Three men had tied down and gagged the farmer and his two maid-servants, and had rifled the house at their leisure. The police were told of the matter, and pretty accurate descriptions were given of the men. There were two other clews. In the struggle, one of the men had lost a button from his coat, which button he had left behind. Also, the same man had had his face so severely scratched by one of the maids, that the girl said "she was sure she had left her mark upon him."

Weeks passed without any arrest being made, and people began to forget the burglary, until one day a man was taken up at Liverpool on suspicion of

being concerned in quite a different matter. He had with him a bundle containing some of the plunder of the farmhouse. More of the plunder was found at his lodgings. His face bore traces of recent scratching; and, to clinch the matter, his coat wanted a button, and the buttons on it corresponded exactly with that picked up at the scene of the burglary. His defence was very flimsy—"He knew nothing about the burglary, and had bought the coat and things very cheap of a man in the street." "Did he know the man?" "No, never saw him before nor since." "How about the scratches?" "Well, he was a sailor, and too much accustomed to big hurts to take notice of scratches." Of course he was committed for trial, and the trial, as I said, came on at Chester.

It excited a good deal of interest, and the court was crowded; an invalid, staying at the principal inn, so far shaking off a touch of tropical fever as to send in his card to the judge, and ask for a place behind the bar. And yet after all there was very little to be said. The circumstantial testimony above given was overwhelming, and, in addition to that, farmer and servants with one accord swore to the identity of the prisoner with the burglar. There was no defence; the jury found a verdict of "guilty" without leaving the box; and, as burglary was a hanging matter in those days, it merely remained to pass sentence of death. Only a formula between him and judgment: "Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Then the prisoner spoke for the first time. Just

brushing his eyes with the cuff of his coat, he began: "Well, cap'n, it's hard to be hung for noth'n', but I can see this is a yard-arm business. I know no more of this 'ere burglary nor a babby; but these witnesses ha'n't told no lies, I s'pose. And what can I say agen 'em? When this thing came off—April, didn't they say—I was fightin' the slavers on the Gold Coast. But you've got no call to believe that, and so there's an end to it."

There was something in the man's manner that impressed the judge, so he said, not unkindly: "But surely, prisoner, if your story is true, you must have friends and comrades with whom you could have communicated. If you had thought they could do you good you would have done this. It is too late now."

"You're right, cap'n; it's too late. But it's all very well to say 'let 'em know' when a man is locked up in jail, and can't write nor read, and don't know where they are. They may be in America, they may be at the Cape, and how could I ever let 'em know; leastways, not in time? No, it's no use, and you'd better order me to be run up at the yard-arm at once."

"But," urged the judge, "the Court has no wish to hang a man who may be innocent. Is there no one to speak for you?"

The man looked in a hopeless sort of way round the court.

"No," he began; but just then his eye lighted on the stranger from the inn. "Yes," he added, pointing to him, "there is a gentleman who might speak for me if he would."

The judge turned round. "Do you know the prisoner?" he asked.

"No, my lord," was the reply, "I never saw him before in my life."

"Well, Captain Sharpe," said the prisoner, "if you put the rope round my neck, I give in. Go on, my lord."

"Stay," said the judge; "is your name Captain Sharpe?"

"Yes, my lord;" and "Captain Sharpe, R.N.," was on the card he had sent in.

"Well, the prisoner seems to recognize you, so I will ask you to step into the witness-box, and be sworn, that he may ask you questions." The Captain went into the box, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Are you Captain Sharpe, of his Majesty's ship Vulture?"

"Yes."

"Were you in command of her on the slave coast this spring?"

"I was."

"And wasn't I one of your crew?"

"Most certainly not."

"But, cap'n, don't you remember the big slaver that gave you all the trouble, that you had to board?"

"Yes."

"And you, yourself, led the boarders?"

"Oh, yes; but all that is nothing, you may easily have heard or read about that."

"Well, but, cap'n, once more: don't you remember the big nigger that was almost cutting you down? Don't you remember the man who stood between you

and death, and what he got for it? Don't you remember *that*——" and brushing back his hair, the prisoner showed a great scar down one side of his head.

The whole court looked on breathless, as the captain stared at the scar and the man till his eyes seemed starting from his head. At length, as if in a dream, the captain muttered to himself, "Good God, is it possible?"

Then, slowly and deliberately, he got out of the witness-box, and clambered into the dock, where he seized the prisoner's hand, and turning to the judge, said: "My lord, this was the best man in my crew, and he saved my life. Providence has sent me here to save his. He is so changed by illness and imprisonment that I could not recognize him. But there is no mistake now, and if you hang the old bo'sun of the Vulture, you must hang his captain with him."

There followed a scene rarely witnessed in a court of justice. Amid cheers and sobs that no one cared to suppress, the judge briefly directed the jury to reconsider their verdict, which they at once did, finding a unanimous "not guilty." The prisoner was discharged, and left the dock arm-in-arm with the captain. They were hurried into a chaise, and drawn to the inn in a triumphal procession, and after a sumptuous lunch, they posted off together to London.

As they cleared the ancient town, Captain Sharpe might have been heard addressing his companion somewhat as follows:

"Well, old pal, we pulled through that business pretty well, I think. But it was a near go. That was a good notion of Wily Bob's to wait for the verdict be-

fore moving. We could never have touched that evidence."

"Yes," replied the innocent and long-suffering boatswain of the Vulture; "and if you had cottoned to me a minute too soon, the old beak would have been fly to the trick. Lor, I was fit to burst when the old boy began to cry."

From which brief dialogue we gather that "Captain Sharpe" might have known more of the burglary than of the Vulture.

Nothing more was ever heard of either of them. Such is the story of "The Reconsidered Verdict."

"Magna est veritas, et prævalebit."

THE IMAGINARY INVALID

JEROME K. JEROME

I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch—hay fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases generally. I forget which was the first distemper I plunged into—some fearful, devastating scourge I know—and, before I had glanced half down the list of "premonitory symptoms," it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for a while, frozen with horror; and then, in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever—read the symptoms—discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months without knowing it—wondered what else I had got; turned up St. Vitus's Dance—found, as I expected, that I had that too,—began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically—read up ague, and learned that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright's disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form, and, so far as that was con-

cerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was housemaid's knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first; it seemed somehow to be a sort of slight. Why hadn't I got housemaid's knee? Why this invidious reservation? After a while, however, less grasping feelings prevailed. I reflected that I had every other known malady in the pharmacology, and grew less selfish, and determined to do without housemaid's knee. Gout, in its most malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it; and zymosis I had evidently been suffering with from boyhood. There were no more diseases after zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me.

I sat and pondered. I thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class! Students would have no need to "walk the hospitals," if they had me. I was a hospital in myself. All they need do would be to walk round me, and, after that, take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. I made a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all

the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up the back. But I could not feel or hear anything. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and I shut one eye, and tried to examine it with the other. I could only see the tip, and the only thing that I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet fever.

I had walked into that reading-room a happy, healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck.

I went to my medical man. He is an old chum of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather, all for nothing, when I fancy I'm ill; so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now. "What a doctor wants," I said, "is practice. He shall have me. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary, commonplace patients, with only one or two diseases each." So I went straight up and saw him, and he said:

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

I said:

"I will not take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what is the matter with me. Life is brief, and you might pass away before I had finished. But I will tell you what is *not* the matter with me. I have not got housemaid's knee. Why I have not got housemaid's knee, I cannot tell you; but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I *have* got."

And I told him how I came to discover it all.

Then he opened me and looked down me, and clutched hold of my wrist, and then he hit me over the chest when I wasn't expecting it—a cowardly thing to do, I call it—and immediately afterward butted me with the side of his head. After that, he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and gave it me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's, and handed it in. The man read it, and then handed it back.

He said he didn't keep it.

I said:

"You are a chemist?"

"I am a chemist. If I was a co-operative store and family hotel combined, I might be able to oblige you. Being only a chemist hampers me."

I read the prescription. It ran:

"1 lb. beefsteak, with
1 pt. bitter beer
every 6 hours.
1 ten-mile walk every morning.
1 bed at 11 sharp every night.

And don't stuff up your head with things you don't understand."

THAT OTHER BABY AT RUDDER GRANGE

FRANK R. STOCKTON

[We had been married three years, and no couple were ever happier. When we moved out into the country, Pomona and Jonas went with us. Pomona was our maid-of-all-work, and Jonas, her husband, looked after the horses and took care of the kitchen garden. They doted on a little baby (which blessing Heaven had not seen fit to bestow on us), and that baby was the cause of all our trouble. One day in an evil moment, my wife got permission to wash and dress that little imp, and from that moment her lord and master seemed to pass entirely out of her existence.]

I would often say to her: "Why can't you let Pomona attend to it? You surely need not give up your whole time and your whole mind to the child."

But she would always answer that Pomona had a great many things to do, and that she couldn't, at all times, attend to the baby. Suppose, for instance, that she should be at the barn.

"There is very little to do," she said, "and I really like to do it."

"Yes," said I, "but you spend so much of your time in thinking how glad you will be to do that little,

when it is to be done, that you can't give me any attention, at all."

"Now you have no cause to say that," she exclaimed. "You know very well—, there!" and away she ran. It had just begun to cry!

Naturally, I was getting tired of this. I could never begin a sentence and feel sure that I would be allowed to finish it. Nothing was important enough to delay attention to an infantile whimper.

At last an idea grew and developed in my mind until I afterward formed a plan upon it. I determined, however, before I carried out my plan, to again try to reason with Euphemia.

"If it was our own baby," I said, "or even the child of one of us, by a former marriage, it would be a different thing; but to give yourself up so entirely to Pomona's baby, seems, to me, unreasonable. Indeed, I never heard of any case exactly like it. It is reversing all the usages of society for the mistress to take care of the servant's baby."

"The usages of society are not worth much, sometimes," said Euphemia, "and you must remember that Pomona is a very different kind of a person from an ordinary servant. She is much more like a member of the family—I can't exactly explain what kind of a member, but I understand it myself. She has very much improved since she has been married, and you know, yourself, how quiet and—and, nice she is, and as for the baby, it's just as good and pretty as any baby, and it may grow up to be better than any of us. Some of our presidents have sprung from lowly parents."

"But this one is a girl," I said.

"Well then," replied Euphemia, "she may be a president's wife."

I could stand it no longer, and determined to carry out my plan.

About three miles from our house was a settlement known as New Dublin, inhabited entirely by Irish people. I was acquainted with one of the matrons of this locality, a Mrs. Duffy, who had occasionally undertaken some odd jobs at our house, and to her I made a visit.

"Mrs. Duffy," said I, "I want to rent a baby."

At first, the good woman could not understand me, but when I made plain to her that I wished, for a short time, to obtain the exclusive use and control of a baby, for which I was willing to pay a liberal rental, she was perfectly willing to accommodate me, but feared she had nothing on hand of the age I desired.

"Me childther are all agoin' about," she said. "Ye kin see a poile uv 'em out yon, in the road, an' there's more uv 'em on the fince. But ye nade have no fear about gettin' wan. There's sthacks of 'em in the place. I'll jist run over to Mrs. Hogan's wid ye. She's got sixteen or siventeen, mostly small, for Hogan brought four or five wid him when he married her, an' she'll be glad to rint wan uv 'em." So, throwing her apron over her head, she accompanied me to Mrs. Hogan's.

It soon became plain that Mrs. Hogan's present stock did not contain exactly what I wanted, and I began to despair; but finally secured a youngish infant, who having been left motherless, had become what

Mrs. Duffy called a "bottle-baby," and was in charge of a neighboring aunt.

The child suited me very well, and I agreed to take it for as many days as I might happen to want it, but to pay by the week, in advance. It was a boy, with a suggestion of orange-red bloom all over its head, and what looked, to me, like freckles on its cheeks; while its little nose turned up, even more than those of babies generally turn—above a very long upper lip. His eyes were blue and twinkling, and he had the very mouth "fer a leetle poipe," as Mrs. Hogan admiringly remarked.

When I reached home, I drove directly to the barn. Fortunately, Jonas was there. I explained the whole affair to him, he comprehended it perfectly, and was delighted. I think he was just as anxious for my plan to work as I was myself, although he did not say so.

As I passed the kitchen window, I saw Pomona at work. She looked at me, dropped something, and I heard a crash. I don't know how much that crash cost me. Jonas rushed in to tell Pomona about it, and in a moment I heard a scream of laughter. At this, Euphemia appeared at an upper window, with her hand raised and saying, severely: "Hush-h!" But the moment she saw me, she disappeared from the window and came down-stairs on the run. She met me, just as I entered the dining-room.

"What *in* the world!" she breathlessly exclaimed.

"This," said I, "is my baby."

"Your—baby!" said Euphemia. "Where did you get it? what are you going to do with it?"

"I got it in New Dublin," I replied, "and I want

it to amuse and occupy me while I am at home. I haven't anything else to do, except things that take me away from you."

"Oh!" said Euphemia.

At this moment, little Pat gave his first whimper.

I immediately began to walk up and down the floor with him, and to sing to him. I did not know any infant music, but I felt sure that a soothing tune was the great requisite, and that the words were of small importance. So I started on an old Methodist tune, which I remembered very well, and which was used with the hymn containing the lines—

"Weak and wounded, sick and sore,"

and I sang, as soothingly as I could—

"Lit-tle Pat-sy, Wat-sy, Sat-sy
Does he feel a lit-ty bad?
Me will send and get his bot-tle
He sha'n't have to cry-wy-wy."

"What an idiot!" said Euphemia, laughing in spite of her vexation.

"No, we aint no id-i-otses
What we want is a bot-ty milk."

So I sang as I walked to the kitchen-door, and sent Jonas to the barn for the bottle.

Pomona was in spasms of laughter in the kitchen, and Euphemia was trying her best not to laugh at all.

"Who's going to take care of it, I'd like to know?" she said, as soon as she could get herself into a state of severe inquiry.

"Some-times me, and some-times Jonas,"

I sang, still walking up and down the room with a long, slow step, swinging the baby from side to side, very much as if it were grass-seed in a sieve, and I was sowing it over the carpet.

"You really don't think that I will consent to your keeping such a creature as this in the house? Take your baby, and please carry him home as quick as you can, for I am certainly not going to take care of him."

"Of course not," said I. "Now that I see how it's done, I'm going to do it myself. Jonas will mix his feed and I will give it to him. He looks sleepy now. Shall I take him up-stairs and lay him on our bed?"

"No, indeed," cried Euphemia. "You can put him on a quilt on the floor, until after luncheon, and then you must take him home."

I laid the young Milesian on the folded quilt which Euphemia prepared for him, where he turned up his little pug nose to the ceiling and went contentedly to sleep.

That afternoon I nailed four legs on a small packing-box and made a bedstead for him. This, with a pillow in the bottom of it, was very comfortable, and instead of taking him home, I borrowed, in the evening, some baby night-clothes from Pomona, and set about preparing Pat for the night.

This Euphemia would not allow, but silently taking him from me, she put him to bed.

"To-morrow," she said, "you must positively take him away. I won't stand it. And in our room, too."

"I didn't talk in that way about the baby you adopted," I said.

To this she made no answer, but went away to attend, as usual, to Pomona's baby, while its mother washed the dishes.

That night little Pat woke up, several times, and made things unpleasant by his wails. On the first two occasions, I got up and walked him about, singing impromptu lines to the tune of "weak and wounded," but the third time, Euphemia herself arose, and declaring that that doleful tune was a great deal worse than the baby's crying, silenced him herself, and arranging his couch more comfortably, he troubled us no more.

Euphemia scolded and scolded, and said she would put on her hat and go for the mother. But I told her the mother was dead, and that seemed to be an obstacle. She took a good deal of care of the child, for she said she would not see an innocent creature neglected, even if it was an incipient hod-carrier, but she did not relax in the least in her attention to Pomona's baby.

The next day was about the same, in regard to infantile incident, but on the day after, I began to tire of my new charge, and Pat, on his side, seemed to be tired of me, for he turned from me when I went to take him up, while he would hold out his hands to Euphemia, and grin delightedly when she took him.

That morning I drove to the village and spent an hour or two there. On my return I found Euphemia sitting in our room, with little Pat on her lap. I was astonished at the change in the young rascal. He was dressed, from head to foot, in a suit of clothes belonging to Pomona's baby; the glowing fuzz on

his head was brushed and made as smooth as possible, while his little muslin sleeves were tied up with blue ribbon.

I stood speechless at the sight.

"Don't he look nice?" said Euphemia, standing him up on her knees. "It shows what good clothes will do. I'm glad I helped Pomona make up so many. He's getting ever so fond of me, ze itty Patsy, watsy! See how strong he is! He can almost stand on his legs! Look how he laughs! He's just as cunning as he can be. And oh! I was going to speak about that box. I wouldn't have him sleep in that old packing-box. There are little wicker cradles at the store —I saw them last week—they don't cost much, and you could bring one up in the carriage. There's the other baby, crying, and I don't know where Pomona is. Just you mind him a minute, please!" and out she ran.

I looked out of the window. The horse still stood harnessed to the carriage, as I had left him. I saw Pat's old shawl lying in a corner. I seized it, and rolling him in it, new clothes and all, I hurried downstairs, climbed into the carriage, hastily disposed Pat in my lap, and turned the horse toward New Dublin.

The good women of the settlement were surprised to see little Pat return so soon.

"Oh! jist look at 'em!" cried Mrs. Duffy. "An' see thim leetle pittycoots, thrimmed wid lace! Oh, an' it was good in ye, sir, to give him all thim, an' pay the foive dollars, too."

"An' I'm glad he's back," said the fostering aunt, "for I was a-coomin' over to till ye that I've been

hearin' from owle Pat, his dad, an' he's a-comin' back from the moines, and I don't know what he'd 'a' said if he'd found his leetle Pat was rinted. But if ye iver want to borry him, for a whoile, after owle Pat's gone back, ye kin have him, rint-free; an' it's much obloiged I am to ye, sir, fur dressin' him so foine."

I made no encouraging remarks as to future transactions in this line, and drove slowly home.

Euphemia met me at the door. She had Pomona's baby in her arms. We walked together into the parlor.

"And so you have given up the little fellow that you were going to do so much for?" she said.

"Yes, I have given him up," I answered.

"It must have been a dreadful trial to you," she continued.

"Oh, dreadful!" I replied.

"I suppose you thought he would take up so much of your time and thoughts, that we couldn't be to each other what we used to be, didn't you?" she said.

"Not exactly," I replied. "I only thought that things promised to be twice as bad as they were before."

She made no answer to this, but going to the back door of the parlor she opened it and called Pomona. When that young woman appeared, Euphemia stepped toward her and said: "Here, Pomona, take your baby."

They were simple words, but they were spoken in such a way that they meant a good deal. Pomona knew what they meant. Her eyes sparkled, and as she went out, I saw her hug her child to her breast,

and cover it with kisses, and then, through the window, I could see her running to the barn and Jonas.

"Now, then," said Euphemia, closing the door and coming toward me, with one of her old smiles, and not a trace of preoccupation about her, "I suppose you expect me to devote myself to you."

I did expect it, and I was not mistaken.

Since these events, a third baby has come to Rudder Grange. It is not Pomona's, nor was it brought from New Dublin. It is named after a little one, who died very young, before this story was begun, and the strangest thing about it is that never, for a moment, does it seem to come between Euphemia and myself.

HUMOROUS DIALECT

A CHRISTMAS GUEST *

FROM "SONNY"

RUTH M'ENERY STUART

A boy, you say, doctor? An' she don't know it yet? Then what're you tellin' *me* for? No, sir—take it away. I don't want to lay my eyes on it till she's saw it—not if I *am* its father. She's its *mother*, I reckon!

Better lay it down somew'eres an' go to *her*—not there on the rockin'-cheer, for somebody to set on—'n' not on the trunk, please. That ain't none o' yo' ord'nary new-born bundles, to be dumped on a box that'll maybe be opened sudden d'rec'ly for somethin' needed, an' be dropped ag'in' the wall-paper behind it.

It's hers, whether she knows it or not. *Don't*, for *gracious* sakes, lay 'im on the *table! Anybody* knows *that's* bad luck.

You think it might bother her on the bed? She's that bad? An' they ain't no fire kindled in the settin'-room, to lay it in there.

S-i-r? Well, yas, I—I reck'n I'll *haf* to hold it, ef you say so—that is—of co'se——

Wait, doctor! *Don't* let go of it *yet!* Lordy! but I'm thess *shore* to drop it! Lemme set down first,

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doctor, here by the fire an' git het through. Not yet! My ol' shin-bones stan' up thess like a pair o' dog-irons. Lemme bridge 'em over first 'th somethin' soft. That'll do. She patched that quilt herself. Hold on a minute tell I git the aidges of it under my ol' boots, to keep it f'om saggin' down in the middle.

There, now! Merciful goodness, but I never! I'd ruther trus' myself with a whole playin' fountain in blowed glass 'n sech ez this.

Stoop down there, doctor, please, sir, an' shove the end o' this quilt a leetle further under my foot, won't you? Ef it was to let up sudden, I wouldn't have no more lap 'n what any other fool man's got.

'N' now—you go to *her*.

I'd feel a heap safeter ef this quilt was nailed to the flo' on each side o' my legs. They're trimblin' so I dunno what minute my feet'll let go their holt.

An' she don't know it yet! An' he layin' here, dressed up in all the little clo'es she sewed! She mus' be purty bad. I dunno, though; maybe that's gen'ally the way.

They're keepin' mighty still in that room. Blessed ef I don't begin to feel 'is warmth in my ol' knee-bones! An' he's a-breathin' thess ez reg'lar ez that clock, on'y quicker. Lordy! An' she don't know it yet! An' he a boy! He taken that after the Joneses; we've all been boys in our male branch. When that name strikes, seem like it comes to stay. Now for a girl——

Wonder if he ain't covered up mos' too close-t. Seem like he snuffles purty loud—for a beginner.

Doctor! *oh*, doctor! I say, *doctor!*

Strange he don't hear—'n' I don't like to holler no louder. Wonder ef she could be worse. Ef I could thess reach somethin' to knock with! I daresn't lif' my foot, less'n the whole business'd fall through.

Oh, doc'!—here he comes now—doctor, I say, don't you think maybe he's covered up too——

How's *she*, doctor? "Thess the same," you say; 'n' she don't know yet—about him? "In a couple o' hours," you say? Well, don't lemme keep you, doctor. But, tell me, don't you think maybe he's covered up a leetle too close-t?

That's better. An' now I've saw him befo' she did! An' I didn't want to, neither.

Poor lettle, teenchy, weenchy bit of a thing! Ef he ain't the *very* littlest! Lordy, Lordy, Lor*dy!* (But I s'pose all thet's needed in a baby is a startin'-p'int big enough to hol' the fam'ly ch'*ac*teristics. I s'pose maybe he is, but the po' little thing mus' feel sort o' scrouged with 'em, ef he's got 'em all—the Joneses' an' the Simses'. Seem to me he favors her a little thess aroun' the mouth.)

An' she don't know it yet!

Lord! But my legs ache like ez if they was bein' wrenched off. I've got 'em on sech a strain, somehow. An' he on'y a half hour ol', an' two hours mo' 'fo' I can budge! Lord, Lord! how *will* I stand it!

God bless 'im! Doc! He's a-sneezin'! Come quick! Shore ez I'm here, he snez twice-t!

Don't you reckon you better pile some mo' wood on the fire an'——

What's that you say? "Fetch 'im along"? An'

has she ast for 'im? Bless the Lord! I say. But a couple of you'll have to come help me loosen up 'fo' I can move, doctor.

Here, you stan' on that side the quilt, whiles I move my foot to the flo' where it won't slip—an' Dicey—where's that nigger Dicey? You Dicey, come on here, an' tromp on the other side o' this bedquilt till I h'ist yo' young marster up on to my shoulder.

No, you don't take 'im, neither. I'll tote 'im myself.

Now, go fetch a piller till I lay 'im on it. That's it. And now git me somethin' stiff to lay the piller on. There! That lapboa'd 'll do. Why didn't I think about that befo'? It's a heap safeter'n my ole knee-j'ints. Now, I've got 'im *se*cure. *Wait*, doctor—hold on! I'm afeered you'll haf to ca'y 'im in to her, after all. I'll cry ef I do it. I'm trimblin' like ez ef I had a' ager; thess a-startin' in with 'im—an seein' me give way might make her nervious. You take 'im to her, and lemme come in sort o' unconcerned terreckly, after she an' him 've kind o' got acquainted. Dast you hold 'im that-a-way, doctor, 'thout no support to 'is spinal colume? I s'pose he *is* too sof' to snap, but I wouldn't resk it. Reckon I can slip in the other do' where she won't see me, an' view the meetin'.

Yas; I'm right here, honey! (The idea o' her a-callin' for me—an' *him* in 'er arms!) I'm right here, honey—*mother!* Don't min' me a-cryin'! I'm all broke up, somehow; but don't you fret. I'm right here by yo' side on my knees, in pure thankfulness.

Bless His name, I say! You know he's a boy,

don't yer? I been a holdin' 'im all day—'t least ever sence they dressed 'im, purty nigh a hour ago. An' he's slep'—an' waked up—an' yawned—an' snez—an' wunk—an' sniffed—'thout me sayin' a word. Opened an' shet his little fist, once-t' like ez ef he craved to shake hands, howdy! He cert'n'y does perform 'is functions wonderful.

Yas, doctor; I'm a-comin', right now.

Go to sleep now, honey, you an' him, an' I'll be right on the spot when needed. Lemme whisper to her thess a minute, doctor?

I thess want to tell you, honey, thet you never, even in yo' young days, looked ez purty to my eyes ez what you do right now. An' that boy is *yo' boy*, an' I ain't a-goin' to lay no mo' claim to 'im 'n to see thet you have yo' way with 'im—you hear? An' now good-night, honey, an' go to sleep.

They wasn't nothin' lef' for me to do but to come out here in this ol' woodshed where nobody wouldn't see me ac' like a plumb baby.

An' now, seem like I *can't* git over it! The idee o' me, fifty year ol', actin' like this!

An' she knows it! An' she's *got* 'im—*a boy*—layin' in the bed 'longside 'er.

"Mother an' child doin' well!" Lord, Lord! How often I've heerd that said! But it never give me the all-overs like it does now, some way.

Guess I'll gether up a armful o' wood, an' try to act unconcerned—an' laws-a-mercy me! Ef—to-day—ain't—been—Christmas! My! my! my! An' it come an' gone befo' I remembered!

I'll haf to lay this wood down ag'in *an' think.*

I've had many a welcome Christmas gif' in my life, but the idee o' the good Lord a-timin' *this* like that!

Christmas! An' a boy! An' she doin' well!

No wonder that ol' turkey-gobbler sets up on them rafters blinkin' at me so peaceful! He knows he's done passed a critical time o' life.

You've done crossed another bridge safe-t, ol' gobbly, an' you can *afford* to blink—an' to set out in the clair moonlight, 'stid o' roostin' back in the shadders, same ez you been doin'.

You was to've died by accident las' night, but the new visitor thet's dropped in on us ain't cut 'is turkey teeth yet, an' his mother——

Lord, how that name sounds! Mother! I hardly know 'er by it, long ez I been tryin' to fit it to 'er—an' fearin' to, too, less'n somethin' might go wrong with either one.

I even been callin' him "it" to myself all along, so 'feerd thet ef I set my min' on either the "he" or the "she" the other one might take a notion to come—an' I didn't want any disappointment mixed in with the arrival.

But now he's come,—*an'* registered, ez they say at the polls,—I know I sort o' counted on the boy, some way.

Lordy! but he's little! Ef he hadn't 'a' showed up so many of his functions spontaneous, I'd be oneasy less'n he mightn't have 'em; but they're there! Bless goodness, they're there!

An' he snez prezac'ly, for all the world, like my po' ol' pap—a reg'lar little cat sneeze, thess like all the Joneses.

Well, Mr. Turkey, befo' I go back into the house, I'm a-goin' to make you a solemn promise.

You go free till about this time next year, *anyhow*. You an' me'll celebrate the birthday between ourselves with that contrac'. You needn't git oneasy Thanksgivin', or picnic-time, or Easter, or no other time 'twixt this an' nex' Christmas—less'n, of co'se, you stray off an' git stole.

An' this here reprieve, I want you to understand, is a present from the junior member of this firm.

Lord! but I'm that tickled! This here wood ain't much needed in the house,—the wood-boxes 're all full,—but I can't *de*vise no other excuse for vacatin' —thess at this time.

S'pose I *might* gether up some eggs out'n the nestes, but it'd look sort o' flighty to go egg-huntin' here at midnight—an' he not two hours ol'.

I dunno, either, come to think; she might need a new-laid egg—sof' b'iled. Reckon I'll take a couple in my hands—an' one or two sticks o' wood—an' I'll draw a bucket o' water too—an' tote *that* in.

Goodness! but this back yard is bright ez day! Goin' to be a clair, cool night—moon out, full an' white. Ef this ain't the *stillest* stillness!

Thess sech a night, for all the world, I reckon, ez the first Christmas, when He come—

> When shepherds watched their flocks by night,
> All seated on the ground,
> The angel o' the Lord come down,
> An' glory shone around—

thess like the hymn says.

The whole o' this back yard is full o' glory this

minute. Th' ain't nothin' too low down an' mean for it to shine on, neither—not even the well-pump or the cattle-trough—'r the pig-pen—or even me.

Thess look at me, covered over with it! An' how it does shine on the roof o' the house where they lay—her an' him!

I suppose that roof has shined that-a-way frosty nights 'fo' to-night; but some way I never seemed to see it.

Don't reckon the creakin' o' this windlass could disturb her—or him.

Reckon I might go turn a little mo' cotton-seed in the troughs for them cows—an' put some extry oats out for the mules an' the doctor's mare—an' onchain Rover, an' let 'im stretch 'is legs a little. I'd like everything on the place to know *he's* come, an' to feel the diff'ence.

Well, now I'll load up—an' I do hope nobody won't notice the *re*dic'lousness of it.

You say she's asleep, doctor, an' th' ain't nothin' mo' needed to be did—an' yo' 're goin'!

Don't, for gracious sakes! go, doctor, an' leave me! I won't know what on top o' the round earth to do, ef—ef— You know she—she might wake up—or he!

You say Dicey she knows. But she's on'y a nigger, doctor. Yes; I know she's had exper'ence with the common run o' babies, but——

Lemme go an' set down this bucket, an' lay this stick o' wood on the fire, an' put these eggs down, so's I can talk to you free-handed.

Step here to the do', doctor. I say, doc, ef it's a question o' the size o' yo' bill, you can make it out to suit yo'self—or, I'll tell you what I'll do. You stay right along here a day or so—tell to-morrer or nex' day, anyhow—an' I'll sen' you a whole bale o' cotton—an' you can sen' back any change you see fit—or none—*or none*, I say. Or, ef you'd ruther take it out in pertaters an' corn an' sorghum, thess say so, an' how much of each.

But *what?* "It wouldn't be right? Th'ain't no use," you say? An' you'll *shore* come back to-morrer? Well. But, by the way, doctor, did you know to-day was Christmas? Of co'se I might've knew you did—but *I* never. An' now it seems to me like Christmas, an' Fo'th o' July, an' "Hail Columbia, happy lan'," all b'iled down into one big jubilee!

But tell me, doctor, confidential—sh!—step here a leetle further back—tell me, don't you think he's to say a leetle bit undersized? Speak out, ef he is.

Wh—how'd you say? "Mejum," eh? Thess mejum! An' they do come even littler yet? An' you say mejum babies 're thess ez liable to turn out likely an' strong ez over-sizes, eh? Mh-hm! Well, I reckon you *know*—an' maybe the less they have to contend with at the start the better.

Oh, thanky, doctor! Don't be afeered o' wrenchin' my wris'! A thousand thankies! Yo' word for it, he's a fine boy! An' you've inspected a good many, an' of co'se you know—yas, yas! Shake ez hard ez you like—up an' down—up an' down!

An' now I'll go git yo' horse—an' don't ride 'er too hard to-night, 'cause I've put a double po'tion of

oats in her trough awhile ago. The junior member he give instructions that everything on the place was to have a' extry feed to-night—an' of co'se I went and obeyed orders.

Now—'fo' you start, doctor—I ain't got a thing stronger'n raspberry corjal in the house—but ef you'll drink a glass o' that with me? (Of co'se he will!)

She made this 'erself, doctor—picked the berries an' all—an' I raised the little sugar thet's in it. Well, good-night, doctor! To-morrer, shore!

Sh-h!

How that do'-latch does click! Thess like thunder!

Sh-h! Dicey, you go draw yo' pallet close-t outside the do', an' lay down—an' I'll set here by the fire an' keep watch.

How my ol' stockin'-feet do tromp! Do lemme hurry an' set down! Seem like this room's awful rackety, the fire a-poppin' an' tumblin', an' me breathin' like a porpoise. Even the clock ticks ez excited ez I feel. Wonder how they sleep through it all! But they do. He beats her a-snorin' a'ready, blest ef he don't! Wonder ef he knows he's born into the world, po' little thing! I reckon not; but they's no tellin'. Maybe that's the one thing the good Lord gives 'em *to* know, so's they'll realize what to begin to study about—theirselves an' the world—how to fight it an' keep friends with it at the same time. Ef I could giggle an' sigh both at once-t, seem like I'd be relieved. Somehow I feel sort o' tight 'roun' the heart—an' wide awake an'——

How the clock *does* travel—an' how they all keep

time, he—an' she—an' it—an' me—an' the fire roa'in' up the chimbley, playin' a tune all around us like a' organ, an' he—an' she—an' he—an' it—an' he—an'——

Blest ef I don't hear singing—an' how white the moonlight is! They's angels all over the house—an' their robes is breshin' the roof whiles they sing——

His head had fallen. He was dreaming.

THE RETURN OF THE HOE

(*Drake's Magazine*)

"Goliath Johnsing, why you so late? Supper been a spilin' on de stove dis half hour," and Aunt Lucy faced her liege lord with stern dignity.

"Old Daddy Moses an' me been a havin' it out."

"Havin' what out? You ain't been an' had a fuss wid Mr. Benson, 'Liah Johnsing?"

"Yes, I have. Ole Skincher. Here I have been a hoein' hard in the fiel' all day, and he mean enough to dock my wages ten cents 'cause warn't back at noon jest at de minnit. I warn't late more'n half an hour or three-quarters of an hour. But I give him piece of my mind."

"I s'pose he don' want to pay for work he don' git."

"Don' git? Why, thar was Sam Stevens an' Bill Jenkins; they talk more'n half de time, an' rested on they handles more'n t'other half, an' did he dock them any? Not he. He got spite 'gin me, I know dat."

"Whar'd you git dat new hoe?" queried Aunt Lucy, as 'Liah hung that implement up in the woodshed.

"Neber you mind. Women always want stick their nose into ebberyting."

"An' what you done wid your ole hoe you took away this noon? You didn't trade that off for a new one?"

"Yes, I did, 'f ye will know."

"'Liah Johnsing," blurted out Aunt Lucy, as a sudden suspicion flamed in her eyes, "dat ain't one of Moses Benson's hoes? You ain't gone and changed off yo' ole hoe for one his'n, I hope. You wouldn't do dat, if he is a skincher, an' you a member de church, 'Liah Johnsing?"

"Miss Johnsing, you jes' ten' to yo' own bus'ness. Don' you let me hear not one mo' word 'bout dat hoe."

Suddenly, as bedtime drew near, 'Liah rose and went into the house, saying as he went:

"Got to go down to de sto', Lucy. I forgot I got to mow Dawkinses fiel' to-morrow, an' my whetstun's clear down to de bone, an' I've got to start off to-morrow 'fore sto's open."

'Liah had been gone hardly a minute, when Aunt Lucy called in a tragic whisper to Paul, her oldest boy, six years of age.

"You Paul, come here quick, by you'self."

Paul, used to obeying, came promptly, and was drawn close up to his mother on the settee. "Now, you Paul, I wonder kin I trust you to do something for me?"

Paul, somewhat disturbed, kept discreetly silent.

"I wish you's a little bigger, but de Lord will hol' you up. Paul, you listen. When you' paw comes home from the sto' an' we's all gone to bed and got to sleep—you hearin', Paul?"

"Yes'm."

"You get up still's a mouse, an' you go git dat hoe yo' paw brought home, an' don't you make no

noise takin' it down, an' you kerry dat hoe ober to Mr. Benson's; an' you take de hoe what's hangin' dar —dat's our hoe, Paul, dat yo' paw left dar by 'stake —you take dat hoe an' bring it in the wood-shed, an' don' you nebber tell you' paw nothin' 'bout it."

The first sun rays were shining in at the window through the morning-glories, the early breakfast was smoking on the table, the six young Johnsons were struggling down in various stages of sleepiness, Aunt Lucy was bending over the stove and 'Liah washing at the sink, when a loud knock was heard at the kitchen door, which, being open, disclosed Mr. Benson. By his side stood the village constable. In his hand was an old and much battered hoe. 'Liah saw the hoe and his upper jaw fell. Aunt Lucy's gaze also was riveted on it.

"Goliah Johnson," said the constable, "you're my prisoner. You stole Mr. Benson's hoe."

"'Fore de Lord, Mr. Benson, I ain't got you' hoe. What you doin' wid mine?"

"You needn't pretend that you left your old hoe in my barn yesterday by mistake, 'Liah Johnson," burst in Mr. Benson, "as if you couldn't tell this old thing from my hoe. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"You may search dis place, Mr. Benson, from top to bottom an' side to side, an' you won't find no stiver of yo' old hoe. How you got mine I 'clare I give up, but you kin see for yourself. Now, here's where I keeps my hoe," and 'Liah swung open the wood-shed door.

There hung Mr. Benson's new hoe.

"You Paul!" fairly shouted Aunt Lucy, pouncing on her young hopeful, "what did you do las' night?"

"Did jist what you tol' me. Took back dat hoe an' changed it for de one in Mr. Benson's barn."

"Took back what hoe?" shouted 'Liah in his turn. "Lucy Johnsing. what you been stickin' yo' fingers in?"

"Well, 'Liah, I 'lowed I warn't gwine to have no hoe in dis house what didn't b'long to us by rights, 'n' so I tol' Paul to get up las' night an' change de hoes back ag'in, an' if he did it, how dis one comes heah beats me."

"You Lucy Johnsing, see what you's been an' done wid you' meddlin'. I took back dat hoe 'fore I went to bed, when I made 's though I was gettin' de whetstun, an' then you went and changed 'em back ag'in."

"'Liah Johnsing, why you keep secrets from you' wedded wife? Why didn't you tell me 'bout dat?"

By this time Mr. Benson saw that there was something more in the matter than he had supposed, and sending away the constable he got from the worthy couple, with much circumlocution, the story of the night's mistakes. Being a man with some sense of humor, he was quite mollified by the comicalities of the situation, and even went so far as to take breakfast with the Johnsons.

"An' after dis, 'Liah Johnsing," was Aunt Lucy's moral, "you'd better think twice 'fore you keep any mo' secrets from you' lawful wedded wife!"

HOW JINNY EASED HER MIND *

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

Uncle Ben Williamson was as well known in town as the mayor or the governor. He was an "old-time darky," and to this character owed his position, which was a good one. He had been "Boy" about law offices in the Law Building ever since the first evening some years before when he had knocked gently at Judge Allen's door, and then, after a tardy invitation, had slipped slowly in sideways, with his old beaver hat in his hand, and, having taken in in his comprehensive glance the whole room, including the Judge himself, had said, apparently satisfied, that he had heard they wanted a boy, and he wanted a place. It was an auspicious moment for the old fellow; the last "boy," a drunkard and a thief, had just been discharged, and the judge had been much worried that day trying to wait on himself. His thoughts had turned in the waning evening light to his home, from which the light had faded for all time, and his heart was softened. The old lawyer had looked Ben over too, and been satisfied. Something about him had called up tender recollections of his little office at the old Court-house before he became a successful lawyer and a celebrated judge, and when his best friend was the old drunken negro who waited on him, "cleaned

* See Suggestions for Cutting, p. 552.

up" (?) his room, and was his principal client and most sympathetic friend and counsellor in his long love-affair with his sweetheart, the old colonel's brown-eyed daughter. He had just been dreaming of her, first as she wore his first violets, and then as she lay for the last time, with her head pillowed in his roses, and her white, slender hands, whiter than ever, clasped over his last violets on her quiet breast.

He had recalled all the sweet difficulties in winning her; his falling back into dissipation, his picking himself up again, and again his failure; and then the lonely evening when he had sat in front of the dying fire, sad, despairing, and had wondered if life were worth holding longer; then old William slipping in, hat in hand. He recalled the old man's keen look at him as he sat before the fire with the pistol half hidden under the papers on his desk, and his sudden breaking of the silence with: "Don't you give her up, Marse Johnny; don't you nuver give her up. Ef she's wuth havin', she's wuth fightin' for; an' ef she say No, she jes beginnin' to mean Yes. Don't you give her up." And he had not given her up, and she had called him from the dead and had made him. He would not have given the right to put those violets in her calm hands for a long life of unbroken happiness with anyone else. So, when the door opened quietly, and Uncle Ben, in his clean shirt, time-browned coat, and patched breeches, slipped in, it was an auspicious moment for him.

"Where did you come from?" he asked him.

"From old Charlotte, suh; used to 'longst to de Bruces."

"Can you clean up?"

He laughed a spontaneous, jolly laugh.

"Kin I clean up? Dat's what I come to do. Jinny ken, too."

"Can you read?"

"Well, nor, suh, not edzactly. I ain't no free-issue nigger ner preacher." The shade of disappointment on his face counterbalanced this, however.

"Do you get drunk?"

"Yes, sir, sometimes."—Cheerfully. "Not so often. I ain't got nuttin' to git de whiskey. But ef I's drunk, Jinny cleans up."

"Who is Jinny?"

"She's my wife."

"What sort of a woman is she?"

"She's a black woman. Oh!—she's a good sort o' ooman—a toler'ble good sort o' ooman, ef you know how to git 'long wid her. Sort o' raspy sometimes, like urr wimmens, but I kin manage her. You kin try us. Ef you don't like us we ken go. We ain't got no root to we foots."

"You'll do. I'll try you," said the judge; and from that time Uncle Ben became the custodian of the offices. He was a treasure. As he had truly said, he got drunk sometimes, but when he did, Jinny took his place and cleaned up. Her temper was, as he had said, certainly "raspy." Even flattery must have admitted this, and Uncle Ben wore a bandage or plaster on some part of his head a considerable part of his time; but no one ever heard him complain. "Jinny jes been kind o' easin' her mine," he said, in answer to questions.

At length it culminated: one night Jinny went to work on him with a flat-iron to such good purpose that first a policeman came in, and then a doctor had to be called to bring him to, and Jinny was arrested.

Next morning, when Jinny was sent on to the grand jury for striking with intent to maim, disfigure, disable, and kill, Ben was a trifle triumphant. When the justice announced his decision, he rose, and shaking his long finger at her, exclaimed, "Aye, aye, what I tell you?"

"Silence!" roared the big tipstaff, and Ben sat down with a puzzled look on his face.

When the police court closed he went up to his wife, and said, in a commanding tone: "Now come 'long home wid me an' 'have yourself. I'll teach you to sling flat-iron at folks' head!"

The officer announced, however, that Jinny would have to go to jail—the case had passed beyond his jurisdiction. She had been "sent on to the grand jury."

Ben's countenance fell. "Got to go to jail!" he repeated, mechanically, in a dazed kind of way. "Got to go to jail!"

Then the prisoners were taken down to the jail. He followed behind the line of stragglers that generally attended that interesting procession, and he sat on a stone outside the iron door nearly all day.

That afternoon he spent in the judge's office. The grand jury was in session, and next day "a true bill" was found against Jinny Williamson for an attempt to maim, disfigure, disable, and kill—a felony. The same day her case was called, the first on the docket.

She had good counsel. She could have had every lawyer in the building had she wanted them, so efficiently had old Ben polled the bar. But the case was a dead open-and-shut one. Unhappily, the judge was ill with gout. The Commonwealth called Ben, first man, and he told simply the same story he had told at the police court and to the grand jury. Jinny had always had a vicious temper, and had often exercised it toward him. That evening she had gone rather far, and finally he had attempted to remonstrate with her, had "tapped her with his open hand," and she had pounded his head with the flat-iron. The officer was called, and corroborated the story. He had heard the noise; had gone in and found Ben unconscious, and the woman in a fury, swearing to kill him. The surgeon pronounced the wound one which came near being very serious; but for Ben's exceptionally hard head, the skull would have been fractured; as it was, only the outer plate of the frontal bone was broken. He had known several men killed by blows much less vigorous. No cross-examination affected the witnesses. Ben had evidently told his story unwillingly. The jury was solemn. Earnest if short speeches were made. The judge gave a strong instruction upon the evil of women being lawless and murderous, and the jury retired. The counsel leaned over and told Ben he thought they had lost the case, and the jury would probably send his wife up for at least a year. Ben said nothing. He only looked once at Jinny sitting sullen and lowering in the prisoners' box beside a thief. Then, after a while, he got up and went out, and a minute later slipped in again at the door sideways,

and making his way over to her, put an orange—not a very large or fresh one—into her lap. She did not look at him.

The appearance of the jury filing in glum and important sent him to his seat. The clerk called the names and asked: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?" The consumptive-looking foreman bowed, and handed in the indictment, amid a sudden silence, and the clerk read, slowly: "We, the jury, find the prisoner guilty," etc., "and sentence her to confinement in the penitentiary for two years." Neither Jinny nor Ben stirred, nor did the counsel. He was evidently considering. The judge, in a voice slightly troubled, said he would pronounce sentence at once, and asked the prisoner if she had anything she wished to say. She rocked a little and glanced shyly over toward Ben with a sort of appealing look—her first—; said nothing, looked down again, and turned her orange over in her lap.

"Stand up," said the judge; and she stood up.

Just then Ben stood up too, and making his way over to her, said: "Jedge, ken I say a wud?"

"Why—ah—yes," said the judge, doubtfully. "It is very unusual, but go on." He sat back in his arm-chair.

"Well, gent'mens," began Ben, "I jes wants to say" (he paused, and took in the entire court-room in the sweep of his glance)—"I jes wants to say dat I don't think you ought to do Jinny dat a-way. Y'all 'ain' got nuttin' 't all 'ginst Jinny. She 'ain' do nuttin' to you all—nuttin' 't all. She's my wife, an' what she done she done to me. Ef I kin stan' it, y'all ought

to be able to, dat's sho'. Now hit's dis a-way. Y'all is married gent'mens, an' yo' knows jes how 'tis. Yo' knows sometimes a ooman gits de debil in her. 'Tain't her fault; 'tis de debil's. Hit jes like wolf in cows. Sometimes dee gits in de skin an mecks 'em kick up an' run an' mean. Dat's de way 'tis wid wimmens. I done know Jinny ever sence she wuz a little gal at home in de country. I done know how mean she is. I done know all dat, an' I done marry her, 'cuz she suit me. I had plenty o' urr gals I could 'a' marry, but I ain' want dem. I want Jinny, an' I pester her tell she had me. Well, she meaner eben 'n I think she is; but dat ain' nuttin': I satisfied wid her, an' dat's 'nough. Y'all don' know how mean she is. She mean as a narrer-faced mule. She kick an' she fight an' she quoil tell sometimes I hardly ken stay in muh house; but dat ain' nuttin'. I stay dyah, an' when she git thoo I right dyah jes same as befo', an' I know den I gwine have a good supper, an' I ain' got to pester my mine 'bout nuttin'. Y'all done been all 'long dyah, 'cuz y'all is married gent'mens. Well, dat's de way 'twuz turr night. Jinny been good so long, I feared she got some'n de matter wid her, an' I kind o' git oneasy, an' sort o' poke her up. But she ain't; she all right. I so glad to find her dat way, I sort o' uppish, an' when she hit me I slapped her. I didn' mean to hu't her; I jes hit her a little tap side her head, so, an' she went all to pieces in a minute. I done hurt her feelin's. Y'all know how 'tis yo'self. Wimmen's got might cu'ious feelin's, ain' like chillern's nor men's. Ef you slap 'em, dey goes dat a-way. Dey gits aggervated, an' den dey got to ease dee mine.

Well, Jinny she got mighty big mine, an' when she dat a-way it tecks right smart to ease it—to smoove it. Fust she done try broom, den cheer, den shovel, den skillet; but ain' none o' dem able to ease her, an' den she got to try de flat-iron. She got to do it. Y'all knows how 'tis. Ef wimmen's got to do anything dey got to do it, an' dat's all. Flat-iron don' hu't none. I 'ain' eben feel it. Hit jes knock me out muh head little while, an' I jes good as I wuz befo'. When I come to I fine dee done 'rest Jinny. Dat's what hu't me. Jinny done been easin' her mine all dese years, an' we 'ain' nuver had no trouble befo'. An' now y'all say she got to go to de pen'tentia'y. How'd y'all like somebody to sen' you' wife to pen'tentia'y when she jes easin' her mine? I ax you dat. How she gwine ease her mine dyah? I ax you dat. I know y'all gwine sen' her dyah, gent'mens, 'cuz you done say you is. I know you is, an' I 'ain' got nuttin to say 'bout it, not a wud; but all I ax you is to le' me go dyah too. I don' want stay here b'dout Jinny, an' y'all ain' gwine to know how to manage her b'dout me. I is de on'iest one kin do dat. Jinny got six chillern—little chillern—dis las' crap; she didn' hab none some sevrul years, an' den she had six. I gwine bring 'em all right up heah to y'all to teck keer on, 'cuz I gwine wid her—ef you le' me. I kyarn stan' it dyah by myself. I leetle mo' went 'stracted last night. Y'all kin have 'em, 'cuz y'all ken teck keer on 'em, an' I kyan't. I would jes like you to let her go home for a leetle while 'fo' yo' sen' her up, I jes would like dat. She got a right new baby dyah squealin' for her dis minute, an' I mighty feared hit gwine to die widout her, an' dat'll be right

hard 'pon Jinny. She 'ain' never los' but byah one, an' I had right smart trouble wid her 'bout dat. She sort o' out her head arter dat some sevrul months, till she got straight agin. I git 'long toler'ble well wid de urr chillerns, but I ain' able to nuss dat new one, an' she squeal all night. I got a ooman to come dyah an' look arter it, but she say she want Jinny, an' I think Jinny want her—I think she do. Jes let her go dyah a little while. Dat's all I want to ax you."

He sat down.

A glance at Jinny proved his assertion. Her eyes were shut fast, and with her arms tightly folded across her ample bosom, she was rocking gently from side to side. Two tears had pushed out from under her eyes, and stood gleaming on her black cheeks.

The counsel glanced up at the judge, whose face wore a look of deep perplexity, and then at the jury. "I would like to poll the jury," he said.

The clerk read the verdict over, and called the first name. "Is that your verdict?"

The juror arose. "Well, judge, I thought it was; but" (he looked down at his fellows) "I think if I could I would like to talk to one or two of the other jurors a minute, if it is not too late. My wife's got a right new baby at home herself that squealed a little last night, and I'd like to go back to the room and think about it."

"Sheriff, take the jury back to their room," said the judge, firmly.

In a few minutes they returned, and the verdict was read:

"We, the jury, all married men, find the prisoner guilty of only easing her mind."

SAUNDERS McGLASHAN'S COURTSHIP

DAVID KENNEDY

Saunders McGlashan was a handloom-weaver in a rural part of Scotland, many years ago. Like many another Scotsman, he was strongly possessed with the desire to own the house he lived in. He bought it, before he had saved money enough to pay for it, and he toiled day and night to clear the debt, but died in the struggle. He bequeathed the debt and his blessing to his wife and bairns. When he was dying, he called his son to the bedside and said: "Saunders, ye're the eldest son, and ye maun be a faither to the ither bairns, see that they a' learn to read their Bibles and to write their names, and be gude to your mither; and, Saunders, promise me that ye'll see that the debt is paid." The son promised, and the father died and was buried in the auld kirkyard.

Years passed—the bairns were all married and away, and Saunders was left alone with his mother. She grew frail and old, and he nursed her with tender, conscious care. On the evening of the longest summer day the mother lay dying. Saunders sat at her bedside, and they opened their hearts to each other on the grandest themes. Stretching her skinny hand out of the bedclothes, she laid it on Saunders's head, now turning gray, and said: "Saunders, ye've been a gude laddie,

and I'm gaun to leave ye. I bless ye, and Heaven will bless you; for ye have dune Heaven's biddin', and honored your faither and mither. I'll see your faither the morn, and I'll tell him that the bairns are a' weel, and that the debt was paid lang or I left the earth." She died, and he laid her in the kirkyard beside his father, and returned to the house he was born in—alone. He sat down in his father's chair crowned with the priceless crown of a deserved blessing, but there was no voice to welcome him.

"What'll I dae," he said. "I think I'll just keep the hoose mysel'." This was easily done, for he lived very simply—parritch or brose to breakfast, tatties and herrin' to dinner, and brose or parritch again to supper. But when winter set in, his trials began. One dark morning he awoke and said, "What needs I lie gantin here, I'll rise, and get a licht." So he got his flint and steel and tinder box and set to work. Nowadays we strike a match and have a light, but Saunders had no such easy task. The sparks from the steel and flint would not ignite the tinder, so he struck vehemently, missed the flint, and drove the steel deep into his knuckles.

"This'll never dae," he cried. "I'm tired o' this life—I'm determined to hae a wife." He succeeded at last in lighting the fire and made his parritch, but he burnt them, and the soot came doon the chimney and fell into them. "I'm pooshinin mysel'," he said; "I'm fa'in' awa' frae my claes, an' my breeks are hingin' in wrunkles about me. I said in my haste this mornin' that I wad hae a wife, an' noo I say in my solemn leisure, '*This very* day I *shall* have a wife'!"

Saunders was a simple-minded man, but no simpleton. He knew nothing of the ways of women. Various maidens had set their caps at him, but he had never seen it. He knew his Bible well, and naturally turned to Solomon for advice, but did not get much comfort there. "Hoo am I to understand women," he said, "for Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived, and he said that *he* couldna understand the ways o' women —it wasna for the want o' opportunity ony way."

Instinct told him that when he went a-wooing his best dress should go on; and looking in the glass he said: "I canna gang to see the lasses wi' a beard like that." So he shaved himself, although he was never known to shave except on Saturday; and he was such a strict Sabbatarian that if he began to shave late on Saturday night, and the clock chappit twelve when he had but one half of his face scrapit, he would leave it till Sunday was over. The shaving done he rubbed his chin, saying, with great simplicity: "I think that should dae for the lasses noo." Then he turned and admired himself in the glass, for vanity is the last thing that dies, even in man. "Ye're no a very ill lookin' man after a', Saunders; but it's a' very weel bein' guid-lookin' and weel drest, but whatna woman am I gaun to seek for my wife?"

He got at length paper and a pencil and wrote down with great deliberation six female names in large half text, carefully dotting all the "i's" and stroking all the "t's," and surveyed the list as follows: "That's a' the women I mind about. There's no great choice among them I think—let me see"—putting on his spectacles—"it's no very wiselike gaun courtin' when

a body needs to wear specs. Several o' them I've never spoken till, but I suppose that's of no consequence in this case. There's Mary Young. She's no very young, at ony rate. Elspeth M'Farlane, but she's blind o' the richt e'e; and it's not necessary that Saunders McGlashan should marry an imperfect woman. Kirsty Forsyth—she's been married twice already, an' surely twa men's enough for ony woman. Mary Morison—a very bonnie woman, but she's gotten a confounded lang tongue, an they say the hair upon her head's no' her ain hair—I'm certain it's her ain tongue, at ony rate! Jeannie Miller, wi' plenty o' siller—not to be despised. Janet Henderson, wi' plenty o' love. I ken that she has a gude heart—for she was kind till her mither lang bedfast; an' when ony barefoot laddie braks his taes, he rises and gowls, and runs straight to her hoose, and she dights his bubbly nose and claps him on the head and says, 'rin awa' hame noo, ye'll be a man afore yer mither!'

"Noo, which o' thae six will I go to first? I think the first four can bide awee, but the last twa—siller and love!—love and siller! Eh, wadna it be grand if a person could get them baith! but that's no allowed in the Christian dispensation. The patriarchs had mair liberty. Abraham wad just hae ta'en them baith, but I'm no Abraham. They say siller's the god o' the warld—I never had ony mair use for siller than to buy meat and claes, to put a penny in the plate on Sabbath, and gie a bawbee to a blind fiddler. But they say heaven's love and love's heaven, an' if I bring Janet Henderson to my fireside, and she sits at that side darnin' stockin's, and I sit at this side readin' after my day's wark, an'

I lauch ower to her, and she lauchs ower tae me, isna that heaven upon earth? A body can get on in this warld withoot siller, but they canna get on in this warld withoot love. I'll gie Janet Henderson the first offer."

He put on his best Sabbath-day hat, and issued forth into the street. Instantly at all the windows commanding a view of the street, there were female noses flattened against the panes. Voices might be heard crying: "Mither! Mither! Mither! Come here! come here! come here! Look! look! look! there's Saunders McGlashan wi' his beard off and his Sabbath-day claes on in the middle o' the week; he's lookin' awfu' melancholy—I wonder wha's dead."

Quite unconscious of the sensation he was creating, he walked gravely on toward the house of Janet Henderson. She at this moment, not knowing that her first offer was so near, was sitting spinning, sighing, and saying: "Eh, preserve me! it's a weary warld! I've been thirty year auld for the last ten years (sings).

"'Naebody comin' to marry me,
Naebody comin' tae woo!
Naebody comin' to marry me,
Naebody comin' tae woo.'"

The door opened, and there stood Saunders McGlashan.

"Eh! preserve me, Saunders, is that you? A sicht o' you's guid for sair e'en!"

The maiden span and took side-long glances. A woman can see mair wi the tail o' her e'e than a man can see with his two eyes wide open.

"Come awa' into the fire. What's up wi' ye the day,

Saunders? Ye're awfu' weel lickit up, ye are; I never saw ye lookin' sae handsome. What is't ye're after?"

"I'm gaun' aboot seekin' a wife!"

"Eh, Saunders, if it's that ye want, ye needna want that very lang, I'm thinkin'."

"But ye dinna seem to understan' me; it's *you* I want for my wife."

"Saunders McGlashan! think shame o' yersel' makin' a fool o' a young person in that manner."

"I'm makin' nae fool o' ye, Janet. This very day I'm determined to hae a wife. You are the first I've spoken till. I houp there's nae offence, Janet. I meant no offence. Eh! oh, very weel, if that's the way o't, it canna be helped." And slowly unfolding the paper, which he had taken from his waistcoat pocket, "I have several other women's names markit doun here tae ca' upon."

She saw the man meant business, stopped her spinning, looked down, was long lost in thought, raised her face, and broke the silence as follows: "Saunders (ahem) McGlashan (ahem), I've given your serious offer great reflection; I've spoken to my heart, and the answer's come back to my tongue. I'm sorry tae hurt yer feelin's, Saunders, but what the heart speaketh the tongue repeateth. A body maun act in thae matters according to their conscience, for they maun gie an account at the last. So I think, Saunders—I think I'll just—I'll just"—covering her face with her apron—"I'll just tak ye. Eh, Saunders, gae 'wa' wi' ye!—gae 'wa'! gae 'wa'!" But the maiden did not require to resist, for he made no attack, but solemnly sat in his seat, and solemnly said: "I'm rale muckle obleeged

to ye, Janet: it'll no be necessary to ca' on ony o' thae ither lasses noo!"

He rose, thinking it was all over and turned toward the door, but the maiden was there first, with her back at the door, and said: "Preserve me! what have I dune? if my neebors come tae ken that I've ta'en you at the very first offer they'll point the finger of scorn at me, and say ahint my back as lang as I live: 'That woman was *deein'* for a man'; so ye maun come here every day for the next month, and come in day licht, so that they'll a' see ye comin' an' gaun, and they'll say: 'That woman's no easy coortit, I can tell ye; the puir man's wearin' his shoon aff his feet!' For, Saunders! though I'll be your wife, Saunders, I'm determined to hae my dues o' courtship a' the same."

She lit the lamp of love in his heart at last. For the first time in his long life he felt the unmistakable, holy, heavenly glow; his heart broke into a full storm of love, and stooping down he took her yielding hand in his and said: "Yes, I wull; yes, I wull; I'll come twice every day, my Jo! my Jo—Jaanet!" Before the unhappy man knew where he was he had kissed the maiden! who was long expecting it; but the man blushed crimson, feeling guilty of a crime which he thought no woman could forgive, for it was the first kiss he had gotten or given in fifty lang Scottish, kissless years—while the woman stood with a look of supreme satisfaction, looking for more, but as no more seemed coming—for a woman can see a kiss a long way off—she lifted the corner o' her apron and dichted her moo, and said to him as she dichted her moo: "Eh, Saunders McGlashan! isna that rale refreshin'!"

THE ONE-LEGGED GOOSE

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid old Marsa John was ober Henny. Henny was a young gal dat b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn. I tell ye she was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen one time where I was helpin' git de dinner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring-house, an she says:

"'Chad, what yer cookin' dat smells so nice?'

"'Dat's a goose,' I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,' says I, pointin' to de dinin'-room do'."

"'Quality!' she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you and de cook.'

"Wid dat she grabs a caarvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

"'Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, 'Gittin' late, Chad; bring in de dinner.' You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is yer; kitchin an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'.

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose

an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes, an' Marsa says, lookin' up:

"'I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?'

"'I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,' I says. 'I'll ask de cook.'

"Next minute I yerd old Marsa a-hollerin':

"'Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?'

"'Lord-a-massy! yes, Marsa. Chad, you wu'th-less nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?'

"'Is we got a goose?' said I.

"'*Is we got a goose?* Didn't you help pick it?'

"'I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slide de goose in jes as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

"'Now see what de ladies'll have for dinner,' says old Marsa, pickin' up his caarvin' knife.

"'What'll you take for dinner, miss?' says I. 'Baked ham?'

"'No,' she says, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat; 'I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose'—jes so.

"Well, Marsa cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman'll have.'

"'What'll you take for dinner, sah?' says I. 'Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?'

"'No; I think I'll take a leg of dat goose,' he says.

"I didn't say nuffin', but I knowed berry well he wa'n't a-gwine to git it.

"But, Major, you oughter seen ole Marsa lookin' for der udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled caarvin' fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an' on top ob him, an den he says, kinder sad like:

"'Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?'

"'It didn't hab none,' says I.

"'You mean ter say, Chad, dat de gooses on my plantation on'y got one leg?'

"'Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, Marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little boddered to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust.'

"'Well,' said he, lookin' like he look when he send for you in de little room, 'I'll settle wid ye after dinner.'

"Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de tablecloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen, an' says, 'Now come down to de duck pond. I'm gwineter show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'

"I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when we got to de pond"—here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose-pond wid one leg stuck down—so—an' de udder tucked under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself by my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

"'Dar Massa,' says I, 'don't ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

"'Stop, you black scoun'rel!' Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. 'Shoo!'

"Major, I hope to have my brain kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob dem gooses didn't put down de udder leg!

"'Now, you lyin' nigger,' he says, rainin' his cane ober my head, 'I'll show you——'

"'Stop Marsa John!' I hollered; 'tain't fair, 'tain't fair.'

"'Why ain't it fair?' says he.

"''Cause,' says I, 'you didn't say "Shoo!" to de goose what was on de table.'"

THE TWA COURTIN'S

DAVID KENNEDY

Behold twa auld wives seated at the fireside drinking the blackest of tea, the old brown teapot at the fire, blackened with use and broken at the stroup.

"Eh, woman, but that's grand tea—it sticks to the roof o' yer moo! Nane o' yer new-fangled German silver teapots for me; ye dinna get the guid o' the tea unless it stands half an hour at the fire."

There they sit, cracking ower their young days, the one nervous, thin, black-eyed—poetic; the other squat and stout, practised, matter-of-fact—prosaic. But they both enjoy a gossip, and kickle ower the stories o' their courtin', the recollection of which seems even sweeter than the reality.

"Eh, but thae were grand days, thae young days! weel dae I mind—dear me, this is the very nicht forty years sin that oor John socht me for his wife. I'll tell ye the whole story—if ye'll promise to tell me what your man said to you when he socht you; but ye mauna repeat it, mind ye, to ony other body.

"John and me had gane thegither for five year. It's a lang time, and I began to weary on John—a woman doesna like to hing on ower lang, ye ken—I was beginnin' to be feared that if he didna speak soon he widna speak ava.

"Tuesday nichts and Friday nichts were John's

nichts, so John and me were rale sib. Weel, ye ken my faither's hoose stood in the middle o' a garden, and when John cam to see me he gae three raps on the window. Some chiels gae twa raps and some four raps and a whistle, but oor John, ye ken, just gae three raps. Weel, this nicht we were a-sittin' at the fireside, three raps cam to the window, and my heart gae a dunt, for I kenned it was *him*. But I never let on, ye ken. By and by I laid doon the stockin' I was darnin' and slipit oot quietly, and says I, 'Is that you, John?' and oot o' the dark a deep voice says, 'Ay, it's me, Janet.' Then I heard a motion among the bushes, and it cam' nearer and nearer till John was at my side, and eh! sic a wark he made wi' me!"

"Eh, woman, look at that de'il o' a laddie glowerin' at ye and takin' a' ye say."

"Hoots, awa', woman! the laddie's ower young to understand oor clavers. Here's a piece an' treacle tae ye, Davie. That'll shut his mouth and his lugs baith.

"Weel, awa doon the brae we gaed thegither. 'It's a fine nicht,' says I. 'Grand weather for the craps,' says John; but no anither word did he speak. John was never a great hand at sayin' muckle, and this nicht he was waur than ever. So doon the brae we gaed, and I fand John's arm slippin' round my waist. By and by I made believe to miss my foot, ye ken, and that gar'd John haud me tighter. I'm tellin' ye the whole truth, altho' I think black burnin' shame. Folks thinks that it's the lads that coorts the lasses. It's naethin' o' the kind. It's the lasses that coorts the lads, for I'm sure if I hadna gi'en John a hand, he wad never hae gotten on ava.

"Eat awa' at yer piece and treacle, laddie, and dinna ye glower at me like that.

"Weel, at the foot o' the brae we sat aneath a bus', whaur there waur just room for John and me, and its bonnie branches hid us frae every mortal e'e. Even the impertinent man in the moon, that sees sae mony things he shouldna see, couldna see in on us that nicht. There we sat a lang time, and John as usual said naething, but a' this time his arm was roond my waist, and at last it began to shake, and he said, 'Janet,' and thinks I to mysel', I've catched John at last; but something stuck in his throat, for he said nae mair. And there we sat and sat an' better sat an' eh! we were sae happy! 'Surely,' thinks I, 'this is heaven upon earth.' But all of a sudden John astonished me, for a better behaved young man never lived, he took a haud o' my head and he pressed it till his bosom and I fand his heart knock, k-nock, k-nockin' against my lug, and says he to me, says he: 'Janet, Janet, w-w-will ye, will ye marry me?' Eh, woman, wasna I richt glad to hear that! But a lassie canna expect to hear that very often in her life, so she maunna be in a hurry to answer. The tears were rinnin' doon my cheeks, John's arm was roond my waist, and my head was on John's bosom, and his heart was k-nockin' waur than ever. But I didna wait ower lang, for fear I should lose him a'th'gither; so says I to him, says I: 'Jo-o-hn, yes,' and wi' that oor John gaed clean daft a'th'gither, and he fairly worried me up wi' kisses."

"Hoot awa', woman," said the prosaic wife, "sic ongaeins! My man and me were na' sic fools. When my man cam' to see me, he cam' into the hoose like

ony decent man—to be sure there was nane but him and me in the hoose at the time—and he sits doon in my faither's chair, puts one leg ower the tither, and toasts his taes at the fire. 'Ony news?' says I. 'Ou! ay,' says he; 'Ive ta'en a hoose.' 'Ta'en a hoose,' says I. 'Ay! ta'en a hoose, and *furnishin'* a hoose.' 'Losh be here,' quo I, 'ta'en a hoose and furnishin' a hoose! wha are ye furnishin' the hoose for?' 'I'm furnishin' the hoose for you.' 'Oh, if that be the way o't, it wad be a great pity to lose the guid furnitur.'"

THE SHIP OF FAITH

ANONYMOUS

A certain colored brother had been holding forth to his little flock upon the ever-fruitful topic of *Faith,* and he closed his exhortation about as follows:

"My bruddren, ef yous gwine to git saved, you got to git on board de Ship ob Faith. I tell you, my bruddren, dere ain't no odder way. Dere ain't no gitten up de back stairs, nor goin' 'cross lots; you can't do dat away, my bruddren, you got to git on board de Ship of Faith. Once 'pon a time dere was a lot ob colored people, an' dey was all gwine to de promised land. Well, dey knowed dere w'an't no odder way for 'em to do but to git on board de Ship of Faith. So dey all went down an' got on board, de ole granfaders, an' de ole granmudders, an' de pickaninnies, an' all de res' ob 'em. Dey all got on board 'ceptin' one mons'us big feller, he said he's gwine to swim, *he* was. 'W'y!' dey said, 'you can't swim so fur like dat. It am a powerful long way to de promised land!' He said, 'I kin swim anywhur, I kin. I git board no boat, no, 'deed!' Well, my bruddren, all dey could say to dat poor disluded man dey couldn't git him on board de Ship of Faith, so dey started off. De day was fair, de win' right; de sun shinin' and ev'ryt'ing b'utiful, an' dis big feller he pull off his close and

plunge in de water. Well, he war a powerful swimmer, dat man, 'deed he war; he war dat powerful he kep' right 'long side de boat all de time; he kep' a hollerin' out to de people on de boat, sayin': 'What you doin' dere, you folks, brilin' away in de sun; you better come down heah in de water, nice an' cool down here.' But dey said: 'Man alive, you better come up here in dis boat while you got a chance.' But he said, 'No, indeedy! I git aboard no boat; I'm havin' plenty fun in de water.' Well, bimeby, my bruddren, what you tink dat pore man seen? *A horrible, awful shark*, my bruddren; mouf wide open, teef mor'n a foot long, ready to chaw dat pore man all up de minute he catch him. Well, when he seen dat shark he begun to git awful scared, an' he holler out to de folks on board de ship: 'Take me on board, take me on board, quick!' But dey said: 'No, indeed; you wouldn't come up here when you had an invite, you got to swim now.'

"He look over his shoulder an' he seen dat shark a-comin', an' he let hisself out. Fust it was de man an' den it was de shark, an' den it was de man again, dat away, my bruddren, *plum to de promised land.* Dat am de blessed troof I'm a-tellin' you dis minute. But what do you t'ink was a-waitin' for him on de odder shore when he got dere? *A horrible, awful lion*, my bruddren, was a-stan'in' dere on de shore, a-lashin' his sides wid his tail, an' a-roarin' away fit to devour dat poor nigger de minit he git on der shore. Well, he *war* powerful scared den, he don't know what he gwine to do. If he stay in de water de shark eat him up; if he go on de shore de lion eat him up; he

dunno what to do. But he put his trust in de Lord, an' went for de shore. Dat lion he give a fearful roar an' bound for him; but, my bruddren, as sure as you 'live an' breeve, dat horrible, awful lion he jump clean ober dat pore feller's head into de water; an' *de shark eat de lion.* But, my bruddren, don't you put your trust in no sich circumstance; dat pore man he done git saved, but I tell you *de Lord ain't a-gwine to furnish a lion for every nigger!*"

POETRY

DRAMATIC NARRATIVE

PATHETIC

HUMOROUS

HUMOROUS DIALECT

LYRIC

DRAMATIC

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
Shine, Poet, in thy place, and be content!
The Star that from the zenith darts its beams,
Visible though it be to half the Earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of its brightness,
Is yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the one that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge
Of some dark mountain; or than those which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DRAMATIC NARRATIVE

THE SORROW OF ROHAB *

ARLO BATES

I.

The foes of Rohab thrust the tongue in cheek,
Smiled in their beards, and muttered each to each;
Fleet messengers went riding north and south
And east and west among the tribes, while bruit
Of rumor ever louder waxed, as plots
Begot and hatched in darkness bolder grew,
And showed themselves in day.

As adders held
In a strong grasp writhe to be free and sting,
The hostile tribes had writhed while Rohab's hand
Held them in clutch of steel; but now at last,
When Rohab left the spear to thirst, the sword
To rust undrawn, and heard no sound more harsh
Than the lute's pleading; now that Lutra's love
To him was all in all, to which mere crown
And throne and people counted naught,—there rose
A hundred murmurs sinister—the stir
And rustle of his foes who knew their time
Had come.

* See Suggestions for Cutting, p. 553.

His people called for Rohab. Fear
Fell like the famine's blight. His nobles came
Up to the doors behind which Rohab dwelt
With joy and Lutra, but the lutes within
Mocked at their suit with merry cadences,
Behind the portals barred. The baser sort,
Angered with fright, and losing fear through fear
More great, sang ribald rhymes about their lord
Under his very lattice; and he heard
Only to smile in hearing. "How a wench,"
They carolled shrilly, "takes the conqueror
To be her plaything! What is Rohab now?
Only an ape that capers to delight
A wanton's leisure!" Stinging ribaldry
The king and Lutra laughed at, though the voice
Of all the land's despair was in the song.
Sedition waxed apace; as rustlings run
Foreboding through the forest when the storm
Gathers its force, through all the army stirred
Murmurs of anger; while the stealthy foe
Crept ever nearer.

Then, in wrath was half
Despair, by his sire's beard swore Isak, next
To Rohab's self in place and might, that, life
And honor though it cost, he would have forth
The king, even though he must needs be torn
From Lutra's arms.
"No living man,"
He muttered, "none, might overcome the king;
But she—"
And down the dusky corridors
Forbidden to the foot of man he went,
Still muttering in his beard fiercely,
"But she—!"

II.

The smoke of censers, where heaped ambergris
And myrrh and sandal-wood and cinnamon
Fragrantly smouldered, through the languid air
Crept upward, wavering slowly as it rose
To fans of slave girls, whose fair polished limbs
Glowed through the mists of gauzes roseate.
The pearly fall of fountains, and afar
The sound of distant bells, alone broke through
The luscious stillness of the afternoon.

At Lutra's shell-pink feet great Rohab lay,
His mighty body lapped in silken ease;
While all his soul yearned with love's ecstasies.
One playful finger of her slender hand
Dented his swarthy cheek's rough bronze till white
The pink nail showed, so hard she pressed it in.
Whereat he laughed, and caught the teasing hand,
And kissed it till she laughing drew it back.

Then, to escape the burning of his eyes,
She turned and stretched her arm like a swan's neck
After her lute; a shower of pearl, she ran
Her fingers twinkling down the liquid strings,
And broke into a lay, meeting his glance
With eyes where ever love and laughter welled:—

"Sweetheart, thy lips are touched with flame;
Sweetheart, thy glowing ardor tame;—
Sweetheart, thy love how can I blame,
When I, too, feel its fire,
When all thy fond desire,
Sweetheart, I know the same?

"Sweetheart, thine eyes like rubies glow;
Sweetheart, no more regard me so;—
Sweetheart, I cannot chide thee though,
Since my looks too are burning,
Since I, too, throb with yearning;
Sweetheart, thy pangs I know!

"Sweetheart, the blood leaps in thy cheek;
Sweetheart, thy very heart-throbs speak;—
Sweetheart, to chide I am too weak;
My heart, so hotly beating,
Is still thy name repeating;
Sweetheart, to still it seek!

"Sweetheart, I touch thy brow;
Sweetheart, I kiss thee now;—
Sweetheart—"

But Rohab dashed the pleading lute aside,
And ended all the lay's soft amorousness
To clasp her in his arms, and kiss her lips
And brow and bosom. Dearer than his fame
Or land or people was his love.

The clang
Of armor and the sound of steps in haste
Broke through the monarch's dream. A hand in mail
Tore roughly at the silks of Samarcand
Which veiled the entrance to that nest of bliss.

Still in each other's arms, but with embrace
Half loosened in amaze that one should dare
Invade that paradise, the lovers looked
With startled eyes as through the portal came

Isak, doom-bearing; and on Lutra's cheek
Instinctive presage turned love's blushes pale.
On Rohab's brow the cloud of mighty wrath
Swelled black as midnight tempest.
"Wherefore this?"
He cried. "Is Rohab counted now so light
His servants seek his face unbidden?"
Word
There was not in reply; but Isak's sword
Hissed in the air, and leaped with burning flash
Downward on Lutra's neck, as lightning falls
Upon a lotus. Her fair head, with all
Its wealth of hair shining and richly brown
Like melon seeds, its eyes of topaz, lips
Like twin pomegranate blooms, its cheeks as smooth
As a flute's note, and all that loveliness
Had caught the heart of Rohab as a snare
Tangles the falcon in a coil of death,
Fell, changed to thing of horror, drenched in blood,
And beautiful no more.

With cry where rage
Fought mightily with grief, up Rohab sprang,
The rubies on his robe outmatched in red
By blood drops; while his hand sought for his sword,
But found it not.

"Thine enemies," in taunt
Cried Isak, "at thy very gates set foot,
And dallying with his love, swordless is found
Rohab the mighty! Slay not me, O king,
Who am a warrior, with a hand perfumed
By playing with thy lady's locks! When thou

Again art Rohab, mine own blade I lend
Till thou avenge this insult on my head.
Now, save thy people!"
All the dancing girls,
Huddled as sheep crowd when the wolf is come,
Clustered around, but dared not speak or cry.
At Rohab's feet the head that had been she
Lay white and staring eyed, ghastly. The king
Set his teeth hard; his eyes were terrible;
Gray his swart cheeks. An instant as clocks count,
But space how long to their strained souls! he stood
Immovable.
"So be it! Go before."

Without one backward glance to where she lay
Whom he had loved, he followed Isak forth.

III.

As the simoon which rushes frantic forth
To blast and blight; as the fell swooping wave
An earthquake hurls upon the shuddering shore;
As the dread sword in Azrael's awful hand;—
So on his foes fell Rohab. All before
Was pride; behind was shame. Before was strength,
Behind was death. An all-consuming fire
He ravaged; and of twice ten tribes, which bound
Themselves in oath blood consecrated sword
Nor death should break their bond nor stay their way
Till they had conquered Rohab, not one man
Was left to lift the spear. Festered with blood
Was the wide desert, and the vultures, gorged,
Even the scent of carrion could not stir.

His wrath was like a god's. The leaping flames
Of thirty cities lighted Lutra's ghost
The darksome way it went. Drunken with blood
And mad with rage, the burning lust to kill
And kill and kill devoured his very soul.
Since she was dead, it stung him to the quick
That any dared be yet alive! He slew
And slew and slew, till there were none to slay;
Till trampled in the blood-drenched dust lay prone
The might of all the tribes.

Ever the king,
Fought with the meanest, with his warriors fared;
And once, leading himself a band that stole
To fall upon a village unaware,
While in the thicket crouched they, came a girl,
Barefooted and barearmed, a peasant maid,
Singing as day went down a song of love,
Twirling her distaff as with shining eyes
She looked across the plain like one who waits:

"Sings the nightingale to the rose:
'Without thy love I die!
Sweetheart, regard my cry!'
Sings the fountain as it flows:
'O lotus, comfort give;
Sweetheart, for thee I live!'
Oh, sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, dear
I love thee, and I wait thee here!

"Sings the cyclamen to the bee:
'In love alone is rest;
Sweetheart, come to my breast.'

Sings the moon on high to the sea:
'I shine for thee alone;
Sweetheart, I am thine own.'
Oh, sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, dear,
I love thee, and I wait thee here!"

And Rohab, cut to heart, drew back his band,
Sparing the village for the sake of her,
And for the song whose murmuring burden brought
The memory of another song too sweet,
Too sad to bear.

Ever at Rohab's side,
Where battle's fiercest eddies swirled and raged,
With plumes of bloody foam and dreadful wrack
Of broken bodies, trampled man and horse,
Tall spear, proud helm, and vaunting blazoned shield
All ownerless despite their boast, Isak
Like an avenging angel fought, with sword
That bulwarked Rohab. Thrice he thrust himself
Between the king and blows that would have slain;
Once and again, watching for treachery,
He gave the warning, saved the king from foes
Disguised like his own guards, and creeping close.
Yet ever Rohab, like one hating life,
Still held his peace, and gave no word of praise.

IV.

So wore it till an end was made of war,
And swords were sheathed for very lack of foes.

Prostrate on earth, Rohab, within his tent,
Sorrowed for Lutra, hearing cries of joy

From all the host, and stir of those who shared
The spoil, and noise of those dividing slaves,
And songs of those who revelled, while each cry
Was as a poisoned dart which stung his soul
With festering wound.

Then came the splendid day
The host gave thanks for victory. The plain
Sparkled with armor like the sunlit sea,
And glowed with colors like a sunset sky.
From every tent-top pennants fluttered gay,
With brave devices wrought in red and gold,
Orange and azure, green and amethyst—
Dragons and monsters, crescent, stars, and all
The arrogant emblaze of heraldry.
Like lithe and glistening water-snakes at play,
That double coil on coil, twist fold on fold,
In brave array the squadrons wound and wheeled,
The air all palpitant with beat of drum
And blare of trumpets, cymbals, horns, and shawms
Thicker and richer than the butterflies
Above the flower-set meads of Gulistan
A thousand banners waving flew, and plumes
Were as the thistle down that floats and flies
Where white wild asses feed by Tigris' bank.

So came the army, marching troop by troop,
Where Rohab sat in state to judge his foes
And recompense his heroes.

After shouts
Which made the banners shake, and joyful noise
Of countless instruments, there came at last
A silence. One by one, war-worn and grim,

Those leaders of the tribes the sword had spared
In bitter mockery of mercy, heard
Their doom of torture with calm front and eyes
Unquailing, prouder in defeat and shame
Than even in their days of power and pomp.
Then one by one the warriors of the king
Received their meed of richly won rewards
Of gold or glory, with the word of praise
From Rohab's lips, most precious boon of all.
To every troop its tale of spoil was told,
Loot of the tribes in gold and gear and gems
And slaves.

Last of the host, before the throne
Knelt Isak.
On him Rohab looked, no word
Loosing his firm-set lips, while Isak drew
His sword from scabbard.
"Now, O king," he said,
"That thou again art Rohab, prince of all
Who walk under the stars, I keep my vow.
Take mine own sword and smite."

But Rohab stooped,
And raised him to his feet; from his own side
Ungirt the gem-encrusted scabbard.
"Nay,"
He answered, "sword for sword. I give thee mine,
That all men thus may know whom most the king
Delights to honor."

All the circling host
Rent the high heavens with shouting, while the king
With his own hands did on the royal sword
To Isak's thigh.

"Rohab the king," he said,
"Honors thy hardihood, which did not spare
For fear of death or love of self to slay
His dearest, even in his arms, to save
The land. Rohab the king commends thee; gives
Thee highest grace and praise. Rohab the man—"

He paused for one fierce breath, and all the host
Was still, awed by his wrath; but Isak, pale,
Faced him unflinching, though he read his doom
In the king's blazing eyes.

"Rohab the man,"
The bitter words ran on, "cannot forget
How Lutra died. Seek her in paradise,
Where thou hast sent her; say that her lord's woe
Is as his valor, matchless among men,
And not to be assuaged. Rohab the king
Delights to honor thee. Rohab the man
Avenges Lutra's death, and SMITES!"

As fleet
As light the blade that had been Isak's flashed
Downward. Nor Lutra's blood, nor blood of all
The foes of Rohab it had drunk, could glut
Its thirst insatiate as it leaped in greed
To drink its master's.

Then, as Isak's head
Fell as her lovely head had fallen, death
Were not more silent than the awe-struck host.

But Rohab hid his face, and wept—for her.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

ROBERT BROWNING

Morning, evening, noon and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he labored, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son:

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise Him, that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, " Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue:

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay:

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, " A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:

" So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

" Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ:
Resume the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

CHIQUITA

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

Beautiful! Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match
in the county;
Is thar, old gal,—Chiquita, my darling, my beauty?
Feel of that neck, sir,—thar's velvet! Whoa! steady,
—ah, will you, you vixen!
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman
look at her paces.

Morgan!—she ain't nothing else, and I've got the
papers to prove it.
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars
won't buy her.
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know
Briggs of Tuolumne?
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains
down in 'Frisco?

Hedn't no savey, hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do,
—quit that foolin'!
Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her work
cut out before her.

Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys:
And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a hoss has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanigan's leaders?
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in low water!
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge and his nevey
Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all round us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek jest a-bilin',
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.
I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey, Chiquita;
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita
Buckled right down to her work, and, afore I could yell to her rider,
Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge and me standing,
And twelve-hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and a-driftin' to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it? That night, that hoss, that 'ar filly, Chiquita,
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there, all quiet and dripping:
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
Jest as she swam the Fork,—that hoss, that 'ar filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and—What did you say? —Oh, the nevey?
Drownded, I reckon,—leastways, he never kem back to deny it.
Ye see the derned fool had no seat, ye couldn't have made him a rider;
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses—well, hosses is hosses!

CARCASSONNE

GUSTAVE NADAUD

(Translated by Francis F. Browne)

"I'm an old man; I'm sixty years;
I've worked hard all my life,
Yet never have gained my heart's desire,
With all my toil and strife.
Ah, well I see that here below
There is perfect joy for none;
My dearest wish is unfulfilled,—
I have never seen Carcassonne!

"The city lies almost in sight,
  Beyond the mountains blue;
But yet to reach it one must needs
  Five weary leagues pursue.
And then, alas, the journey back!
  I know not how 'twere done:
The ripening vintage fears the frost,—
  I shall never see Carcassonne!

"'Tis said that in that favored place
  All days are holidays,
With happy folks in robes of white
  Passing along the ways;
'Tis said there are castles there as grand
  As those of Babylon,
And a Bishop and two Generals there,—
  I shall never know Carcassonne!

"The Vicar a hundred times is right,—
  We are weak and foolish all;
And in his sermon he teaches us
  That ambition makes men fall. . . .
But yet if I could somehow find
  Two days under Autumn's sun,
My God! but I would die content
  After having seen Carcassonne!

"I ask Thy pardon, gracious God,
  If my prayer offendeth Thee!
We strive to peer beyond our sight,
  In age as in infancy. . . .

My wife and son, they both have been
  As far as to Narbonne;
My godson has seen Perpignan,—
  And I've never seen Carcassonne!"

. . . . . .

An aged peasant thus complained,
  Bowed down with toil and care.
I said to him, "Arise, my friend;
  Together we'll go there."
We set out on the morrow morn;
  But our journey was scarce begun
When the old man died upon the road,—
  He had never seen Carcassonne!

THE LAST FIGHT

LEWIS F. TOOKER

That night I think that no one slept;
  No bells were struck, no whistle blew,
And when the watch was changed I crept
  From man to man of all the crew
With whispered orders. Though we swept
  Through roaring seas, we hushed the clock,
  And muffled every clanking block.

So when one fool, unheeding, cried
  Some petty order, straight I ran,
And threw him sprawling o'er the side.
  All life is but a narrow span:
It little matters that one bide
  A moment longer here, for all
  Fare the same road, whate'er befall.

But vain my care; for when the day
  Broke gray and wet, we saw the foe
But half a stormy league away.
  By noon we saw his black bows throw
Five fathoms high a wall of spray;
  A little more, we heard the drum,
  And knew that our last hour had come.

All day our crew had lined the side
  With grim, set faces, muttering;
And once a boy (the first that died)
  One of our wild songs tried to sing:
But when their first shot missed us wide,
  A dozen sprang above our rail,
  Shook fists, and roared a cursing hail.

Thereon, all hot for war, they bound
  Their heads with cool, wet bands, and drew
Their belts close, and their keen blades ground;
  Then, at the next gun's puff of blue,
We set the grog cup on its round,
  And pledged for life or pledged for death
  Our last sigh of expiring breath.

Laughing, our brown young singer fell
  As their next shot crashed through our rail;
Then 'twixt us flashed the fire of hell,
  That shattered spar and riddled sail.
What ill we wrought we could not tell;
  But blood-red all their scuppers dripped
  When their black hull to starboard dipped.

Nine times I saw our helmsman fall,
  And nine times sent new men, who took
The whirling wheel as at death's call;
  But when I saw the last one look
From sky to deck, then, reeling, crawl
  Under the shattered rail to die,
  I knew where I should surely lie.

I could not send more men to stand
  And turn in idleness the wheel
Until they took death's beckoning hand,
  While others, meeting steel with steel,
Flamed out their lives—an eager band,
  Cheers on their lips, and in their eyes
  The goal-rapt look of high emprise.

So to the wheel I went. Like bees
  I heard the shot go darting by;
There came a trembling in my knees,
  And black spots whirled about the sky.
I thought of things beyond the seas—
  The little town where I was born,
  And swallows twittering in the morn.

A wounded creature drew him where
  I grasped the wheel, and begged to steer.
It mattered not how he might fare
  The little time he had for fear;
So if I left this to his care
  He, too, might serve us yet, he said.
  He died there while I shook my head.

I would not fall so like a dog,
  My helpless back turned to the foe;
So when his great hulk, like a log,
  Came surging past our quarter, lo!
With helm hard down, straight through the fog
  Of battle smoke, and luffing wide
  I sent our sharp bow through his side.

The willing waves came rushing in
  The ragged entrance that we gave;
Like snakes I heard their green coils spin
  Up, up, around our floating grave;
But dauntless still, amid a din
  Of clashing steel and battle shout,
  We rushed to drive their boarders out.

Around me in a closing ring
  My grim-faced foemen darkly drew;
Then, sweeter than the lark in spring,
  Loud rang our blades; the red sparks flew.
Twice, thrice, I felt the sudden sting
  Of some keen stroke; then, swinging fair,
  My own clave more than empty air.

The fight went raging past me when
  My good blade cleared a silent place;
Then in a ring of fallen men
  I paused to breathe a little space.
Elsewhere the deck roared like a glen
  When mountain torrents meet; the fray
  A moment then seemed far away.

The barren sea swept to the sky;
  The empty sky dipped to the sea;
Such utter waste could scarcely lie
  Beyond death's starved periphery.
Only one living thing went by;
  Far overhead an ominous bird
  Rode down the gale with wings unstirred.

Windward I saw the billows swing
  Dark crests to beckon others on
To see our end; then, hurrying
  To reach us ere we should be gone,
They came, like tigers mad to fling
  Their jostling bodies on our ships,
  And snarl at us with foaming lips.

There was no time to spare: a wave
  E'en then broke growling at my feet;
One last look to the sky I gave,
  Then sprang my eager foes to meet.
Loud rang the fray above our grave—
  I felt the vessel downward reel
  As my last thrust met thrusting steel.

I heard a roaring in my ears;
  A green wall pressed against my eyes;
Down, down I passed; the vanished years
  I saw in mimicry arise.
Yet even then I felt no fears,
  And with my last expiring breath
  My past rose up and mocked at death.

INSTANS TYRANNUS

ROBERT BROWNING

Of the million or two, more or less,
I rule and possess,
One man, for some cause undefined,
Was least to my mind.

I struck him, he grovelled of course—
For, what was his force?
I pinned him to earth with my weight
And persistence of hate;
And he lay, would not moan, would not curse,
As his lot might be worse.

"Were the object less mean, would he stand
At the swing of my hand!
For obscurity helps him, and blots
The hole where he squats."
So, I set my five wits on the stretch
To inveigle the wretch.
All in vain! Gold and jewels I threw,
Still he couched there perdue;
I tempted his blood and his flesh.
Hid in roses my mesh,
Choicest cates and the flagon's best spilth:
Still he kept to his filth.

Had he kith now or kin, were access
To his heart, did I press:
Just a son or a mother to seize!
No such booty as these.

Were it simply a friend to pursue
'Mid my million or two,
Who could pay me, in person or pelf,
What he owes me himself!
No: I could not but smile thro' my chafe:
For the fellow lay safe
As his mates do, the midge and the nit,
—Thro' minuteness, to wit.

Then a humor more great took its place
At the thought of his face:
The droop, the low cares of the mouth,
The trouble uncouth
'Twixt the brows, all that air one is fain
To put out of its pain.
And, "no!" I admonished myself,
"Is one mocked by an elf,
Is one baffled by toad or by rat?
The gravamen's in that!
How the lion, who crouches to suit
His back to my foot,
Would admire that I stand in debate!
But the small turns the great
If it vexes you,—that is the thing!
Toad or rat vex the king?
Tho' I waste half my realm to unearth
Toad or rat, 'tis well worth!"

So, I soberly laid my last plan
To extinguish the man.
Round his creep-hole, with never a break
Ran my fires for his sake;

Overhead, did my thunder combine
With my under-ground mine:
Till I looked from my labor content
To enjoy the event.

When sudden . . . how think ye, the end?
Did I say "without friend?"
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an Arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
Where the wretch was safe prest!
Do you see! Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
—So, *I* was afraid!

EMMA AND EGINHARD

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

When Alcuin taught the sons of Charlemagne,
In the free schools of Aix, how kings should reign,
And with them taught the children of the poor
How subjects should be patient and endure,
He touched the lips of some, as best befit,
With honey from the hives of Holy Writ;
Others intoxicated with the wine
Of ancient history, sweet but less divine;

Some with the wholesome fruits of grammar fed;
Others with mysteries of the stars o'erhead,
That hang suspended in the vaulted sky
Like lamps in some fair palace vast and high.

In sooth, it was a pleasant sight to see
That Saxon monk, with hood and rosary,
With inkhorn at his belt, and pen and book,
And mingled love and reverence in his look,
Or hear the cloister and the court repeat
The measured footfalls of his sandalled feet,
Or watch him with the pupils of his school,
Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule.

Among them, always earliest in his place,
Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish race,
Whose face was bright with flashes that forerun
The splendors of a yet unrisen sun.
To him all things were possible, and seemed
Not what he had accomplished, but had dreamed,
And what were tasks to others were his play,
The pastime of an idle holiday.

Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's, said,
With many a shrug and shaking of the head,
Surely some demon must possess the lad,
Who showed more wit than ever schoolboy had,
And learned his Trivium thus without the rod;
But Alcuin said it was the grace of God.

Thus he grew up, in Logic point-device,
Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhetoric nice;
Science of Numbers, Geometric art,
And lore of Stars, and Music knew by heart;

A Minnesinger, long before the times
Of those who sang their love in Suabian rhymes.

The Emperor, when he heard this good report
Of Eginhard much buzzed about the court,
Said to himself, "This stripling seems to be
Purposely sent into the world for me;
He shall become my scribe, and shall be schooled
In all the arts whereby the world is ruled."
Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain
To honor in the court of Charlemagne;
Became the sovereign's favorite, his right hand,
So that his fame was great in all the land,
And all men loved him for his modest grace
And comeliness of figure and of face.

An inmate of the palace, yet recluse,
A man of books, yet sacred from abuse
Among the armed knights with spur on heel,
The tramp of horses and the clang of steel;
And as the Emperor promised he was schooled
In all the arts by which the world is ruled.
But the one art supreme, whose law is fate,
The Emperor never dreamed of till too late.

Home from her convent to the palace came
The lovely Princess Emma, whose sweet name,
Whispered by seneschal or sung by bard,
Had often touched the soul of Eginhard.
He saw her from his window, as in state
She came, by knights attended through the gate;
He saw her at the banquet of that day,
Fresh as the morn, and beautiful as May;

He saw her in the garden, as she strayed
Among the flowers of summer with her maid,
And said to him, "O Eginhard, disclose
The meaning and the mystery of the rose";
And trembling he made answer: "In good sooth,
Its mystery is love, its meaning youth!"

How can I tell the signals and the signs
By which one heart another heart divines?
How can I tell the many thousand ways
By which it keeps the secret it betrays?

O mystery of love! O strange romance!
Among the Peers and Paladins of France,
Shining in steel, and prancing on gay steeds,
Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds,
The Princess Emma had no words nor looks
But for this clerk, this man of thought and books.

The summer passed, the autumn came; the stalks
Of lilies blackened in the garden walks;
The leaves fell, russet-golden and blood-red,
Love-letters thought the poet fancy-led,
Or Jove descending in a shower of gold
Into the lap of Danae of old;
For poets cherish many a strange conceit,
And love transmutes all nature by its heat.

No more the garden lessons, nor the dark
And hurried meetings in the twilight park;
But now the studious lamp, and the delights
Of firesides in the silent winter nights,
And watching from his window hour by hour
The light that burned in Princess Emma's tower.

At length one night, while musing by the fire,
O'ercome at last by his insane desire,
For what will reckless love not do and dare?—
He crossed the court, and climbed the winding stair,
With some feigned message in the Emperor's name;
But when he to the lady's presence came
He knelt down at her feet, until she laid
Her hand upon him, like a naked blade,
And whispered in his ear: "Arise, Sir Knight,
To my heart's level, O my heart's delight."

And there he lingered till the crowing cock,
The Alectryon of the farmyard and the flock,
Sang his aubade with lusty voice and clear,
To tell the sleeping world that dawn was near.
And then they parted; but at parting, lo!
They saw the palace courtyard white with snow,
And, placid as a nun, the moon on high
Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the sky.
"Alas!" he said, "how hide the fatal line
Of footprints leading from thy door to mine,
And none returning!" Ah, he little knew
What woman's wit, when put to proof, can do!

That night the Emperor, sleepless with the cares
And troubles that attend on state affairs,
Had risen before the dawn, and musing gazed
Into the silent night, as one amazed
To see the calm that reigned o'er all supreme,
When his own reign was but a troubled dream.
The moon lit up the gables capped with snow,
And the white roofs, and half the court below,

And he beheld a form, that seemed to cower
Beneath a burden, come from Emma's tower,—
A woman, who upon her shoulders bore
Clerk Eginhard to his own private door,
And then returned in haste, but still essayed
To tread the footprints she herself had made;
And as she passed across the lighted space,
The Emperor saw his daughter Emma's face!

He started not; he did not speak or moan,
But seemed as one who hath been turned to stone;
And stood there like a statue, nor awoke
Out of his trance of pain, till morning broke,
Till the stars faded, and the moon went down,
And o'er the towers and steeples of the town
Came the gray daylight; then the sun, who took
The empire of the world with sovereign look,
Suffusing with a soft and golden glow
All the dead landscape in its shroud of snow,
Touching with flame the tapering chapel spires,
Windows and roofs, and smoke of household fires,
And kindling park and palace as he came;
The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in flame.
And thus he stood till Eginhard appeared,
Demure and modest with his comely beard
And flowing flaxen tresses, come to ask,
As was his wont, the day's appointed task
The Emperor looked upon him with a smile,
And gently said: "My son, wait yet awhile;
This hour my council meets upon some great
And very urgent business of the state.
Come back within the hour. On thy return
The work appointed for thee shalt thou learn."

Having dismissed this gallant Troubadour,
He summoned straight his council, and secure
And steadfast in his purpose, from the throne
All the adventure of the night made known;
Then asked for sentence; and with eager breath
Some answered banishment, and others death.

Then spake the king: "Your sentence is not mine;
Life is the gift of God, and is divine;
Nor from these palace walls shall one depart
Who carries such a secret in his heart;
My better judgment points another way.
Good Alcuin, I remember how one day
When my Pepino asked you, 'What are men?'
You wrote upon his tablets with your pen,
'Guests of the grave and travellers that pass!'
This being true of all men, we, alas!
Being all fashioned of the selfsame dust,
Let us be merciful as well as just;
This passing traveller, who hath stolen away
The brightest jewel of my crown to-day,
Shall of himself the precious gem restore;
By giving it, I make it mine once more.
Over those fatal footprints I will throw
My ermine mantle like another snow."

Then Eginhard was summoned to the hall,
And entered, and in presence of them all,
The Emperor said: "My son, for thou to me
Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be,
Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and thy zeal
Pleads to me with importunate appeal,

While I have been forgetful to requite
Thy service and affection as was right.
But now the hour is come, when I, thy Lord,
Will crown thy love with such supreme reward,
A gift so precious kings have striven in vain
To win it from the hands of Charlemagne."

Then sprang the portals of the chamber wide,
And Princess Emma entered, in the pride
Of birth and beauty, that in part o'ercame
The conscious terror and the blush of shame.
And the good Emperor rose up from his throne,
And taking her white hand within his own
Placed it in Eginhard's, and said: "My son,
This is the gift thy constant zeal hath won;
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,
And cover up the footprints in the snow."

THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT

ROBERT BUCHANAN

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
  Lay in the Field of Blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night,
  And black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
  Tho' the red Moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
  Strangled and dead lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Look'd on it in despair.

The breath of the World came and went
  Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the World's eyes
  The dews fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Did make a gentle moan—
"I will bury underneath the ground
  My flesh and blood and bone.

"I will bury deep beneath the soil,
  Lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come
  The body will be gone!

"The stones of the field are sharp as steel,
  And hard and bold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
  Until I find a spot!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  So grim, and gaunt, and gray,
Rais'd the body of Judas Iscariot,
  And carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field
  Its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw
  Rattled aloud, like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lanthorn's eye,
  Open'd and shut again.

Half he walk'd, and half he seem'd
  Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
  Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
  It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
  And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto
  It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
  It floated light as wool.

He drew the body on his back,
  And it was dripping chill,
And the next place that he came unto
  Was a Cross upon a hill.

A Cross upon the windy hill,
  And a Cross on either side,
Three skeletons that swing thereon,
  Who had been crucified.

And on the middle cross-bar sat
  A white Dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light,
  With its head beneath its wing.

And underneath the middle Cross
  A grave yawn'd wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Shiver'd, and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto
  It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
  Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dar'd not fling the body in
  For fear of faces dim,
And arms were wav'd in the wild water
  To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Turn'd from the Brig of Dread,
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
  Had splash'd the body red.

For days and nights he wander'd on
  Upon an open plain,
And the days went by like blinding mist,
  And the nights like rushing rain.

For days and nights he wander'd on,
  All thro' the Wood of Woe;
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
  And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Came with a weary face—
Alone, alone, and all alone,
  Alone in a lonely place!

He wander'd east, he wander'd west,
  And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
  He wander'd round and round.

For months and years, in grief and tears,
  He walk'd the silent night;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Perceiv'd a far-off light.

A far-off light across the waste,
  As dim as dim might be,
That came and went like a lighthouse gleam
  On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Crawl'd to the distant gleam;
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
  Against him with a scream.

For days and nights he wander'd on,
  Push'd on by hands behind;
And the days went by like black, black rain
  And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
  Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
  Before a lighted hall.

And the wold was white with snow,
  And his foot-marks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silver Moon arose,
  Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves,
  And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
  Pass'd on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests
  Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
  Lay stretch'd along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot
  Lay stretch'd along the snow;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down,
  He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen Pole
  Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
  And the lights burn'd bright and clear—
"Oh, who is that," the Bridegroom said,
  "Whose weary feet I hear?"

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall,
  And answer'd soft and slow,
"It is a wolf runs up and down
  With a black track in the snow."

The Bridegroom, in his robe of white,
  Sat at the table-head—
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
  The blessed Bridegroom said.

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall,
  And answer'd fierce and low,
" 'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
  With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
  And he was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
  Was spread so long and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and look'd,
  And his face was bright to see—
" What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
  With thy body's sins? " said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Stood black, and sad, and bare—
" I have wander'd many nights and days;
  There is no light elsewhere."

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
  And their eyes were fierce and bright—
" Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Away into the night! "

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
  And he wav'd hands still and slow,
And the third time that he wav'd his hands
  The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
  Before it touch'd the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
  Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
  Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
  Were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
  And beckon'd, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
  And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
  Before I pour'd the wine!"

The supper wine is pour'd at last,
  The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
  And dries them with his hair.

"ONE, TWO, THREE"

HENRY C. BUNNER

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
  And a boy who was half-past three,
And the way that they played together
  Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
  And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
  With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
  Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
  Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
  Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
  And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
  On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
  In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
  He would cry, and laugh with glee.
It wasn't the china closet;
  But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mama's things used to be,
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with a lame little knee;
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

THE LEPER

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS

"Room for the leper! Room!" and as he came
The cry passed on. "Room for the leper! Room!"
And aside they stood—
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on the way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper, with the ashes on his brow,

Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering—stepping painfully and slow,
And with difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!"
For Helon was a leper.

Day was breaking,
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,
Like an articulate wail; and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness; and bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in the loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:—

"Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague his people may be free.

"Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;
And stay thou not to hear

Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

"Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

"And pass thou not between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen.
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

"And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel His chastening rod:—
Depart, O leper! and forget not God."

And he went forth,—alone! Not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart,
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,—
Sick and heart-broken, and alone,—to die!
For God had cursed the leper.
It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,

Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying he might be so blest,—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth, shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name,
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leperous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon, arise!" And he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him. Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, sword, or spear; yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple and his sandals worn;
His statue modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn

Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him.

THE GIFT THAT NONE COULD SEE

MARY E. WILKINS

"There are silver pines on the window-pane,
A forest of them," said he;
"And a huntsman is there with a silver horn,
Which he bloweth right merrily.

"And there are a flock of silver ducks
A-flying over his head;
And a silver sea and a silver hill
In the distance away," he said.

"And all this is on the window-pane,
My pretty mamma, true as true!"
She lovingly smiled; but she looked not up,
And faster her needle flew.

A dear little fellow the speaker was—
  Silver and jewels and gold,
Lilies and roses and honey-flowers,
  In a sweet little bundle rolled.

He stood by the frosty window-pane
  Till he tired of the silver trees,
The huntsman blowing his silver horn,
  The hills and the silver seas;

And he breathed on the flock of silver ducks,
  Till he melted them quite away;
And he saw the street, and the people pass—
  And the morrow was Christmas Day.

"The children are out, and they laugh and shout,
  I know what it's for," said he;
"And they're dragging along, my pretty mamma,
  A fir for a Christmas-tree."

He came and stood by his mother's side:
  "To-night it is Christmas Eve;
And is there a gift somewhere for me,
  Gold mamma, do you believe?"

Still the needle sped in her slender hands:
  "My little sweetheart," said she,
"The Christ Child has planned this Christmas, for you,
  His gift that you cannot see."

The boy looked up with a sweet, wise look
  On his beautiful baby-face:
"Then my stocking I'll hang for the Christ Child's gift,
  To-night, in the chimney-place."

On Christmas morning the city through,
  The children were queens and kings,
With their royal treasuries bursting o'er
  With wonderful, lovely things.

But the merriest child in the city full,
  And the fullest of all with glee,
Was the one whom the dear Christ Child had brought
  The gift that he could not see.

"Quite empty it looks, oh, my gold mamma,
  The stocking I hung last night!"
"So then it is full of the Christ Child's gift."
  And she smiled till his face grew bright.

"Now, sweetheart," she said, with a patient look
  On her delicate, weary face,
"I must go and carry my sewing home,
  And leave thee a little space.

"Now stay with thy sweet thoughts, heart's delight,
  And I soon will be back to thee."
"I'll play, while you're gone, my pretty mamma,
  With my gift that I cannot see."

He watched his mother pass down the street;
  Then he looked at the window-pane
Where a garden of new frost-flowers had bloomed
  While he on his bed had lain.

Then he tenderly took up his empty sock,
  And quietly sat awhile,
Holding it fast, and eying it
  With his innocent, trusting smile.

"I am tired of waiting," he said at last;
"I think I will go and meet
My pretty mamma, and come with her
A little way down the street.

"And I'll carry with me, to keep it safe,
My gift that I cannot see."
And down the street 'mid the chattering crowd,
He trotted right merrily.

"And where are you going, you dear little man?"
They called to him as he passed;
"That empty stocking why do you hold
In your little hand so fast?"

Then he looked at them with his honest eyes,
And answered sturdily:
"My stocking is full to the top, kind sirs,
Of the gift that I cannot see."

They would stare and laugh, but he trudged along,
With his stocking fast in his hand:
"And I wonder why 'tis that the people all
Seem not to understand!"

"Oh, my heart's little flower!" she cried to him,
A-hurrying down the street;
"And why are you out on the street alone?
And where are you going, my sweet?"

"I was coming to meet you, my pretty mamma,
With my gift that I cannot see;
But tell me, why do the people laugh,
And stare at my gift and me?"

Like the Maid at her Son, in the Altar-piece,
  So loving she looked, and mild:
"Because, dear heart, of all that you met,
  Not one was a little child."

O thou who art grieving at Christmas-tide,
  The lesson is meant for thee;
That thou mayst get Christ's loveliest gifts
  In ways thou canst not see;

And how, although no earthly good
  Seems into thy lot to fall,
Hast thou a trusting child-like heart,
  Thou hast the best of all.

SPAIN'S LAST ARMADA

WALLACE RICE

They fling their flags upon the morn,
Their safety's held a thing for scorn,
As to the fray the Spaniards on the wings of war are borne;
Their sullen smoke-clouds writhe and reel,
And sullen are their ships of steel,
All ready, cannon, lanyards, from the fighting-tops to keel.

They cast upon the golden air
One glancing, helpless, hopeless prayer,
To ask that swift and thorough be the victory falling there;
Then giants with a cheer and sigh
Burst forth to battle and to die
Beneath the walls of Morro on that morning in July.

The *Teresa* heads the haughty train,
To bear the Admiral of Spain,
She rushes, hurtling, whitening, like the summer hurricane;
El Morro glowers in his might;
Socapa crimsons with the fight;
The *Oquendo's* lunging lightning blazes through her sombre night.

In desperate and eager dash
The *Viscaya* hurls her vivid flash,
As wild upon the waters her enormous batteries crash;
Like spindrift scuds the fleet *Colon*,
And, on her bubbling wake bestrown,
Lurch, hungry for the slaughter, *El Furor* and *El Pluton*.

Round Santiago's armored crest,
Serene, in their gray valor dressed,
Our behemoths lie quiet, watching well from south and west;
Their keen eyes spy the harbor-reek;
The signals dance, the signals speak;
Then breaks the blasting riot as our broadsides storm and shriek!

Quick, poising on her eagle-wings,
The *Brooklyn* into battle swings;
The wide sea falls and wonders as the titan *Texas* springs;
The *Iowa* in monster-leaps
Goes bellowing above the deeps;
The *Indiana* thunders as her terror onward sweeps.

And, hovering near and hovering low
Until the moment strikes to go,
In gallantry the *Gloucester* swoops down on her double foe;
She volleys—the *Furor* falls lame;
Again—and the *Pluton's* aflame;
Hurrah, on high she's tossed her! Gone the grim destroyers' fame!

And louder yet and louder roar
The *Oregon's* black cannon o'er
The clangor and the booming all along the Cuban shore.
She's swifting down her valkyr-path,
Her sword sharp for the aftermath,
With levin in her glooming, like Jehovah in His wrath.

Great ensigns snap and shine in air
Above the furious onslaught where
Our sailors cheer the battle, danger but a thing to dare;
Our gunners speed, as oft they've sped,
Their hail of shrilling, shattering lead,
Swift-sure our rifles rattle, and the foeman's decks are red.

Like baying bloodhounds lope our ships,
Adrip with fire their cannons' lips;
We scourge the fleeing Spanish, whistling weals from scorpion-whips;
Till, livid in the ghastly glare,
They tremble on in dread despair,
And thoughts of victory vanish in the carnage they must bear.

Where Cuban coasts in beauty bloom,
Where Cuban breakers swirl and boom,
The *Teresa's* onset slackens in a scarlet spray of doom;
Near Nimanima's greening hill
The streaming flames cry down her will,
Her vast hull blows and blackens, prey to every mortal ill.

On Juan Gonzales' foaming strand
The *Oquendo* plunges 'neath our hand,
Her armaments all strangled, and her hope a showering brand;
She strikes and grinds upon the reef,
And, shuddering there in utter grief,
In misery and mangled, wastes away beside her chief.

The *Viscaya* nevermore shall ride
From out Aserradero's tide,
With hate upon her forehead ne'er again she'll pass in pride;
Beneath our fearful battle-spell
She moaned and struggled, flared and fell,
To lie agleam and horrid, while the piling fires swell.

Thence from the wreck of Spain alone
Tears on the terrified *Colon*,
In bitter anguish crying, like a storm-bird forth she's flown;
Her throbbing engines creak and thrum;
She sees abeam the *Brooklyn* come,
For life she's gasping, flying; for the combat is she dumb.

Till then the man behind the gun
Had wrought whatever must be done—
Here, now, beside our boilers is the fight fought out and won;
Where great machines pulse on and beat,
A-swelter in the humming heat
The Nation's nameless toilers make her mastery complete.

The Cape o' the Cross casts out a stone
Against the course of the *Colon*,
Despairing and inglorious on the wind her white flag's thrown;
Spain's last Armada, lost and wan,
Lies where Tarquino's stream rolls on,
As round the world, victorious, looms the dreadnought *Oregon*.

The sparkling daybeams softly flow
To glint the twilight afterglow,
The banner sinks in splendor that in battle ne'er was low;
The music of our country's hymn
Rings out like song of seraphim,
Fond memories and tender fill the evening fair and dim;

Our huge ships ride in majesty
Unchallenged o'er the glittering sea,
Above them white stars cluster, mighty emblem of the free;
And all adown the long sea-lane
The fitful bale-fires wax and wane
To shed their lurid lustre on the empire that was Spain.

DORA

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd toward William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.
Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son:
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answer'd short;
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,

And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again."
But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!"

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
"I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.

But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."
And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said: "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:
"Do with me as you will, but take the child,

And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy:
But go you hence, and never see me more."
So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back:
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house.

And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."
So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch: they peep'd, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him: and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in: but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her:
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:
"O Father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."
So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;

And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
"I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my
son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."
Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child
Thinking of William.
So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

THE EMIR'S GAME OF CHESS

(*London, Speaker*)

Mohammed, Emir of Granada, kept
His brother Yusuf captive in the hold
Of Salobrina. When Mohammed lay
Sick unto death, and knew that he must die,
He wrote with his own hand, and sealed the scroll
With his own seal, and sent to Khaled, "Slay
Thy prisoner, Yusuf."
At the chess-board sat,
Playing the game of kings, as friend with friend,
The captive and his gaoler, whom he loved.
Backward and forward swayed the mimic war;

Hither and thither glanced the knights across
The field—the Queen swept castles down, and passed
Trampling through the ranks, when in her path
A castle rose, threatened a knight in flank—
"Beware, my lord—or else I take the Queen!"
Swift, on his word, a knocking at the gate.
"Nay, but my castle holds the King in check!"—
And in the doorway stood a messenger:
"Behold!—a message from my lord the King!"

And Khaled stood upon his feet, and reached
His hand to take the scroll, and bowed his head
O'er the King's seal.
"Friend, thou hast ridden fast?"—
The man spake panting, and the sweat ran down
His brows and fell like raindrops on the flags—
"I left Granada at the dawn—the King
Had need of haste."
And Khaled broke the seal
And read with livid lips, and spake no word,
But thrust the scroll into his breast . . . Then turned
And bade the man go rest, and eat, and drink. . . .
But Yusuf smiled, and said: "O friend—and doth
My brother ask my head of thee?" Then he
Whose wrung heart choked the answer gave the scroll
To Yusuf's hand, but spake not. Yusuf read
Unto the end, and laid the parchment down.
"Yet there is time—shall we not end the game?
Thy castle menaces my King—behold!
A knight has saved the King!"
But Khaled's knees
Were loosed with dread, and white his lips; he fell

Back on the couch, and gazed on Yusuf's face
Like one astonished. Yusuf's fearless eyes
Smiled back at his, unconquered. "Brother, what
So troubles thee? What can Mohammed do,
Save send me forth to find—only, maybe,
A little sooner than I else had gone—
The truth of those things whereof thou and I
Have questioned oft? To-morrow at this time
I shall know all Aflatoun knew, and thou
Shalt know one day. And, since we have this hour,
Play we the game to end."
Then Khaled moved
A pawn with trembling fingers.
"See—thy Queen
Is left unguarded. Nay!—thy thoughts had strayed—
I will not take her."
Khaled cast himself
Down on his face, and cried, like one in pain,
"Be thou or more or less—I am but man!
For me to see thee go unto thy death
Is not a morning's pastime."
"Nay—and yet
Were it not well to keep this thought of me
In this last hour together, as if our
Mohammed could not conquer?—I perchance
May yet look back. . . . But hark!—who comes?"
Aloud
The thundering hoofs upon the drawbridge rang
Of Andalusian stallions; and a voice
Cried "Hail! King Yusuf!"—drowned in answering shouts
And hammering lance-shafts thick upon the gate.
Then Khaled, trembling, stood, with ashen lips,

Listening, as in a dream. And unto him
Came Yusuf—caught him in his arms. "Heart's friend!
Fear not, all's well. The King shall not forget
Who loved him, even to the brink of death!
Look up, beloved!—
See, thou hast swept the men
From off the board. 'Twas writ in heaven, we two
Should never play that game unto the end!"

SHEMUS O'BRIEN

A Tale of '98, as Related by an Irish Peasant

JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU

Jist after the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the Boys wor all scattered and bate,
'Twas the custom, whenever a peasant was got,
To hang him by trial—barrin' such as was shot.
An' the bravest an' hardiest Boy iv them all
Was Shemus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.

An' it's he was the Boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought;
An' it's many the one can remember right well
The quare things he did: an' it's oft I heerd tell
How he frightened the magistrates in Chirbally,
An' 'scaped through the sojers in Aherlow valley;
How he leathered the yeoman, himself agin four,
An' stretched the two strongest on ould Golteemore.

But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must
rest,
An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best;
Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shemus, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon.
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still.
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,
And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake!
An' twelve sojers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail.

Well, as soon as a few weeks were over and gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on,
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
An' sojers on guard, an' Dragoons sword-in-hand;
An' the courthouse so full that the people were both-
ered,
An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smoth-
ered;
An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;
An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big
With his gown on his back, and an illegant wig;
An' silence was called, an' the minute 'twas said
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
An' Shemus O'Brien kem into the dock.

For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars so firm and so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;
And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
An' Jim didn't understand it nor mind it a taste,
An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase?"
An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
An' Shemus O'Brien made answer and said:
"My lord, if you ask me, if in my lifetime
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow
Before God and the world I would answer you, No!
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the Rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, Yes; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
In her cause I was willin' my veins should run dhry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;
By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap!
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.

Then Shemus's mother, in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
"O judge! darlin', don't, O, don't say the word!
The crather is young, have mercy, my lord;
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin';
You don't know him, my lord—O don't give him to ruin!
He's the kindliest crathur, the tindherest-hearted;
Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted!
Judge mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you—O don't say the word!"

That was the first minute O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other;
An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
But the sthrong manly voice used to falther and break;
But at last, by the strength of his high-mountin' pride,
He conquered and masthered his grief's swelling tide;
"An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart,
For, sooner or later, the dearest must part;
And God knows it's better than wand'ring in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,
From labor and sorrow, forever shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
Don't make me seem broken, in this my last hour;
For I wish, when my head's lyin' undher the raven,
No thrue man can say that I died like a craven!"

Then toward the Judge Shemus bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky;
But why are the men standin' idle so late?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the strate?
What come they to talk of? what come they to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?
O Shemus O'Brien! pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;
Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must
die!—

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sojers in state,
An' a cart in the middle an' Shemus was in it,
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
An' as soon as the people saw Shemus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',
A wild, wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through
trees.
On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sojers go steadily on;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;
An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the
ground,
An' Shemus O'Brien throws one last look round.

Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew
still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turned
chill;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the grip iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last
prayer.
But the good priest did more, for his hands he un-
bound,
An' with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the
ground;
Bang! bang! go the carbines, and clash go the sabres;
He's not down! he's alive! now stand to him, neigh-
bors!
Through the smoke and the horses he's into the
crowd,—
By the heavens, he's free!—than thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were
shaken—
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
The sojers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin', it's yourselves you must hang.

"FIDELE'S" GRASSY TOMB

HENRY NEWBOLT

The Squire sat propped in a pillowed chair,
His eyes were alive and clear of care,
But well he knew that the hour was come
To bid good-by to his ancient home.

He looked on garden, wood, and hill,
He looked on the lake, sunny and still;
The last of earth that his eyes could see
Was the island church of Orchardleigh.

The last that his heart could understand
Was the touch of the tongue that licked his hand;
"Bury the dog at my feet," he said,
And his voice dropped, and the Squire was dead.

Now the dog was a hound of the Danish breed,
Stanch to love and strong at need:
He had dragged his master safe to shore
When the tide was ebbing at Elsinore.

From that day forth, as reason would
He was named "Fidele," and made it good;
When the last of the mourners left the door
Fidele was dead on the chantry floor.

They buried him there at his master's feet,
And all that heard of it deemed it meet:
The story went the round for years,
Till it came at last to the Bishop's ears.

Bishop of Bath and Wells was he,
Lord of the lords of Orchardleigh;
And he wrote to the Parson the strongest screed
That Bishop may write or Parson read.

The sum of it was that a soulless hound
Was known to be buried in hallowed ground:
From scandal sore the Church to save
They must take the dog from his master's grave.

The heir was far in a foreign land,
The Parson was wax to my Lord's command:
He sent for the Sexton and bade him make
A lonely grave by the shore of the lake.

The Sexton sat by the water's brink
Where he used to sit when he used to think:
He reasoned slow, but he reasoned it out,
And his argument left him free from doubt.

"A Bishop," he said, "is the top of his trade:
But there's others can give him a start with the spade.
Yon dog, he carried the Squire ashore,
And a Christian couldn't ha' done no more."

The grave was dug; the mason came
And carved on stone Fidele's name:
But the dog that the Sexton laid inside
Was a dog that never had lived or died.

So the Parson was praised and the scandal stayed,
Till, a long time after, the church decayed,
And, laying the floor anew, they found
In the tomb of the Squire the bones of a hound.

As for the Bishop of Bath and Wells
No more of him the story tells;
Doubtless he lived as a Prelate and Prince,
And died and was buried a century since.

And whether his view was right or wrong
Has little to do with this my song:
Something we owe him, you must allow;
And perhaps he has changed his mind by now.

The Squire in the family chantry sleeps,
The marble still his memory keeps:
Remember when the name you spell,
There rest Fidele's bones as well.

For the Sexton's grave you need not search,
'Tis a nameless mound by the island church:
An ignorant fellow, of humble lot—
But he knew one thing that a Bishop did not.

A TALE

ROBERT BROWNING

What a pretty tale you told me
  Once upon a time
—Said you found it somewhere (scold me!)
  Was it prose or was it rhyme,
Greek or Latin? Greek, you said,
While your shoulder propped my head.

Anyhow there's no forgetting
  This much if no more,
That a poet (pray, no petting!)
  Yes, a bard, sir, famed of yore,
Went where suchlike used to go,
Singing for a prize, you know.

Well, he had to sing, nor merely
  Sing but play the lyre;
Playing was important clearly
  Quite as singing: I desire,
Sir, you keep the fact in mind
For a purpose that's behind.

There stood he, while deep attention
  Held the judges round,
—Judges able, I should mention,
  To detect the slightest sound
Sung or played amiss: such ears
Had old judges, it appears!

None the less he sang out boldly,
  Played in time and tune,
Till the judges, weighing coldly
  Each note's worth, seemed, late or soon,
Sure to smile "In vain one tries
Picking faults out: take the prize!"

When, a mischief! Were they seven
  Strings the lyre possessed?
Oh, and afterward eleven,
  Thank you! Well, sir,—who had guessed
Such ill-luck in store?—it happed
One of those same seven strings snapped.

All was lost, then! No! a cricket
  (What "cicada"? Pooh!)
—Some mad thing that left its thicket
  For mere love of music—flew
With its little heart on fire,
Lighted on the crippled lyre.

So that when (Ah joy!) our singer
  For his truant string
Feels with disconcerted finger,
  What does cricket else but fling
Fiery heart forth, sound the note
Wanted by the throbbing throat?

Ay and, ever to the ending,
  Cricket chirps at need,
Executes the hand's intending,
  Promptly, perfectly,—indeed
Saves the singer from defeat
With her chirrup low and sweet.

Till, at ending, all the judges
  Cry with one assent
"Take the prize—a prize who grudges
  Such a voice and instrument?
Why, we took your lyre for harp,
So it shrilled us forth F sharp!"

Did the conqueror spurn the creature,
  Once its service done?
That's no such uncommon feature
  In the case when Music's son
Finds his Lotte's power too spent
For aiding soul-development.

No! This other, on returning
  Homeward, prize in hand,
Satisfied his bosom's yearning:
  (Sir, I hope you understand!)
Said "Some record there must be
Of this cricket's help to me!"

So, he made himself a statue:
  Marble stood, life-size;
On the lyre, he pointed at you,
  Perched his partner in the prize;
Never more apart you found
Her, he throned, from him, she crowned.

That's the tale: its application?
  Somebody I know
Hopes one day for reputation
  Thro' his poetry that's—Oh,
All so learned and so wise
And deserving of a prize!

If he gains one, will some ticket,
  When his statue's built,
Tell the gazer "'Twas a cricket
  Helped my crippled lyre, whose lilt
Sweet and low, when strength usurped
Softness' place i' the scale, she chirped?

"For as victory was nighest,
  While I sang and played,—
With my lyre at lowest, highest,
  Right alike,—one string that made
'Love' sound soft was snapt in twain,
Never to be heard again,—

"Had not a kind cricket fluttered,
  Perched upon the place
Vacant left, and duly uttered
  'Love, Love, Love,' whene'er the bass
Asked the treble to atone
For its somewhat sombre drone."

But you don't know music! Wherefore
  Keep on casting pearls
To a—poet? All I care for
  Is—to tell him that a girl's
"Love" comes aptly in when gruff
Grows his singing. (There, enough!)

DOMINE, QUO VADIS?

Lord, whither farest Thou?

A Legend of the Early Church

WILLIAM WATSON

Darkening the azure roof of Nero's world,
From smouldering Rome the smoke of ruin curled;
And the fierce populace went clamoring—
"These Christian dogs, 'tis they have done this
  thing!"
So to the wild wolf Hate were sacrificed
The panting, huddled flock whose crime was Christ.

Now Peter lodged in Rome, and rose each morn
Looking to be ere night in sunder torn
By those blind hands that with inebriate zeal
Burned the strong Saints, or broke them on the wheel,

Or flung them to the lions to make mirth
For dames that ruled the lords that ruled the earth.

And unto him, their towering rocky hold,
Repaired those sheep of the Good Shepherd's fold
In whose white fleece as yet no blood or foam
Bare witness to the ravening fangs of Rome.
"More light, more cheap," they cried, "we hold our lives
Than chaff the flail or dust the whirlwind drives:
As chaff they are winnowed and as dust are blown;
Nay, they are nought; but priceless is thine own.
Not in yon streaming shambles must thou die;
We counsel, we entreat, we charge thee, fly!"
And Peter answered: "Nay, my place is here;
Through the dread storm, this ship of Christ I steer.
Blind is the tempest, deaf the roaring tide,
And I, His pilot, at the helm abide."

Then one stood forth, the flashing of whose soul
Enrayed his presence like an aureole.
Eager he spake; his fellows, ere they heard,
Caught from his eyes the swift and leaping word:
"Let *us*, His vines, be in the wine-press trod,
And poured a beverage for the lips of God;

"Or, ground as wheat of His eternal field,
Bread for His table let our bodies yield.
Behold, the Church hath other use for thee.
Thy safety is her own, and thou must flee.
Ours be the glory at her call to die,
But quick and whole God needs His great ally."

And Peter said: "Do lords of spear and shield
Thus leave their hosts uncaptained on the field,
And from some mount of prospect watch afar
The havoc of the hurricane of war?
Yet, if He wills it. . . . Nay, my task is plain,—
To serve, and to endure, and to remain.
But weak I stand, and I beseech you all
Urge me no more, lest at a touch I fall."

There knelt a noble youth at Peter's feet,
And like a viol's strings his voice was sweet.
A suppliant angel might have pleaded so,
Crowned with the splendor of some starry woe.
He said: "My sire and brethren yesterday
The heathen did with ghastly torments slay.
Pain, like a worm, beneath their feet they trod.
Their souls went up like incense unto God.
An offering richer yet, can Heaven require?
O live, and be my brethren and my sire."
And Peter answered: "Son, there is small need
That thou exhort me to the easier deed.
Rather I would that thou and these had lent
Strength to uphold, not shatter, my intent.
Already my resolve is shaken sore.
I pray thee, if thou love me, say no more."

And even as he spake, he went apart,
Somewhat to hide the brimming of his heart,
Wherein a voice came flitting to and fro,
That now said, "Tarry!" and anon said, "Go!"
And louder every moment, "Go!" it cried,
And "Tarry!" to a whisper sank, and died.

And as a leaf when summer is o'erpast
Hangs trembling ere it fall in some chance blast,
So hung his trembling purpose and fell dead;
And he arose, and hurried forth, and fled,
Darkness conniving, through the Capuan Gate,
From all that heaven of love, that hell of hate,
To the Campania glimmering wide and still,
And strove to think he did his Master's will.

But spectral eyes and mocking tongues pursued,
And with vague hands he fought a phantom brood.
Doubts, like a swarm of gnats, o'erhung his flight,
And "Lord," he prayed, "have I not done aright?
Can I not, living, more avail for Thee
Than whelmed in yon red storm of agony?
The tempest, it shall pass, and I remain,
Not from its fiery sickle saved in vain.
Are there no seeds to sow, no desert lands
Waiting the tillage of these eager hands,
That I should beastlike 'neath the butcher fall,
More fruitlessly than oxen from the stall?
Is earth so easeful, is men's hate so sweet,
Are thorns so welcome unto sleepless feet,
Have death and heaven so feeble lures, that I,
Choosing to live, should win rebuke thereby?
Not mine the dread of pain, the lust of bliss!
Master who judgest, have I done amiss?"

Lo, on the darkness brake a wandering ray:
A vision flashed along the Appian Way.
Divinely in the pagan night it shone—
A mournful Face—a Figure hurrying on—

Though haggard and dishevelled, frail and worn,
A King, of David's lineage, crowned with thorn.
"Lord, whither farest?" Peter, wondering, cried.
"To Rome," said Christ, "to be re-crucified."

Into the night the vision ebbed like breath;
And Peter turned, and rushed on Rome and death.

THE DEATH OF MOSES

GEORGE ELIOT

Moses, who spake with God as with his friend,
And ruled his people with the twofold power
Of wisdom that can dare and still be meek,
Was writing his last word, the sacred name
Unutterable of that Eternal Will
Which was and is and evermore shall be.
Yet was his task not finished, for the flock
Needed its shepherd and the life-taught sage
Leaves no successor; but to chosen men,
The rescuers and guides of Israel,
A death was given called the Death of Grace,
Which freed them from the burden of the flesh
But left them rulers of the multitude
And loved companions of the lonely. This
Was God's last gift to Moses, this the hour
When soul must part from self and be but soul.

God spake to Gabriel, the messenger
Of mildest death that draws the parting life
Gently, as when a little rosy child
Lifts up its lips from off the bowl of milk

And so draws forth a curl that dipped its gold
In the soft white—thus Gabriel draws the soul.
" Go bring the soul of Moses unto me! "
And the awe-stricken angel answered, " Lord,
How shall I dare to take his life who lives
Sole of his kind, not to be likened once
In all the generations of the earth? "
Then God called Michaël, him of pensive brow,
Snow-vest and flaming sword, who knows and acts:
" Go bring the spirit of Moses unto me! "
But Michaël with such grief as angels feel,
Loving the mortals whom they succor, pled:
" Almighty, spare me; it was I who taught
Thy servant Moses; he is part of me
As I of thy deep secrets, knowing them."

Then God called Zamaël, the terrible,
The angel of fierce death, of agony
That comes in battle and in pestilence
Remorseless, sudden or with lingering throes.
And Zamaël, his raiment and broad wings
Blood-tinctured, the dark lustre of his eyes
Shrouding the red, fell like the gathering night
Before the prophet. But that radiance
Won from the heavenly presence in the mount
Gleamed on the prophet's brow and dazzling pierced
Its conscious opposite: the angel turned
His murky gaze aloof and inly said:
" An angel this, deathless to angel's stroke."

But Moses felt the subtly nearing dark:
" Who art thou? and what wilt thou? " Zamaël then:
" I am God's reaper; through the fields of life

I gather ripened and unripened souls
Both willing and unwilling. And I come
Now to reap thee." But Moses cried,
Firm as a seer who waits the trusted sign:
"Reap thou the fruitless plant and common herb—
Not him who from the womb was sanctified
To teach the law of purity and love."
And Zamaël baffled from his errand fled.
But Moses, pausing, in the air serene
Heard now that mystic whisper, far yet near,
The all-penetrating Voice, that said to him,
"Moses, the hour is come and thou must die."
"Lord, I obey; but thou rememberest
How thou, Ineffable, didst take me once
Within thy orb of light untouched by death."
Then the Voice answered, "Be no more afraid:
With me shall be thy death and burial."
So Moses waited, ready now to die.

And the Lord came, invisible as a thought,
Three angels gleaming on his secret track,
Prince Michaël, Zamaël, Gabriel, charged to guard
The soul-forsaken body as it fell
And bear it to the hidden sepulchre
Denied forever to the search of man.
And the Voice said to Moses: "Close thine eyes."
He closed them. "Lay thine hand upon thine heart,
And draw thy feet together." He obeyed.
And the Lord said, "O spirit! child of mine!
A hundred years and twenty thou hast dwelt
Within this tabernacle wrought of clay.
This is the end: come forth and flee to heaven."

But the grieved soul with plaintive pleading cried,
" I love this body with a clinging love:
The courage fails me, Lord, to part from it."

" O child, come forth! for thou shalt dwell with me
About the immortal throne where seraphs joy
In growing vision and in growing love."

Yet hesitating, fluttering, like the bird
With young wing weak and dubious, the soul
Stayed. But behold! upon the death-dewed lips
A kiss descended, pure, unspeakable—
The bodiless Love without embracing Love
That lingered in the body, drew it forth
With heavenly strength and carried it to heaven.

But now beneath the sky the watchers all,
Angels that keep the homes of Israel
Or on high purpose wander o'er the world
Leading the Gentiles, felt a dark eclipse:
The greatest ruler among men was gone.
And from the westward sea was heard a wail,
A dirge as from the isles of Javanim,
Crying, " Who now is left upon the earth
Like him to teach the right and smite the wrong?"
And from the East, far o'er the Syrian waste,
Came slowlier, sadlier, the answering dirge:
" No prophet like him lives or shall arise
In Israel or the world forevermore."

But Israel waited, looking toward the mount,
Till with the deepening eve the elders came
Saying, " His burial is hid with God.

We stood far off and saw the angels lift
His corpse aloft until they seemed a star
That burnt itself away within the sky."

The people answered with mute orphaned gaze
Looking for what had vanished evermore.
Then through the gloom without them and within
The spirit's shaping light, mysterious speech,
Invisible Will wrought clear in sculptured sound,
The thought-begotten daughter of the voice,
Thrilled on their listening sense: "He has no tomb.
He dwells not with you dead, but lives as Law."

EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY

THEODORE TILTON

Once in Persia reigned a king,
Who upon his signet ring
'Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before the eyes
Gave him counsel at a glance,
Fit for every change and chance.
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these.
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine or main;

"What is wealth?" the king would say:
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried: "Oh, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay;
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent;
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience, day by day—
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay—
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of gold,

Said he, with his dying breath:
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray—
"Even this shall pass away."

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH

SIDNEY LANIER

It was three slim does and a ten-tined buck in the bracken lay;
And all of a sudden the sinister smell of a man,
Awaft on a wind-shift, wavered and ran.
Down the hill-side and sifted along through the bracken and passed that way.

Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she was the daintiest doe;
In the print of her velvet flank on the velvet fern
She reared, and rounded her ears in turn.
Then the buck leapt up, and his head as a king's to a crown did go

Full high in the breeze, and he stood as if Death had the form of a deer;
And the two slim does long lazily stretching arose,
For their day-dream slowlier came to a close,
Till they woke and were still, breath-bound with waiting and wonder and fear.

Then Alan the huntsman sprang over the hillock, the hounds shot by,
The does and the ten-tined buck made a marvellous bound,
The hounds swept after with never a sound,
But Alan loud winded his horn in sign that the quarry was nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Maclean of Lochbuy to the hunt had waxed wild,
And he cursed at old Alan till Alan fared off with the hounds
For to drive him the deer to the lower glen-grounds:
"I will kill a red deer," quoth Maclean, "in the sight of the wife and the child."

So gayly he paced with the wife and the child to his chosen stand;
But he hurried tall Hamish the henchman ahead: "Go turn,"—
Cried Maclean—"if the deer seek to cross to the burn,
Do thou turn them to me: nor fail, lest thy back be red as thy hand."

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half blown of his breath with the height of the hill,
Was white in the face when the ten-tined buck and the does
Drew leaping to-burn-ward; huskily rose
His shouts, and his nether lip twitched, and his legs were o'er-weak for his will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish and bounded away to the burn.
But Maclean never bating his watch tarried waiting below.
Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for to go
All the space of an hour; then he went, and his face was greenish and stern,

And his eyes sat back in the socket, and shrunken the eyeballs shone,
As withdrawn from a vision of deeds it were shame to see.
"Now, now, grim henchman, what is't with thee?"
Brake Maclean, and his wrath rose red as a beacon the wind hath upblown.

"Three does and a ten-tined buck made out," spoke Hamish, full mild,
"And I ran for to turn, but my breath it was blown, and they passed;
I was weak, for ye called ere I broke me my fast."
Cried Maclean: "Now a ten-tined buck in the sight of the wife and the child

"I had killed if the gluttonous kern had not wrought me a snail's own wrong!"
Then he sounded, and down came kinsmen and clansmen all:
"Ten blows, for ten tine, on his back let fall,
And reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite of thong!"

So Hamish made bare, and took him his strokes; at the last he smiled.
"Now I'll to the burn," quoth Maclean, "for it still may be,
If a slimmer-paunched henchman will hurry with me,
I shall kill me the ten-tined buck for a gift to the wife and the child!"

Then the clansmen departed, by this path and that; and over the hill
Sped Maclean with an outward wrath for an inward shame;
And that place of the lashing full quiet became;
And the wife and the child stood sad; and bloody-backed Hamish sat still.

But look! red Hamish has risen; quick about and about turns he.
"There is none betwixt me and the crag-top!" he screams under breath.
Then, livid as Lazarus lately from death,
He snatches the child from the mother, and clambers the crag toward the sea.

Now the mother drops breath; she is dumb, and her heart goes dead for a space,
Till the motherhood, mistress of death, shrieks, shrieks through the glen,
And that place of the lashing is live with men,
And Maclean, and the gillie that told him, dash up in a desperate race.

Not a breath's time for asking; an eye-glance reveals
all the tale untold.
They follow mad Hamish afar up the crag toward
the sea,
And the lady cries: "Clansmen, run for a fee!—
Yon castle and lands to the two first hands that shall
hook him and hold

"Fast Hamish back from the brink!"—and ever she
flies up the steep,
And the clansmen pant, and they sweat, and they
jostle and strain.
But, mother, 'tis vain; but, father, 'tis vain;
Stern Hamish stands bold on the brink, and dangles
the child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that run, and they
all stand still.
And the wife prays Hamish as if he were God, on
her knees,
Crying: "Hamish! O Hamish! but please, but
please
For to spare him!" and Hamish still dangles the child,
with a wavering will.

On a sudden he turns; with a sea-hawk scream, and
a gibe, and a song,
Cries: "So; I will spare ye the child if, in sight
of ye all,
Ten blows on Maclean's bare back shall fall,
And ye reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at
the bite of the thong!"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip that his tooth was red,
Breathed short for a space, said: "Nay, but it never shall be!
Let me hurl off the damnable hound in the sea!"
But the wife: "Can Hamish go fish us the child from the sea, if dead?

"Say yea!—Let them lash *me*, Hamish?"—"Nay!"—"Husband, the lashing will heal;
But, oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet bairn in his grave?
Could ye cure me my heart with the death of a knave?
Quick! Love! I will bare thee—so—kneel!" Then Maclean 'gan slowly to kneel

With never a word, till presently downward he jerked to the earth.
Then the henchman—he that smote Hamish—would tremble and lag;
"Strike, hard!" quoth Hamish, full stern, from the crag;
Then he struck him, and "One!" sang Hamish, and danced with the child in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish; he counted each stroke with a song.
When the last stroke fell, then he moved him a pace down the height,
And he held forth the child in the heartaching sight
Of the mother, and looked all pitiful grave, as repenting a wrong.

And there as the motherly arms stretched out with the thanksgiving prayer—
And there as the mother crept up with a fearful swift pace,
Till her finger nigh felt of the bairnie's face—
In a flash fierce Hamish turned round and lifted the child in the air,

And sprang with the child in his arms from the horrible height in the sea,
Shrill screeching, "Revenge!" in the wind-rush; and pallid Maclean,
Age-feeble with anger and impotent pain,
Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and locked hold of dead roots of a tree—

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his back drip-dripped in the brine,
And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he flew,
And the mother stared white on the waste of blue,
And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun began to shine.

PATHETIC

THE SECRET OF DEATH

EDWIN ARNOLD

When they came unto the river-side
A woman—dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
And lifted hands—saluted, bending low:
"Lord! thou art he," she said, "who yesterday
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child; but he
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,
Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
And tease the quick-forked tongue and opened mouth
Of that cold playmate. But, alas! ere long
He turned so pale and still, I could not think
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
Fall from his lips. And one said, 'He is sick
Of poison;' and another, 'He will die.'
But I, who could not lose my precious boy,
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
Back to his eyes; it was so very small,
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
'There is a holy man upon the hill—
Lo! now he passeth in the yellow robe—

Ask of the Rishî if there be a cure
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,
Praying thee tell what simples might be good.
And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gaze
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand;
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,
'Yea! little sister, there is that might heal
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
For they who seek physicians bring to them
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
Black mustard-seed, a tôla; only mark
Thou take it not from any hand or house
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died:
It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!"

The Master smiled
Exceeding tenderly. "Yea! I spake thus,
Dear Kisagôtamî! But didst thou find
The seed?"

"I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut—
Here in the jungle and toward the town—
'I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,
A tôla—black;' and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here
Hath any peradventure ever died—
Husband, or wife, or child, or slave?' they said:
'O Sister! what is this you ask? the dead
Are very many, and the living few!'

So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others; but the others said,
'Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!'
'Here is the seed, but our good man is dead!'
'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
Between the rain-time and the harvesting!'
Ah, sir! I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard-seed and none had died!
Therefore I left my child—who would not suck
Nor smile—beneath the wild-vines by the stream,
To see thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death,
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
As I do fear, and as they said to me."

"My sister! thou hast found," the Master said,
"Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe:
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives—
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice—
As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords.
I seek that secret: bury thou thy child!"

MOTHER AND POET

(TURIN—AFTER NEWS FROM GAËTA. 1861)

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Dead!. one of them shot by the sea in the east,
  And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
  And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
    Let none look at *me!*

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
  And good at my art, for a woman, men said.
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
  The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
    Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh vain!
  What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
  Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
    And *I* proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
  Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! To sew by degrees,
  And 'broider the long clothes and neat little coat!
    To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there. *I* made them indeed
  Speak plain the word "country." *I* taught them, no doubt,

That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . "O my beautiful eyes!"
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise,
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one kneels!
—God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green-laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
—My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it—friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more strong,
  Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere long:
  And 'Viva Italia' *he* died for, our saint,
    Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware
  Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was imprest
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear.
  And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
    To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the telegraph line
  Swept smoothly the next news from Gaëta:—*Shot.*
Tell his mother, Ah, ah,—"his," "their" mother: not "mine."
  No voice says "*my* mother" again to me. What!
    You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
  They drop earth's affection, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
  Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
    The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
  To the face of Thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
  Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away.
    And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one,
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall.
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaëta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When your guns of Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short,—

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When *you* have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And I have my dead,)

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly. *My* country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow:
My Italy's there—with my brave civic Pair,
To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this!—and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

Dead!—one of them shot by the sea in the west!
And one of them shot in the east by the sea!
Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*

MICHAEL *

A Pastoral Poem

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

If from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path,
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.
But, courage! for beside that boist'rous brook
The mountains have all open'd out themselves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation there is seen; but such
As journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this dell
But for one object which you might pass by,
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
There is a straggling heap of unhewn stones!
And to that place a story appertains,
Which, though it be ungarnish'd with events,
Is not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade. It was the first,

* See Suggestions for Cutting, p. 553.

The earliest of those tales that spake to me
Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved—not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
Where were their occupation and abode.
And hence this tale, while I was yet a boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects, led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think
(At random and imperfectly, indeed,)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.
Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a shepherd, Michael was his name;
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been, from youth to age,
Of an unusual strength; his mind was keen,
Intense and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence he had learn'd the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the south
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.

The shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
"The winds are now devising work for me!"
And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives
The traveller to a shelter, summon'd him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him and left him on the heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past;
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks
Were things indifferent to the shepherd's thoughts.
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
The common air; the hills, which he so oft
Had climb'd with vigorous steps; which had impress'd
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill, or courage, joy, or fear;
Which like a book preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
Had fed or shelter'd, linking to such acts,
So grateful in themselves, the certainty
Of honorable gain; these fields, these hills,
Which were his living being, even more
Than his own blood—what could they less? had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been pass'd in singleness:
His helpmate was a comely matron, old—
Though younger than himself full twenty years.
She was a woman of a stirring life,

Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had
Of antique form, this large for spinning wool,
That small for flax; and if one wheel had rest,
It was because the other was at work.
The pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase,
With one foot in the grave. This only son,
With two brave sheep-dogs, tried in many a storm,
The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When day was gone,
And from their occupations out of doors
The son and father were come home, even then
Their labor did not cease; unless when all
Turn'd to their cleanly supper-board, and there,
Each with a mess of pottage and skimm'd milk,
Sat round their basket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when their meal
Was ended, Luke (for so the son was named)
And his old father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to card
Wool for the housewife's spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge,
Which in our ancient uncouth country style,

Did with a huge projection overbrow
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim, the housewife hung a lamp,
An aged utensil, which had perform'd
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours
Which, going by from year to year, had found
And left the couple neither gay, perhaps,
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
Living a life of eager industry.
And now, when Luke was in his eighteenth year,
There by the light of this old lamp they sat,
Father and son, while late into the night
The housewife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage through the silent hours
Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
This light was famous in its neighborhood,
And was a public symbol of the life
The thrifty pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dunmal-Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake;
And from this constant light, so regular
And so far seen, the house itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale
Both old and young, was named the "Evening Star."

Thus living on through such a length of years,
The shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his helpmate; but to Michael's heart

This son of his old age was yet more dear,—
Effect which might perhaps have been produced
By that instinctive tenderness, the same
Blind spirit which is in the blood of all—
Or that a child, more than all other gifts,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
And stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail.

From such, and other causes, to the thoughts
Of the old man his only son was now
The dearest object that he knew on earth.
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes
Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
Had done him female service, not alone
For dalliance and delight, as is the use
Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
To acts of tenderness; and he had rock'd
His cradle with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love
(Albeit of a stern, unbending mind)
To have the young one in his sight, when he
Had work by his own door, or when he sat
With sheep before him on his shepherd's stool.
Beneath that large old oak, which near their door
Stood,—and, from its enormous breadth of shade,
Chosen for the shearer's covert from the sun,
Thence in our rustic dialect was call'd
The "Clipping Tree," a name which yet it bears.

There, while they two were sitting in the shade,
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof bestow'd
Upon the child, if he disturb'd the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
A healthy lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old,
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he hoop'd
With iron, making it throughout, in all
Due requisites, a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the boy; wherewith equipp'd
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
And, to his office prematurely call'd,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help;
And for this cause, not always, I believe,
Receiving from his father hire of praise;
Though nought was left undone which staff or voice,
Or looks, or threat'ning gestures could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
Against the mountain blasts, and to the heights,
Nor fearing toil nor length of weary ways,
He with his father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the shepherd loved before

Were dearer now? that from the boy there came
Feelings and emanations—things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the old man's heart seem'd born again?

Thus in his father's sight the boy grew up:
And now when he had reach'd his eighteenth year,
He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the shepherd had been bound
In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means,—
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had press'd upon him,—and old Michael now
Was summon'd to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlook'd-for claim,
At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost.
As soon as he had gather'd so much strength
That he could look his trouble in the face,
It seem'd that his sole refuge was to sell
A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his first resolve; he thought again,
And his heart fail'd him. "Isabel," said he,
Two evenings after he had heard the news,
"I have been toiling more than seventy years,
And in the open sunshine of God's love

Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours
Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot; the sun itself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I,
And I have lived to be a fool at last
To my own family. An evil man
That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were false to us; and, if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him—but
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.
When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel: the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
He shall possess it free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
Another kinsman—he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go,
And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
May come again to us. If here he stay,
What can be done? Where every one is poor,
What can be gained?" At this the old man paused,
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
Was busy, looking back into past times.
"There's Richard Bateman," thought she to herself,
"He was a parish boy—at the church-door
They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence,
And half-pennies, wherewith the neighbors bought

A basket, which they fill'd with pedlar's wares;
And with this basket on his arm, the lad
Went up to London, found a master there,
Who out of many chose the trusty boy
To go and overlook his merchandise
Beyond the seas, where he grew wondrous rich,
And left estates and moneys to the poor,
And at his birthplace built a chapel floor'd
With marble, which he sent from foreign lands."
These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
Pass'd quickly through the mind of Isabel,
And her face brighten'd. The old man was glad,
And thus resumed: "Well, Isabel, this scheme
These two days has been meat and drink to me.
Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
We have enough—I wish indeed that I
Were younger,—but this hope is a good hope.
Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night—
If he could go, the boy should go to-night."
Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
With a light heart. The housewife for five days
Was restless morn and night, and all day long
Wrought on her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
To stop her in her work; for, when she lay
By Michael's side, she through the two last nights
Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep:
And when they rose at morning she could see
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon

She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go;
We have no other child but thee to lose,
None to remember—do not go away.
For if thou leave thy father, he will die."
The youth made answer with a jocund voice;
And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
Recover'd heart. That evening her best fare
Did she bring forth, and all together sat
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

Next morning Isabel resumed her work;
And all the ensuing week the house appear'd
As cheerful as a grove in spring; at length
The expected letter from their kinsman came,
With kind assurances that he would do
His utmost for the welfare of the boy;
To which requests were added that forthwith
He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
The letter was read over; Isabel
Went forth to show it to the neighbors round;
Nor was there at that time on English land
A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel
Had to her house return'd, the old man said,
"He shall depart to-morrow." To this word
The housewife answer'd, talking much of things
Which, if at such short notice, he should go,
Would surely be forgotten. But at length
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
In that deep valley, Michael had design'd
To build a sheepfold; and, before he heard

The tidings of his melancholy loss,
For this same purpose he had gather'd up
A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he walk'd;
And soon as they had reach'd the place he stopp'd,
And thus the old man spake to him:—"My son,
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart
I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
I will relate to thee some little part
Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should speak
Of things thou canst not know of. After thou
First cam'st into the world—as it befalls
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away
Two days, and blessings from thy father's tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day pass'd on
And still I loved thee with increasing love.
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
Than when I heard thee by our own fireside
First uttering, without words, a natural tune;
When thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
Sing at thy mother's breast. Month follow'd month
And in the open fields my life was pass'd,
And on the mountains, else I think that thou
Hadst been brought up upon thy father's knees.
But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,
As well thou know'st, in us the old and young
Have play'd together, nor with me didst thou
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."

Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobb'd aloud. The old man grasp'd his hand,
And said, " Nay, do not take it so—I see
That these are things of which I need not speak.
Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good father; and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others' hands; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together; here they lived,
As all their forefathers had done; and when
At length their time was come, they were not loath
To give their bodies to the family mould.
I wish'd that thou should'st live the life they lived.
But 'tis a long time to look back, my son,
And see so little gain from sixty years.
These fields were burthen'd when they came to me;
Till I was forty years of age, not more
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toil'd and toil'd; God bless'd me in my work,
And till these three weeks past the land was free.
It looks as if it never could endure
Another master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
That thou shouldst go." At this the old man paused:
Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:
" This was a work for us; and now, my son,
It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
Nay, boy, be of good hope!—we both may live

To see a better day. At eighty-four
I still am strong and stout;—do thou thy part,
I will do mine—I will begin again
With many tasks that were resign'd to thee;
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
Will I without thee go again, and do
All works which I was wont to do alone,
Before I knew thy face. Heaven bless thee, boy!
Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
With many hopes—It should be so—Yes—yes—
I knew that thou couldst never have a wish
To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me
Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
What will be left to us! But I forget
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, should evil men
Be thy companions, think of me, my son,
And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear
And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
Mayst bear in mind the life thy fathers lived,
Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
A work which is not here: a covenant
'Twill be between us. But, whatever fate
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The shepherd ended here; and Luke stoop'd down,
And, as his father had requested, laid

The first stone of the sheepfold. At the sight
The old man's grief broke from him; to his heart
He press'd his son, he kissèd him and wept;
And to the house together they return'd.
Hush'd was that house in peace, or seeming peace
Ere the night fell: with morrow's dawn the boy
Began his journey, and when he had reach'd
The public way, he put on a bold face;
And all the neighbors as he pass'd their doors
Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
That follow'd him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their kinsman come,
Of Luke and his well-doing: and the boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
Which, as the housewife phrased it, were throughout
"The prettiest letters that were ever seen."
Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
So, many months pass'd on: and once again
The shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now
Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour
He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the sheepfold. Meantime Luke began
To slacken in his duty; and at length
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses: ignominy and shame
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would break the heart:—old Michael found it so

I have conversed with more than one who well
Remember'd the old man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still look'd up upon the sun,
And listen'd to the wind; and as before
Perform'd all kinds of labor for his sheep.
And for the land, his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair, to build the fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old man—and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went
And never lifted up a single stone.
There, by the sheepfold, sometimes was he seen
Sitting alone, with that his faithful dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years from time to time
He at the building of his sheepfold wrought,
And left the work unfinish'd when he died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her husband: at her death th' estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.
The cottage which was named "The Evening Star"
Is gone — the ploughshare has been through the ground
On which it stood: great changes have been wrought
In all the neighborhood: yet the oak is left
That grew beside their door; and the remains
Of the unfinish'd sheepfold may be seen
Beside the boist'rous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—
Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be!

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place—

Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly "The lad will need little more of your care."
"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own:"
But he turn'd to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day."

Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease
But that He said "Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these"?

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;

Empty you see just now! We have lost her who loved
her so much—
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to
the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to
tears,
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child
of her years—
Nay you remember our Emmie; you used to send
her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to
'em hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works of the
Lord are reveal'd
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out
of the field;
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can
know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of
an Angel's wing;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin
hands crost on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought
her at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said "Poor lit-
tle dear,
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro'
it, I fear."

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head
of the stair,
Then I return'd to the ward; the child didn't see I
was there.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
"He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie, what shall I do?"
Annie consider'd. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come to me.'"
(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie, "but then if I call to the Lord,
How should he know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!"
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—
The Lord has so *much* to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four—
My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more,

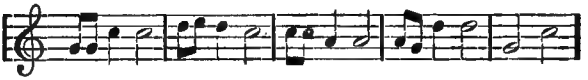
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it
never would pass.
There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail
on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost
about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the
darkness without;
My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dread-
ful knife
And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would
escape with her life;
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood
by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see
to the child.

He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed her
asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the coun-
terpane;
Say that His day is done! Ah why should we care
what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie
had past away.

FATHER'S WAY

EUGENE FIELD

My father was no pessimist; he loved the things of
earth;
Its cheerfulness and sunshine, its music and its mirth;
He never sighed or moped around whenever things
went wrong;
I warrant me he'd mock at fate with some defiant song.
But, being he warn't much on tune, whenever times
were blue,
He'd whistle softly to himself this only tune he knew:



Now, mother when she learned that tune which father
whistled so,
Would say: "There's something wrong to-day with
Ephraim, I know;
He never tries to make believe he's happy that 'ere way
But that I'm certain as can be some trouble is to pay!"
And so, betimes, quite natural like, to us observant
youth
There seemed suggestion in that tune of deep pathetic
truth.

When Brother William joined the war a lot of us went
down
To see the gallant soldier boys right gayly out of town;

A-comin' home, poor mother cried as if her heart
would break,
And all us children too, for *her*, and not for William's
sake!
But father, trudging on ahead, his hands behind him—
so,
Kept whistlin' to himself, so sort of solemn like and
low.

And when my eldest sister Sue was married and went
west,
Seemed like it took the tuck right out of mother and
the rest;
She was the sunlight in our home; why, father used
to say
It wouldn't seem like home at all if Sue should go
away!
Yet, when she went, a-leavin' us all sorrow and all tears,
Poor father whistled lonesome like, and went to feed
the steers.

When crops were bad, and other ills befell our homely
lot,
He'd set around and try to act as if he minded not;
And when came death and bore away the one he
worshipped so,
How vainly did his lips belie the heart benumbed with
woe!
You see the tell-tale whistle told a mood he'd not
admit;
He'd always quit his whistlin' when he thought we
noticed it.

I'd like to see that stooping form and hoary head
again;
To see the honest, hearty smile that cheered his fellow-
men;
Oh, could I kiss the kindly lips that spake no creature
wrong,
And share the rapture of that heart that overflowed
with song;
Oh, could I hear the little tune he whistled long ago,
When he did battle with the griefs he would not have
us know!

YES OR NO

HAL LOUTHER

[This poem is suggested by an old Dutch custom which prescribes to the wooer a symbol of acceptance or refusal. As his mistress sits by the fire he waits for her to replenish it. If this be done it is a sign that his suit is successful; but if she lets the embers die out he knows there is no hope.]

I.

Leans he 'gainst the old Dutch ingle,
Half in hope and half in fear;
Firelight shadows dancing mingle,
Weave their fret-work far and near,
Strong the limb, yet shapely moulded,
Features bronzed with ocean tan,
Stands he there with arms enfolded,
Hoping blessing—fearing ban.

Will he dare to learn by asking
Will she be his comely wife?
'Tis the fire so warmly basking,
Holds the secret of his life!
When the ruddy embers dwindle
Should the maiden wish to bless
She will then the flames rekindle,
And that act shall whisper—" yes."

II.

Sits she there so quaintly pretty
In her cap and waistless gown,
With her face all ripe with blushes
And her eyes turned meekly down.
Hears no sound, the clock still ticking
Many a weary hearted moan,
As in sympathetic sorrow,
For the time already flown.
Keen and anxiously he watches,
While the embers, sinking low,
Steep the maiden's graceful figure
In a rosy tinted glow.
Well she knows his errand thither,
And the love flow'rs in his breast;
Will she bid their blossoms wither?
Shall they bloom—or die apart?

III.

Sits she there in golden beauty,
Gently rocking to and fro,
Till at last the struggling embers,
With their last spark answer, " No!"

One long sigh—one sob half broken—
Stirs the sailor's stricken breast.
Told his fate, yet no word spoken—
All his life one long unrest.
Moving slowly toward the threshold
With a rugged kind of grace,
Grasps the latch and sadly turning,
Looks a look that clasps her face.
Long, too long his farewell taking,
In that glance of yearning light;
Then with heart all crushed and bleeding,
Drifts into the silent night.

HUMOROUS

THE V-A-S-E

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

From the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo,—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

. . . . . .

Long they worshipped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said: "What a lovely vace!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries: "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

FALSE LOVE AND TRUE LOGIC

LAMAN BLANCHARD

The Disconsolate.

My heart will break—I'm sure it will:
  My lover, yes, my favorite—he
Who seemed my own through good and ill—
  Has basely turned his back on me.

The Comforter.

Ah! silly sorrower, weep no more;
  Your lover's *turned his back*, we see;
But you had *turned his head* before
  And *now* he's as he ought to be.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID

HOMER GREENE

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
    In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
    Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
    With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said;
    Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
    And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
    In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
    While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead.
To listen to all that my lover said,
    Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside but a little way,
    I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
    Could I only aside have cast him.

It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew, at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear this story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon led
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover;
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover,
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

MY RIVAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

I go to concert, party, ball—what profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall and strive to look at ease.
The incense that is mine by right they burn before her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen and she is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush, my color comes and goes;
I redden to my finger-tips, and sometimes to my nose.
But she is white where white should be, and red where red should shine.
The blush that flies at seventeen is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had her constant cheek; I wish that I could sing
All sorts of funny little songs, not quite the proper thing.
I'm very *gauche* and very shy, her jokes aren't in my line;
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen, while she is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go, each pink and white and neat,
She's older than their mothers, but they grovel at her feet.
They walk beside her 'rickshaw wheels—none ever walk by mine;
And that's because I'm seventeen, and she is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men (she calls them
"boys" and "mashes"),
I trot along the Mall alone; my prettiest frocks and
sashes
Don't help to fill my programme-card, and vainly I
repine
From ten to two A. M. Ah, me! would I were forty-
nine.

She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear," and
"sweet retiring maid."
I'm always at the back, I know, she puts me in the
shade.
She introduces me to men, "cast" lovers, I opine,
For sixty takes to seventeen, nineteen to forty-nine.

But even she must older grow and end her dancing
days,
She can't go on forever so at concerts, balls, and plays.
One ray of priceless hope I see before my footsteps
shine:
Just think, that she'll be eighty-one when I am forty-
nine!

"MA'S ATTIC."

FORREST CRISSEY

Sometimes when I've been 'spesh'ly good
An' brought in heaps an' heaps of wood,
An' kept f'om muddyin' up the floor,
Hain't dragged my feet nor slammed the door,
Ma says to me: "If you'll take care
Not to upset the things up there

I wouldn't wonder if you may
Go to the attic for your play."
Gee! Don't I like that attic-room,
With grandma's spinning-wheel and loom!
I tell you it's the bestest place
For boys to play—just lots of space,
An' yet it's full of trumpery
That interests a boy like me.
Bags of good things to eat up there—
If you just happen to know where!—
Sweet flag and cherries that I got
Out of old Thompson's pasture lot
Along th' banks of th' Mazon,
An' brought 'em home to nibble on.
There's Grandpa Dowd's old hat and cane—
I wisht he'd visit us again!—
But best of all what ma calls "truck"
Is my great grandpa's sword that's stuck
Behind the chest he took to sea.
It's just a little long for me,
But when I climb upon the lid
Of that old chest I'm Captain Kidd;
An' then I swing the sword an' say
Bad pirate words—but just in play!
Who cares for spider-webs an' dirt
That's in the attic? They don't hurt!
They hain't another place to play
Like attics on a rainy day!

IN AN ATELIER

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

I pray you, do not turn your head; and let your hands
lie folded, so.
It was a dress like this, wine-red, that troubled Dante,
long ago.
You don't know Dante? Never mind. He loved a
lady wondrous fair—
His model? Something of the kind. I wonder if she
had your hair!

I wonder if she looked so meek, and was not meek
at all (my dear,
I want that side-light on your cheek). He loved her,
it is very clear,
And painted her, as I paint you, but rather better, on
the whole
(Depress your chin; yes, that will do): *he* was a
painter of the soul!

(And painted portraits, too, I think, in the INFERNO
—devilish good!
I'd make some certain critics blink had I his method
and his mood.)
Her name was (Fanny, let your glance rest there, by
that majolica tray)—
Was Beatrice; they met by chance—they met by
chance, the usual way.

(As you and I met, months ago, do you remember?
How your feet
Went crinkle-crinkle on the snow along the bleak gas-lighted street!
An instant in the drug-store's glare you stood as in a golden frame,
And then I swore it—then and there—to hand your sweetness down to fame.)

They met, and loved, and never wed (all this was long before our time);
And though they died, they are not dead—such endless youth gives mortal rhyme!
Still walks the earth, with haughty mien, great Dante, in his soul's distress;
And still the lovely Florentine goes lovely in her wine-red dress.

You do not understand at all? He was a poet; on his page
He drew her; and, though kingdoms fall, this lady lives from age to age:
A poet—that means painter too, for words are colors, rightly laid;
And they outlast our brightest hue, for varnish cracks and crimsons fade.

The poets—they are lucky ones! when *we* are thrust upon the shelves,
Our works turn into skeletons almost as quickly as ourselves;

For our poor canvas peels at length, at length is prized
—when all is bare:
"What grace!" the critics cry, "what strength!"
when neither strength nor grace is there.

Ah, Fanny, I am sick at heart, it is so little one can do;
We talk our jargon—live for Art! I'd much prefer to
live for you.
How dull and lifeless colors are! you smile, and all
my picture lies:
I wish that I could crush a star to make a pigment
for your eyes.

Yes, child, I know I'm out of tune; the light is bad;
the sky is gray:
I'll paint no more this afternoon, so lay your royal
gear away.
Besides, you're moody—chin on hand—I know not
what—not in the vein:
Not like Anne Bullen, sweet and bland you sit there
smiling in disdain.

Not like the Tudor's radiant Queen, unconscious of
the coming woe,
But rather as she might have been, preparing for the
headsman's blow.
So, I have put you in a miff—sitting bolt-upright,
wrist on wrist.
How *should* you look? Why, dear, as if—somehow
—as if you'd just been kissed!

A SONNET IN DIALOGUE

AUSTIN DOBSON

Frank (on the lawn).

Come to the terrace, May—the sun is low.

May (in the house).

Thanks, I prefer my Browning here instead.

Frank.

There are two peaches by the strawberry-bed.

May.

They will be riper if we let them grow.

Frank.

Then the Park-aloe is in bloom, you know.

May.

Also, her Majesty Queen Anne is dead.

Frank.

But, surely, May, your pony must be fed.

May.

And was, and is. I fed him hours ago.
'Tis useless, Frank, you see I shall not stir.

Frank.

Still, I had something you would like to hear.

May.

No doubt some new frivolity of men.

Frank.

Nay,—'tis a thing the gentler sex deplores
Chiefly, I think . . .

May (coming to the window).

What is this secret, then?

Frank (mysteriously).

There are no eyes more beautiful than yours!

THE MODERN ROMANS

CHARLES F. JOHNSON

Under the slanting light of the yellow sun of October,
A "gang of Dagos" were working close by the side of the car track.
Pausing a moment to catch a note of their liquid Italian,
Faintly I heard an echo of Rome's imperial accents,
Broken-down forms of Latin words from the Senate and Forum,
Now smoothed over by use to the musical *lingua Romana.*
Then came the thought, Why these are the heirs of the conquering Romans;
These are the sons of the men who founded the Empire of Cæsar;

These are they whose fathers carried the conquering eagles
Over all Gaul and across the sea to Ultima Thule.
The race-type persists unchanged in their eyes and profiles and figures,—
Muscular, short, and thick-set, with prominent noses, recalling
"*Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.*"
See, Labienus is swinging a pick with rhythmical motion;
Yonder one pushing the shovel might be Julius Cæsar,
Lean, deep-eyed, broad-browed, and bald, a man of a thousand;
Farther along there stands the jolly Horatius Flaccus;
Grim and grave, with rings in his ears, see Cato the Censor;
And the next has precisely the bust of Cenius Pompeius.
Blurred and worn the surface, I grant, and the coin is but copper;
Look more closely, you'll catch a hint of the old superscription,—
Perhaps the stem of a letter, perhaps a leaf of the laurel.

On the side of the street, in proud and gloomy seclusion,
"Bossing the job," stood a Celt, the race enslaved by the legions,
Sold in the market of Rome, to meet the expenses of Cæsar.

And as I loitered, the Celt cried, "'Tind to your worruk, ye Dagos,—
Full up yer shovel, Paythro, ye haythen, I'll dock yees a quarther."
This he said to the one who resembled the great Imperator;
Meekly the dignified Roman kept on patiently digging.

Such are the changes and chances the centuries bring to the nations.
Surely the ups and downs of this world are past calculation.
How the races troop o'er the stage in endless procession!
Persian, and Arab, and Greek, and Hun, and Roman, and Vandal,
Master the world in turn and then disappear in the darkness,
Leaving a remnant as hewers of wood and drawers of water.
"Possibly"—this I thought to myself—"the yoke of the Irish
May in turn be lifted from us in the tenth generation.
Now the Celt is on top,—but time may bring his revenges,
Turning the Fenian down once more to be 'bossed by a Dago.'"

THE USUAL WAY

ANONYMOUS

There was once a little man, and his rod and line he took,
For he said, "I'll go a-fishing in the neighboring brook."
And it chanced a little maiden was walking out that day,
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat him down beside her, and an hour or two went by,
But still upon the grassy brink his rod and line did lie;
"I thought," she shyly whispered, "you'd be fishing all the day!"
And he was—in the usual way.

So he gravely took his rod in hand and threw the line about,
But the fish perceived distinctly he was not looking out;
And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you," but she said she could not stay,
But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them, and she gave a little sigh
As they watched the silver ripples like the moments running by;
"We must say good-by," she whispered by the alders old and gray.
And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day beside the stream, they wandered to
and fro,
And day by day the fishes swam securely down below,
Till this little story ended, as such little stories may,
Very much—in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they always bill
and coo?
Do they never fret and quarrel, like other couples do?
Does he cherish her and love her? does she honor and
obey?
Well, they do—in the usual way.

HE UNDERSTOOD

ANNA V. CULBERTSON

Robin rashly kissed my hand.
Thereupon I gave command,
"Leave me, sir, or else refrain
Doing this bold deed again.
Once for all, pray understand,
You do wrong to kiss my hand."
Robin heeded my command—
Stayed, nor kissed again my hand.
Yet he doth not mope or sigh;
What can be the reason why?
This I told him: "Understand,
You do wrong to kiss—my hand."

AN ELECTIVE COURSE

(Lines found among the papers of a Harvard undergraduate)

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

The bloom that lies on Hilda's cheek
Is all my Latin, all my Greek;
The only sciences I know
Are frowns that gloom and smiles that glow;
Siberia and Italy
Lie in her sweet geography;
No scholarship have I but such
As teaches me to love her much.

Why should I strive to read the skies,
Who know the midnight of her eyes?
Why should I go so very far
To learn what heavenly bodies are?
Not Berenice's starry hair
With Hilda's tresses can compare;
Not Venus on a cloudless night,
Enslaving Science with her light,
Ever reveals so much as when
She stares and droops her lids again.

If Nature's secrets are forbidden
To mortals, she may keep them hidden.
Æons and æons we progressed
And did not let that break our rest;
Little we cared if Mars o'erhead
Were or were not inhabited;

Without the aid of Saturn's rings,
Fair girls were wived in those far springs;
Warm lips met ours and conquered us
Or ere thou wert, Copernicus!

Greybeards who seek to bridge the chasm
'Twixt man to-day and protoplasm,
Who theorize and probe and gape,
And finally evolve an ape—
Yours is a harmless sort of cult,
If you are pleased with the result.
Some folks admit, with cynic grace,
That you have rather proved your case.
These dogmatists are so severe!
Enough for me that Hilda's here,
Enough that, having long survived
Pre-Eveic forms, she *has* arrived—
An illustration the completest
Of the survival of the sweetest.

Linnæus, avaunt! I only care
To know what flower she wants to wear.
I leave it to the addle-pated
To guess how pinks originated.
As if it mattered! The chief thing
Is that we have them in the spring,
And Hilda likes them. When they come,
I straightway send and purchase some.
The Origin of Plants—go to!
Their proper end I have in view.

The loveliest book that ever man
Looked into since the world began

Is woman! As I turn those pages,
As fresh as in the primal ages,
As day by day I scan, perplexed,
The ever subtly changing text,
I feel that I am slowly growing
To think no other work worth knowing.
And in my copy—there is none
So perfect as the one I own—
I find no thing set down but such,
As teaches me to love it much.

CANDOR

October—A Wood

HENRY C. BUNNER

"I know what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the hectic Fall
And say you're sorry the summer's dead.
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so?
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer?—
Why, everybody has seen it here!—
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me anyway, just as I am,
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.

A PAIR OF FOOLS

JAMES K. STEPHEN

1. *His Account of the Matter.*

I met you, dear, I met you: I can't be robbed of that;
Despite the crowd, the babble, and the military band;
I met you, yes, I met you: and by your side I sat;
I looked at you, I talked to you, and twice I held your hand.

When you are with me, dearest, the crowd is out of sight;
The men who smoke, the men who pose, the sharpers, and the flats;

The people quite unfit to walk beneath the heaven's light;
The green and yellow women with intolerable hats.

The sun was bright: the dahlias flashed: the trees, in summer sheen,
Shut out the dusty houses, hushed the turmoil of the street;
But, had the charm of peace enhanced the sweetness of the scene,
Even so your beauty had eclipsed the whole of it, my sweet.

I talked to you, you listened; I passed from grave to gay,
With what a world of sympathy you gently murmured, "Yes!"
A merry "No," a soft "Perhaps," a glance the other way:
An eyebrow raised, a foot that tapped, a rustle of your dress.

You smiled, ah! what a smile is yours; your depth of hazel eyes
Shook conscious of the thought within, expressed but unexplained;
Your speaking face that glowed with all a girl's sedate surprise;
"That brow of hers," as Browning says: the thoughts that it contained!

I talked as ne'er before; to you my eloquence belonged;
You spoke, dear, with my lips, 'twas I that listened and approved;
Strange, subtle phrases sprang, and thoughts as deep as novel thronged:
I know you knew, I swear you did, how ardently I loved.

We parted, and you looked at me in silence: and I knew
The meaning of the look: I'll come to-morrow if I live;
To-morrow I shall come, and I will say a word to you,
And you will speak, at last, the words that hope and rest can give.

2. *Her Account of the Matter.*

I met him in the park my dear; he *is* a funny man;
Impossible to separate his earnest from his fun;
He talks, and talks, it's deadly dull: I smile, you know the plan;
And, when particularly grave, he makes a jest of one.

The park was full of people; Maud had such a lovely dress:
A dream of greeny silk and gauze and primrose ribbons, oh!
I wished I had one; and her hat! I tried and tried to guess
How much it cost; she buys the stuff and makes a hat, you know.

I think I sat with him an hour; there *was* a crowd, my dear,
Some pretty girls; one lovely one; and four attractive men:
Old Mrs. Robinson was there and Mr. Vere de Vere,
And not another soul I knew; I shall not go again.

I don't know what we talked about; I smiled, the same old smile;
I "yes'd" and "no'd" and "really'd," till I thought he must discover
That I was listening to the band; I wondered all the while
If such a dull old gentleman could ever be a lover.

Perhaps some solemn, sober girl with eyes a foot across.
Smooth, neatly parted hair, no stays, elastic-sided boots,
Will yearn at him and marry him; I sha'n't regret his loss;
I really think some kinds of men are lower than the brutes.

He went at last, the prig! He'll come to-morrow if he can,
He means to recollect our talk—*ours*, mind you—all his life:
Confound—I beg your pardon, dear—well, bless the little man!
And bless the little woman who becomes his little wife!

3. *My Account of the Matter.*

A pair of fools: the man was vain,
The woman frivolous, 'tis plain:
And each an egoist in thought:
One dived for self; the other sought
Self on the surface: fools, you see:
Two fools, no doubt you will agree,
For now they're married, he and she.

EARLY RISING

JOHN G. SAXE

"Now blessing light on him that first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."—DON QUIXOTE, Part II., Chapter 67.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
  Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
  But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray, just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed
  Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
  Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sang about the "Seasons," said
  It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
  At 10 A.M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
  Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
  Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
  For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
  To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
  I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
  Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right! 'tis not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising."

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

O. F. PEARRE

Pat Flyn had sixty-seven hats
  And wanted sixty more;
It was an odd, strange whim of Pat's,
  For only one he wore;
But he would toil by night or day
To get a hat to lay away.

'Twas "Hats" the first thing in the morn,
  And "Hats" at noon and night;
The neighbors laughed the man to scorn,
  And said it was but right
To send such crazy cranks as he
To spend their days at Kankakee.

A million dollars Peter Doyle
  Had laid away in store,
Yet late and early did he toil
  To get a million more;
He could not use the half he had,
And yet he wanted "more, bedad."

His neighbors praised him to the skies,
  Wherever he might go;
They called him great and good and wise,
  And bowed before him low.
Is there such difference as that
Between a dollar and a hat?

THE BLIND ARCHER

A. CONAN DOYLE

Little boy Love drew his bow at a chance,
  Shooting down at the ball-room floor;
He hit an old chaperon watching the dance,
  And oh but he wounded her sore.
    "Hey, Love, you couldn't mean that!
    Hi, Love, what would you be at?"
      No word would he say,
      But he flew on his way,
For the little boy's busy, and how could he stay?

Little boy Love drew a shaft just for sport
  At the soberest club in Pall Mall;
He winged an old veteran drinking his port,
  And down that old veteran fell.
    "Hey, Love, you mustn't do that!
    Hi, Love, what would you be at?
      This cannot be right!
      It's ludicrous quite!"
But it's no use to argue, for Love's out of sight.

A sad-faced young clerk in a cell all apart
  Was planning a celibate vow;
But the boy's random arrow has sunk in his heart,
  And the cell is an empty one now.
    "Hey, Love, you mustn't do that!
    Hi, Love, what would you be at?
      He is not for you,
      He has duties to do."
"But I *am* his duty," quoth Love as he flew.

The king sought a bride, and the nation had hoped
For a queen without rival or peer.
But the little boy shot, and the king has eloped
  With Miss No-one on nothing a year.
    "Hey, Love, you couldn't mean that!
    Hi, Love, what would you be at?
      What an impudent thing
      To make game of a king!"
"But *I'm* a king, also," cried Love on the wing.

Little boy Love grew pettish one day;
  "If you keep on complaining," he swore,
"I'll pack both my bow and my quiver away,
  And so I shall plague you no more."
    "Hey, Love, you mustn't do that!
    Hi, Love, what would you be at?
      You may ruin our ease,
      You may do what you please,
But we can't do without you, you sweet little tease!"

BLANK VERSE IN RHYME

A Nocturnal Sketch

THOMAS HOOD

Even is come: and from the dark Park, hark
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic Pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets, and take up Pall Mall Sal,
Who, hastening to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves do enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But, frightened by Policeman B 3, flee,
And while they're going whisper low, "no go!"
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble,—"drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize-size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy-nilly;—
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows woes!

MY LOVE

ANONYMOUS

My love (dear man!) turns in his toes,
  My love is tangled-kneed,
Cross-eyed, left-handed, hair and beard
  In hue are disagreed;
He has no soft and winning voice,
  No single charm has he;
And yet this awkward, ugly man
  Is all the world to me.

My neighbor Gay rejoices in
  A beauty of a man:
Straight-limbed, fair-faced, and find his peer
  She knows no mortal can.
I look upon his handsome form
  And own 'tis fine to see;
But turn back to the homely man
  Who's all the world to me.

There's Mrs. Flirt and Mrs. Chat,
  Each with her cavalier;
They smile and wonder how I can
  Call such a fright "my dear."
But it is just as strange, I think,
  How they can happy be
Without my homely man, for he
  Is all the world to me.

Don't ask me why, I cannot tell;
  'Tis all as mystery;
I've sought myself a thousand times
  Its secret history.
Meanwhile, my heart grows sad to think
  How drear this world would be
Without this awkward, homely man
  Who's all the world to me.

THEY WENT FISHING

ANONYMOUS

One morning when spring was in her teens,
  A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens,
  Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
  With my face at the sunshine's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
  And her nose tipped—*vice versa:*

I with my rod, my reel and my hooks,
  And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks
  And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
  Where the white pond lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing, like quaint old Ike,
  And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
  And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
  And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came,
  The bag was flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game,
  A hundred-and-eighty-pounder.

BURGLAR BILL *

Style: *The "Sympathetic Artless"*

F. ANSTEY

The writer would not be acting fairly by the young reciter if, in recommending the following poem as a subject for earnest study, he did not caution him—or her—not to be betrayed by the apparent simplicity of

* The humor of this burlesque on "Elocutionary Lesson-Talks" is much enhanced when the reciter reads to the audience all the directions given by the author.

this exercise into the grave error of under-estimating its real difficulty.

It is true that it is an illustration of pathos of an elementary order (we shall reach the advanced kind at a later stage), but, for all that, this piece bristles with as many points as a porcupine, and consequently requires the most cautious and careful handling.

Upon the whole, it is perhaps better suited to students of the softer sex.

Announce the title with a suggestion of shy innocence—in this way:

BURGLAR [*now open both eyes very wide*] BILL. [*Then go on in a hushed voice, and with an air of wonder at the world's iniquity.*]

I.

Through a window in the attic
  Brawny Burglar Bill has crept,
Seeking stealthily a chamber
  Where the jewelry is kept.

[*Pronounce either "jewelry" or "joolery," according to taste.*]

II.

He is furnished with a "jemmy,"
  Centre-bit, and carpet-bag,
For the latter "comes in handy,"
  So he says, "to stow the swag."

[*"Jemmy," "centre-bit," "carpet-bag," are important words—put good coloring into them.*]

III.

Here, upon the second landing,
He, secure, may work his will;
Down below's a dinner-party,
Up above—the house is still.

[*Here start and extend first finger, remembering to make it waggle slightly, as from fear.*]

IV.

Suddenly—in spell-bound horror,
All his satisfaction ends—
For a little white-robed figure
By the banister descends!

[*This last line requires care in delivery, or it may be imagined that the little figure is sliding* DOWN *the banisters, which would simply ruin the effect. Note the bold but classic use of the singular in "banister," which is more pleasing to a nice ear than the plural.*]

V.

Bill has reached for his revolver,
[*Business here with your fan.*]
Yet—he hesitates to fire . . .
Child is it [*in a dread whisper*] or—apparition,
That provokes him to perspire?

VI.

Can it be his guardian angel,
Sent to stay his hand from crime?
[*In a tone of awe.*]
He could wish she had selected
Some more seasonable time!
[*Touch of peevish discontent here.*]

VII.

"Go away!" he whispers hoarsely,
"Burglars hev their bread to earn;
I don't need no Gordian angel
Givin' of me sech a *turn!*"

[*Shudder here, and retreat, shielding eyes with hand.*]

[*Now change your manner to a naïve surprise; this, in spite of anything we may have said previously, is in this particular instance* NOT *best indicated by a shrill falsetto.*]

VIII.

But the blue eyes open wider,
Ruby lips reveal their pearl;
[*This must not be taken to refer to the Burglar.*]
"I is not a Garden anzel,
Only—dust a yickle dirl!

[*Be particularly artless here and through next stanza.*]

IX.

"On the thtairs to thit I'm doin'
Till the tarts and dellies tum;
Partinthon (our butler) alwayth
Thaves for Baby Bella thome!

X.

"Poor man, 'oo is yookin' 'ungwy—
Leave 'oo burgling fings up dere;
Tum viz me and share the sweeties,
Thitting on the bottom thtair!"

[*In rendering the above the young Reciter should strive to be idiomatic without ever becoming idiotic—which is not so easy as might be imagined.*]

XI.

"Reely, Miss, you must excoose me!"
Says the burglar with a jerk:
[*Indicate embarrassment here by smoothing down the folds of your gown, and swaying awkwardly.*]
"Dooty calls, and time is pressing;
I must set about my work!"
[*This with a gruff conscientiousness.*]

XII.

[*Now assume your wide-eyed innocence again.*]
"Is 'oo work to bweak in houses?
Nana *told* me so, I'm sure!
Will 'oo if 'oo can manage
To bweak in my *doll's house* door?

XIII.

"I tan *never* det it undone,
So my dollies tan't det out;
They don't yike the fwont to open
Every time they'd walk about!

XIV.

"Twy, and—if 'oo does it nithely—
When I'm thent upthtairs to thleep,
[*Don't overdo the lisp.*]
I will bwing 'oo up thome doodies,
'Oo shall have them all—to keep!"

XV.

[*Pause here; then, with intense feeling and sympathy*]—

Off the little "angel" flutters;

[*Delicate stress on "angel."*]

But the burglar—wipes his brow.

He is wholly unaccustomed

To a kindly greeting now!

[*Tremble in voice here.*]

XVI.

Never with a smile of welcome

Has he seen his entrance met!

Nobody—except the policeman— [*Bitterly.*]

Ever wanted *him* as yet!

XVII.

Many a stately home he's entered,

But, with unobtrusive tact,

He has ne'er, in paying visits,

Called attention to the fact.

XVIII.

Gain he counts it, on departing,

Should he have avoided strife.

[*In tone of passionate lament.*]

Ah, my brothers, but the burglar's

Is a sad, a lonely life!

XIX.

All forgotten now the jewels,
  Once the purpose of his "job";
Down he sinks upon the door-mat,
  With a deep and choking sob.

XX.

Then, the infant's plea recalling,
  Seeks the nursery above;
Looking for the Lilliputian
  Crib he is to crack—for *love!*
[*It is more usually done for* MONEY.]

XXI.

In the corner stands the doll's house,
  Gaily painted green and red;
[*Coloring again here.*]
And its door declines to open
  Even as the child has said!

XXII.

Forth come centre-bit and jemmy: [*Briskly.*]
  All his implements are plied;
[*Enthusiastically.*]
Never has he burgled better!
  As he feels, with honest pride.

XXIII.

Deftly is the task accomplished,
  For the door will open well;
When—a childish voice behind him
  Breaks the silence—like a bell.

XXIV.

"Sank 'oo, Misser Burglar, sank 'oo!
And, betause 'oo's been so nice,
See what I have dot—a tartlet!
Great big gweedies ate the ice."
[*Resentful accent on "ate."*]

XXV.

"Papa says he wants to see 'oo,
Partinthon is tummin too—
Tan't 'oo wait?"
[*This with guileless surprise—then change to a husky emotion.*]
. . "Well, *not* this evenin',
So, my little dear [*brusquely*], adoo!"

XXVI.

[*You are now to produce your greatest effect; the audience should be made actually to* SEE *the poor hunted victim of social prejudice escaping, consoled in the very act of flight by memories of this last adventure—the one bright and cheering episode, possibly, in his entire professional career.*]
Fast he speeds across the housetops!
[*Rapid delivery for this.*]
[*Very gently.*] But his bosom throbs with bliss,
For upon his rough lips linger
Traces of a baby's kiss.
[*Most delicate treatment will be necessary in the last couplet—or the audience may understand it in a painfully literal sense.*]

. . . . . .

[*You have nothing before you now but the finale. Make the contrast as marked as possible.*]

XXVII.

Dreamily on downy pillow

[*Soft musical intonation for this.*]

Baby Bella murmurs sweet:

[*Smile here with sleepy tenderness.*]

"Burglar—tum adain, and thee me . . .
I will dive 'oo cakes to eat!"

[*That is one side of the medal—now for the other.*]

XXVIII.

[*Harsh but emotional.*]

In a garret, worn and weary,
Burglar Bill has sunk to rest,
Clasping tenderly a damson-
Tartlet to his burly breast.

[*Dwell lovingly upon the word "tartlet"—which you should press home upon every one of your hearers, remembering to fold your hands lightly over your breast as you conclude.*]

HUMOROUS DIALECT

WHEN MALINDY SINGS

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

G'way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
  Put dat music book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
  Ef you practice twell you're gray,
You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
  Lak de ones dat rants and rings
F'om de kitchen to de big woods
  When Malindy sings.

You ain't got de nachel o'gans
  Fu' to make de soun' come right,
You ain't got de tu'ns an' twistin's
  Fu' to make it sweet an' light.
Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy,
  An' I'm tellin' you fu' true,
When hit comes to raal right singin'
  'Tain't no easy thing to do.

Easy 'nough fu' folks to hollah,
  Lookin' at de lines an' dots,
When dey ain't no one kin sence it,
  An' de chune comes in, in spots;

But fu' real melojous music,
  Dat jes' strikes yo' hea't and clings,
Jes' you stan' an' listen wif me
  When Malindy sings.

Ain't you nevah hyeahd Malindy?
  Blessed soul, tek up de cross!
Look hyeah, ain't you jokin', honey?
  Well, you don't know whut you los'.
Y'ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'blin',
  Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things,
Hush dey moufs an' hides dey faces
  When Malindy sings.

Fiddlin' man jes' stop his fiddlin',
  Lay his fiddle on de she'f;
Mockin' bird quit tryin' to whistle,
  'Cause he jes' so shamed hisse'f.
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
  Draps dey fingahs on de strings—
Bless yo' soul—fu'gits to move 'em,
  When Malindy sings.

She jes' spreads huh mouf and hollahs,
  "Come to Jesus," twell you hyeah
Sinnahs' tremblin' steps and voices,
  Timid-lak, a-drawin' neah;
Den she tu'ns to "Rock of Ages."
  Simply to de cross she clings,
An' you fin' yo' teahs a-drappin'
  When Malindy sings.

Who dat says dat humble praises
  Wif de Master nevah counts?
Hush yo' mouf, I hyeah dat music,
  Ez hit rises up an' mounts—
Floatin' by de hills an' valleys,
  Way above dis buryin' sod,
Ez hit makes its way in glory
  To de very gates of God!

Oh, hit's sweetah dan de music
  Of an edicated band;
An' hit's dearah dan de battle's
  Song o' triumph in de lan'.
It seems holier dan evenin'
  When de solemn chu'ch-bell rings,
Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen
  While Malindy sings.

Towsah, stop dat ba'kin, hyeah me!
  Mandy, mek dat chile keep still;
Don't you hyeah de echoes callin'
  F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
  Th'oo de bresh of angel's wings,
Sof' an' sweet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,"
  Ez Malindy sings.

"SPÄCIALLY JIM"

BESSIE MORGAN

I wus mighty good-lookin' when I wus young,
  Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
  'Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all wus he,
  Chipper an' han'some an' trim;
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,
  'Späcially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
  An' I wouldn't take stock in him!
But they kep' on a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
  'Späcially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'
  ('Späcially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down
  An' take up with him.

So we wus married one Sunday in church,
  'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to git rid of 'em all,
  'Späcially Jim.

THE HABITANT

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

De place I get born, me, is up on de reever
  Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.
Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it,
  An' whole place she's mebbe two honder arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
  Ma gran'fader too, an' hees fader also.
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny
  For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know—

All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ryboddy,
  Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere
  On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',
  W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter,
  An' back on de medder is sing de gou-glou.—

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,
  Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder
  An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack.—

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
  So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de race
Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's purty soon lef' her—
  W'y ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin',
  Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne—
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is jompin'—
  Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us,
  An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year,
Den bee commence hummin', for summer is comin',
  An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Dat's very nice tam for wake up on de morning
  An' lissen de rossignol sing ev'ry place,
Feel sout' win' a-blowin', see clover a-growin'
  An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face.

Mos' ev'ry day raf' it is pass on de rapide,
  De voyageurs singin' some ole chanson
'Bout girl down de reever—too bad dey mus' leave her,
  But comin' back soon wit' beaucoup d'argent.

An' den w'en de fall an' de winter come roun' us,
  An' bird of de summer is all fly away,
W'en mebbe she's snowin' an' nort' win' is blowin,'
  An' night is mos' t'ree tam so long as de day,

You t'ink it was bodder de habitant farmer?
  Not at all—he is happy an' feel satisfy,
An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de wood-pile
  Is ready for burn on de stove by an' bye.

When I got plaintee hay put away on de stable
  So de sheep an' de cow, dey got no chance to freeze,
An' de hen all togedder—I don't min' de wedder—
  De nort' win' may blow jus' so moche as she please.

An' some cole winter night how I wish you can see us,
W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman sew
By de stove of T'ree Reever—ma wife's fader geev her
On day we get marry, dat's long tam ago—

De boy an' de girl, dey was readin' it's lesson,
De cat on de corner she's bite heem de pup,
Ole " Carleau " he's snorin' an' beeg stove is roarin'
So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she bus' up.

Philomène—dat's de oldes'—is sit on de winder
An' kip jus' so quiet lak wan leetle mouse,
She say de more finer moon never was shiner—
Very fonny, for moon isn't dat side de house.

But purty soon den' we hear foot on de outside,
An' some wan is place it hees han' on de latch,
Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brulé
He's tak' it firs' prize on de grand ploughin' match.

Ha! ha! Philomène!—dat was smart trick you play us;
Come help de young feller tak' snow from hees neck,
Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder
W'en moon you was look for is come, I expec'—

Isidore, he is tole us de news on de parish,
'Bout hees Lajeunesse Colt—travel two-forty, sure,
'Bout Jeremie Choquette, come back from Woonsocket,
An' t'ree new leetle twin on Madame Vaillancour'.

But nine o'clock strike, an' de chil'ren is sleepy,
  Mese'f an' ole woman can't stay up no more;
So alone by de fire—'cos dey say dey ain't tire—
  We lef' Philomène an' de young Isidore.

I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de kitchen
  'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de sky,
For Philomène's takin' long tam get awaken
  Nex' day, she's so sleepy on bote of de eye.

Dat's wan of dem ting's, ev'ry tam on de fashion,
  An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen.
Got not'ing for say me—I spark it sam' way me
  W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomène.

We leev very quiet 'way back on de contree,
  Don't put on sam style lak de big village,
W'en we don't get de monee you t'ink dat is fonny
  An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes Sauvages.

But I tole you—dat's true—I don't go on de city
  If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup d'argent—
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me
  On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.

KATIE'S ANSWER

ANONYMOUS

Och, Katie's a rogue, it is thrue;
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue
  An' her dimples so swate,
  An' her ankles so nate,
She dazed an' she bothered me too.

Till one mornin' we wint for a ride;
Whin demure as a bride, by my side
The darlint she sat,
Wid the wickedest hat
'Neath purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' my heart, arrah thin how it bate;
For my Kate looked so temptin' an' swate
Wid cheeks like the roses,
An' all the red posies
That grow in her garden so nate.

But I sat just as mute as the dead
Till she said, wid a toss of her head,
" If I'd known that to-day,
Ye'd have nothing to say,
I'd have gone wid my cousin instead."

Thin I felt myself grow very bold;
For I knew she'd not scold if I told
Uv the love in my heart,
That would niver depart,
Though I lived to be wrinkled an' old.

An' I said, " If I dared to do so,
I'd lit go uv the baste an' I'd throw
Both arms round your waist,
An' be stalin' a taste
Uv them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illegant red,
As she said widout raisin' her head,
An' her eyes lookin' down
'Neath her lashes so brown,
" Would ye like me to drive, Misther Ted? "

THE POWER OF PRAYER; OR, THE FIRST STEAMBOAT UP THE ALABAMA

SIDNEY AND CLIFFORD LANIER

You, Dinah! Come and set me whar de ribber-roads
does meet.
De Lord, *He* made dese black-jack roots to twis' into
a seat.
Umph dar! De Lord have mussy on dis blin' old nig-
ger's feet.

It 'pear to me dis mornin' I kin smell de fust o' June.
I 'clar', I b'lieve dat mockin'-bird could play de fiddle
soon!
Dem yonder town-bells sounds like dey was ringin' in
de moon.

Well, ef dis nigger *is* been blind for fo'ty year or mo',
Dese ears, *dey* sees de world, like, th'u' de cracks dat's
in de do'.
For de Lord has built dis body wid de windows 'hind
and 'fo'.

I know my front ones *is* stopped up, and things is
sort o' dim,
But den, th'u' *dem*, temptation's rain won't leak in on
ole Jim!
De back ones show me earth enough, aldo' dey's
mons'ous slim.

And as for Hebben,—bless de Lord, and praise His
holy name—
Dat shines in all de co'ners of dis cabin jes' de same
As ef dat cabin hadn't nar' a plank upon de frame!

Who *call* me? Listen down de ribber, Dinah! Don't you hyar
Somebody holl'in' "*Hoo, Jim, hoo?*" My Sarah died las' y'ar;
Is dat black angel done come back to call ole Jim f'om hyar?

My stars, dat cain't be Sarah, shuh! Jes' listen, Dinah, *now!*
What *kin* be comin' up dat bend, a-makin' sich a row?
Fus' bellerin' like a pawin' bull, den squealin' like a sow?

De Lord 'a' mussy sakes alive, jes' hear,—ker-woof, ker-woof—
De Debble's comin' round dat bend, he's comin shuh enuff,
A-splashin' up de water wid his tail and wid his hoof!

I'se pow'ful skeered; but neversomeless I ain't gwine run away:
I'm gwine to stand stiff-legged for de Lord dis blessèd day.
You screech, and swish de water, Satan! I'se a gwine to pray.

O hebbenly Marster, what thou willest, dat mus' be jes' so,
And ef Thou hast bespoke de word, some nigger's bound to go.
Den, Lord, please take ole Jim, and lef young Dinah hyar below!

'Scuse Dinah, 'scuse her, Marster; for she's sich a
little chile,
She hardly jes' begin to scramble up de homeyard
stile,
But dis ole traveller's feet been tired dis many a many
a mile.

I'se wufless as de rotten pole of las' year's fodder-stack.
De rheumatiz done bit my bones; you hear 'em crack
and crack?
I cain'st sit down 'dout gruntin' like 'twas breakin' o'
my back.

What use de wheel, when hub and spokes is warped
and split, and rotten?
What use dis dried-up cotton-stalk, when Life done
picked my cotton?
I'se like a word dat somebody said, and den done been
forgotten.

But, Dinah! Shuh dat gal jes' like dis little hick'ry
tree,
De sap's jes' risin' in her; she do grow owdaciouslee—
Lord, ef you's clarin' de underbrush, don't cut her
down, cut me!

I would not proud presume—but I'll boldly make
reques';
Sence Jacob had dat wrastlin'-match, I, too, gwine do
my bes';
When Jacob got all underholt, de Lord he answered
Yes!

And what for waste de vittles, now, and th'ow away de
bread,
Jes' for to strength dese idle hands to scratch dis ole
bald head?
T'ink of de 'conomy, Marster, ef dis ole Jim was dead!

Stop;—ef I don't believe de Debble's gone on up de
stream!
Jes' now he squealed down dar;—hush; dat's a mighty
weakly scream!
Yas, sir, he's gone, he's gone;—he snort way off, like
in a dream!

O glory hallelujah to de Lord dat reigns on high!
De Debble's fai'ly skeered to def, he done gone flyin'
by;
I know'd he couldn't stand dat pra'r, I felt my Marster
nigh!

You, Dinah; ain't you 'shamed, now, dat you didn'
trust to grace?
I heerd you thrashin' th'u' de bushes when he showed
his face!
You fool, you think de Debble couldn't beat *you* in
a race?

I tell you, Dinah, jes' as shuh as you is standin' dar,
When folks starts prayin', answer-angels drops down
th'u' de a'r.
*Yas, Dinah, whar 'ould you be now, jes' 'ceptin' fur
dat pra'r?*

MANDALAY

RUDYARD KIPLING

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chuckin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Thee-baw's Queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay—

When the mist was on the rice fields an' the sun was
droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kullalo-lo!*"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek agin
my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.
Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid
to speak!
On the road to Mandalay—

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk to
Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year
sodger tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed
nothin' else."
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly
temple-bells!
On the road to Mandalay—

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin'-
stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in
my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the
Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they under-
stand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! wot *do* they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener, land!
On the road to Mandalay—

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

THE ROSE OF KENMARE

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES

I've been soft in a small way
On the girleens of Galway,
And the Limerick lasses have made me feel quare;
But there's no use denyin',
No girl I've set eye on
Could compate wid Rose Ryan of the town of Kenmare.

O, where
Can her like be found?
No where,
The country round,
Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen than you,
Rose, aroo!

Her hair mocks the sunshine,
And the soft, silver moonshine
Neck and arm of the colleen completely eclipse;
Whilst the nose of the jewel
Slants straight as Carran Tual
From the heaven in her eye to her heather-sweet lip.

O, where, etc.

Did your eyes ever follow
The wings of the swallow
Here and there, light as air, o'er the meadow field glance?
For if not you've no notion
Of the exquisite motion
Of her sweet little feet as they dart in the dance.

O, where, etc.

If y' inquire why the nightingale
Still shuns th' invitin' gale
That wafts every song-bird but her to the West,
Faix, she knows, I suppose,
Ould Kenmare has a rose
That would sing any Bulbul to sleep in her nest.

O, where, etc.

When her voice gives the warnin'
For the milkin' in the mornin'
Ev'n the cow known for hornin' comes runnin' to her pail;
The lambs play about her
And the small bonneens* snout her
Whilst their parints salute her wid a twisht of the tail.

O, where, etc.

When at noon from our labor
We draw neighbor wid neighbor
From the heat of the sun to the shelter of the tree,
Wid spuds† fresh from the bilin',
And new milk, you come smilin',
All the boys' hearts beguilin', alannah machree! ‡

O, where, etc.

But there's one sweeter hour
When the hot day is o'er,
And we rest at the door wid the bright moon above,
And she's sittin' in the middle,
When she's guessed Larry's riddle,
Cries, "Now for your fiddle, Shiel Dhuv, Shiel Dhuv."

* Piglings. † Potatoes. ‡ My heart's delight.

O, where
Can her like be found?
No where,
The country round,
Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen than you,
Rose, aroo!

UNCLE GABE'S WHITE FOLKS

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

Sarvent, Marster! Yes, sah, dat's me—
Ole Unc' Gabe's my name;
I thankee, Marster, I'm 'bout, yo' see.
"An' de ole 'ooman?" She's much de same,
Po'ly an' 'plainin', thank de Lord!
But de Marster's gwine ter come back from 'broad.

"Fine ole place?" Yes, sah, 'tis so;
An' mighty fine people my white folks war—
But you ought ter 'a' seen it years ago,
When de Marster an' de Mistis lived up dyah;
When de niggers 'd stan' all roun' de do',
Like grains o' corn on de cornhouse flo'.

"Live mons'ous high?" Yes, Marster, yes;
Cut 'n' onroyal 'n' gordly dash;
Eat an' drink till you couldn' res'.
My folks warn' none o' yo' po'-white-trash;
No, sah, dey was ob high degree—
Dis heah nigger am quality!

"Tell you 'bout 'em?" You mus' 'a' hearn
'Bout my ole white folks, sho'!
I tell you, suh, dey was gre't an' stern;
D' didn' have nuttin' at all to learn;
D' knowed all dar was to know;
Gol' ober de' head an' onder dey feet;
An' silber! dey sowed 't like folks sows wheat.

"Use ter be rich?" Dat warn' de wud!
Jes' wallowed an' roll' in wealf.
Why, none o' my white folks ever stirred
Ter lif' a han' for d'self;
De niggers use ter be stan'in roun'
Jes' d' same ez leaves when dey fus' fall down;
De stable-stalls up heah at home
Looked like teef in a fine-toof comb;
De cattle was p'digious—mus' tell de fac'!
An' de hogs mecked de hillsides look like black;
An' de flocks ob sheep was so gre't an' white
Dey 'peared like clouds on a moonshine night.
An' when my ole Mistis use' ter walk—
Jes' ter her kerridge (dat was fur
Ez ever she walked)—I tell you, sir,
You could almos' heah her silk dress talk;
Hit use' ter soun' like de mornin' breeze,
When it wakes an' rustles de Gre't House trees.

An' de Marster's face!—de Marster's face,
  Whenever de Marster got right pleased—
Well, I 'clar' ter Gord, 'twould shine wid grace
  De same ez his countenance had been greased.
De cellar, too, had de bes' ob wine,
An' brandy, an' sperrits dat yo' could fine;
An' ev'ything in dyah was stored,
'Skusin' de glory of de Lord!

"Warn' dyah a son?" Yes, sah, you knows
  He's de young Marster now;
But we heah dat dey tooken he very clo'es
  Ter pay what ole Marster owe;
He's done been gone ten year, I s'pose.
But he's comin' back some day, of co'se;
An' my ole 'ooman is aluz pyard,
  An' meckin' de Blue-Room baid,
An' ev'ry day dem sheets is ayard,
  An' will be till she's daid;
An' de styars she'll scour,
  An' dat room she'll ten',
  Ev'y blessed day dat de Lord do sen'!

What say, Marster? Yo' say, you knows?—
He's young an' slender-like an' fyah;
Better-lookin' 'n you, of co'se!
Hi! you's he? 'Fo' Gord, 'tis him!
  'Tis de very voice an' eyes an' hyah,
An' mouf an' smile, on'y yo' ain' so slim—
I wonder whah—whah's de ole 'ooman?
Now let my soul
  Depart in peace,
For I behol'

Dy glory, Lord!—I knowed you, chile—
  I knowed you soon's I see'd your face!
Whar has you been dis blessed while?
  Done come back an' buy de place?
  Oh, bless de Lord for all His grace!
De ravins shell hunger, an' shell not lack,
De Marster, de young Marster's done come back!

THE IRISH SPINNING-WHEEL

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES

Show me a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
Oh, no!
Nothing you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Look at her there—
Night in her hair,
The blue ray of day from her eye laughin' out on us!
Faix, an' a foot,
Perfect of cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us.

That there's a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it—
Oh, no!
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

See! the lamb's wool
Turns coarse an' dull
By them soft, beautiful weeshy white hands of her.
Down goes her heel,
Roun' runs the wheel,
Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.

Then show me a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
Oh, no!
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Talk of Three Fates,
Seated on sates,
Spinnin' and shearin' away till they've done for me!
You may want three
For your massacree,
But one Fate for me, boys—and only the one for me!

And isn't that fate
Pictured complate—
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it?
Oh, no!
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

DE NICE LEETLE CANADIENNE

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

You can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,
  Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,
  An' go all de place, I don't care—
Ma frien', dat's a fack, I know you will say,
  W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
    De nice leetle Canadienne.

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
  Her dress is so neat an' so clean,
Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree,
  An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de Queen.
Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herse'f,
  For she ain't got moche monee for spen',
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',
    Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

W'en "un vrai Canayen" is mak' it mariée,
  You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat,
An' bodder herse'f all de tam, night an' day,
  Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an' all dat?
Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,
  Cos' only nine dollar or ten,
W'ere he leev lak blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,
    Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma femme w'en I'm jus' twenty year,
  An' now we got fine familee,
Dat skip roun' de place lak leetle small deer,
  No smarter crowd never you see—
An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
  Four boy and six girl, she mak' ten,
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,
    Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O she's quick an' she's smart, an' got plaintee heart,
  If you know correc' way go about,
An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so,
  Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;
But if she love you, I spik it for true,
  She will mak' it more beautiful den,
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye
    Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

LITTLE BROWN BABY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
  Come to yo pappy an' set on his knee.
What you been doin', suh—makin' san' pies?
  Look at dat bib—you's ez du'ty ez me.
Look at dat mouf—dat's merlasses, I bet;
  Come hyeah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's.
Bees gwine to ketch you an' eat you up yit,
  Bein' so sticky and sweet—goodness lan's!

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
  Who's pappy's darlin' an' who's pappy's chile?
Who is it all de day nevah once tries
  Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile?
Whah did you git dem teef? My, you's a scamp!
  Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?
Pappy do' know yo—I b'lieves you's a tramp;
  Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol' straggler got in!

Let's th'ow him outen de do' in de san'
  We do' want stragglers a-layin' 'roun' hyeah;
Let's gin him 'way to de big buggah-man;
  I know he's hidin' erroun' hyeah right neah.
Buggah-man, buggah-man, come in de do',
  Hyeah's a bad boy you kin have fu' to eat.
Mammy and pappy do' want him no mo',
  Swaller him down f'om his haid to his feet!

Dah, now, I t'ought dat you'd hug me up close.
  Go back, ol' buggah, you sha'n't have dis boy.
He ain't no tramp, ner no straggler, of co'se;
  He's pappy's pa'dner an' playmate an' joy.
Come to yo' pallet now—go to yo' res';
  Wisht you could allus know ease an' cleah skies; ;
Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my bres'—
  Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes!

RORY O'MORE

SAMUEL LOVER

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Oh! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day,
And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contrairies, my dear!
Oh! jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie;
And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teas'd me enough,
Sure I've thrash'd, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
'And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips,—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir; you'll hug me no more;
That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before,"
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

KITTY OF COLERAINE

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLEY

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"O, what shall I do now?—'twas looking at you now!
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!
'Twas the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Cleary!
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her, and ere I did leave her
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

LYRIC

APPLE BLOSSOMS

WILLIAM WELSEY MARTIN

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring? in
the spring?
An English apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis pipes his story
In the spring!

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
in the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds bursting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them a delight!
In the spring!

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
in the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades were falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird is calling
In the spring?

Have you seen a merry bridal in the spring? in the
spring?
In an English apple country in the spring?
When the brides and maidens wear
Apple blossoms in their hair;
Apple blossoms everywhere,
In the spring?

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
in the spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
No sight can I remember,
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring!

IF ALL THE SKIES

HENRY VAN DYKE

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling plash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence,
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

A SNOW-SONG

HENRY VAN DYKE

Does the snow fall at sea?
  Yes, when the north winds blow,
  When the wild clouds fly low,
  Out of each gloomy wing,
  Hissing and murmuring,
  Into the stormy sea
    Falleth the snow.

Does the snow hide the sea?
  On all its tossing plains
  Never a flake remains;
  Drift never resteth there;
  Vanishing everywhere,
  Into the hungry sea
    Falleth the snow.

What means the snow at sea?
  Whirled in the veering blast,
  Thickly the flakes drive past!
  Each like a childish ghost
  Wavers, and then is lost.
  Type of life's mystery,
  In the forgetful sea
    Fadeth the snow.

LIFE

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and—what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime.
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

"EX ORE INFANTIUM"

(*"Out of the Mouth of Babes"*)

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play *Can you see me?* through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?

And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?
Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my Father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—
So, a little Child come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "Lo, Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!

ELDORADO

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,—
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

EULALIE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

I dwelt alone
In a world of moan
And my soul was a stagnant tide,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride—
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.

Ah less—less bright
The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!
And never a flake
That the vapor can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded curl—
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble and careless curl.

Now Doubt—now Pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long
Shines bright and strong,
Astartè within the sky,
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye—
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

"OH MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE"

GEORGE ELIOT

Oh may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,

And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

TEARS

CLARENCE N. OUSLEY

There's sumpen in a woman's tears that makes you wanter, sorter
Come close up to her like, and tho' perhaps you hadn't orter,
And lest you're gray and married—better not, I'm here to tell you—
Just put your arm around her waist and tech her chin, and—well—you—

You dam the streams uv cryin' up with little chunks
uv kisses,
For women folks they live on love, both mistresses
and misses.

There's sumpen in the children's tears that makes you
wanter pet 'em,
And—tho' it spiles 'em ever' time—jest shet your
eyes and let 'em
Do what they dog-gone please, for recollect their lit-
tle troubles
To them are bigger'n meetin' houses; ours ain't no
more nor bubbles
That float along the river Life, and we air only ripples
A runnin' to the shore and dyin'—ripples chasin'
ripples.

There's sumpen in man's tears that chokes up all the
forms and speeches
Uv sympathy. Your dumb heart aches and vainly it
beseeches
A sign or sound to voice its love. Uncover! stand!
and listen!
That sob unstrung a chord that can't be mended.
Tear-drops glisten!
The light uv joy is flickerin' out. Don't speak.
There's no use tryin'
To comfort him. He'd ruther be alone with God and
cryin'.

MY BEACON

EMILY H. MILLER

I looked across the bay,
When the tide came over the bar,
And saw, through the rain, the harbor-light
Shine like a great white star.

I trimmed my cottage lamp
And sighed at its tiny spark,
Thinking the ships, for leagues away,
The harbor-light could mark.

But mine—a little way
Along the treacherous sands,
And the murky night took up the ray
Quenched in its pitiless hands.

A keel that touched the shore,
A carol, a footstep light,
And one stood safe at the open door,
And there was no storm nor night.

"Dear heart," my lover said,
His hair with the sea-fog damp,
"Across the bar, with the rising tide,
I steered by thy guiding lamp."

Fair shone my cottage lamp;
A wonderful star to me.
For dearer my lover's wave-worn boat
Than all the ships on the sea.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

EUGENE FIELD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
  Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
  Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
  The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
  That live in this beautiful sea;
  Nets of silver and gold have we,"
        Said Wynken,
        Blynken,
        And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
  As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
  Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
  That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
  Never afeard are we!"
  So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
        Wynken,
        Blynken,
        And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
  To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
  Bringing the fishermen home;

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
  As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
  Of sailing that beautiful sea;
  But I shall name you the fishermen three:
    Wynken,
    Blynken,
    And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
  And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
  Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
  Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
  As you rock on the misty sea
  Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,—
    Wynken,
    Blynken,
    And Nod.

"EARTH HAS NOT ANYTHING TO SHOW MORE FAIR"

(Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1803)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

THE TWO VILLAGES

ROSE TERRY COOKE

Over the village, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses low and sweet
Grow in the middle of the street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the road no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And, weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild;
Longs for rest as the tired child;
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:
"Patience! That village shall hold ye all."

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE

CHARLES DICKENS

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
  That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to wordless prayer,
  The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
  The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
  These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
  A brother in his need,
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
  That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed
  When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
  These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
  The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
  That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
  And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—
  These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
  That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
  We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
  Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
  These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
  Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
  Be firm, and just, and true:
So shall a light that cannot fade
  Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
  These things shall never die.

JAPANESE LULLABY

EUGENE FIELD

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
  Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
  Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,—
  Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
  Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,—
  Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping—
  Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
  Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—
  Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
  Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
  Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

TRUTH AT LAST

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Does a man ever give up hope, I wonder,—
Face the grim fact, seeing it clear as day?
When Bennen saw the snow slip, heard its thunder
Low, louder, roaring round him, felt the speed
Grow swifter as the avalanche hurled downward,
Did he for just one heart-throb—did he indeed
Know with all certainty, as they swept onward,
There was the end, where the crag dropped away?
Or did he think, even till they plunged and fell,
Some miracle would stop them? Nay, they tell
That he turned round, face forward, calm and pale,
Stretching his arms out toward his native vale
As if in mute, unspeakable farewell,
And so went down.—'Tis something, if at last,
Though only for a flash, a man may see
Clear-eyed the future as he sees the past,
From doubt, or fear, or hope's illusion free.

HOME

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

There lies a city in the hills;
White are its roofs, dim is each dwelling's door,
And peace with perfect rest its bosom fills.

There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er
And touches its still face most tenderly.

Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years,
Lo! where it lies, far from the clash and roar,
With quiet distance blurred, as if through tears.

O heart, that prayest so for God to send
Some loving messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy longings end,

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come
His kindest angel, and through that still door
Into the Infinite love will lead thee home.

SPRING TWILIGHT

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Singing in the rain, robin?
  Rippling out so fast
All thy flute-like notes, as if
  This singing were thy last!

After sundown, too, robin?
  Though the fields are dim,
And the trees grow dark and still,
  Dripping from leaf and limb.

'Tis heart-broken music—
  That sweet, faltering strain,—
Like a mingled memory,
  Half ecstasy, half pain.

Surely thus to sing, robin,
  Thou must have in sight
Beautiful skies behind the shower,
  And dawn beyond the night.

Would thy faith were mine, robin!
  Then, though night were long,
All its silent hours should melt
  Their sorrow into song.

ANNABEL LEE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

It was many and many a year ago,
  In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
  By the name of Annabel Lee.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
  Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child
  In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
  I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
  Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
  In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
  My beautiful Annabel Lee

So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud one night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

SELF-DEPENDENCE

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send;
"Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer,—
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them,
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life we see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"

A WOMAN'S FACE

JAMES K. STEPHEN

The good a man does from time to time,
  Gets thanks and praise for, is crowned with bays for
Or married for, sung for in verse sublime,
Or placed for in marble or civic halls
Or hung for in oils on palace walls:

Is good that deserves to be hymned, no doubt,
  Commemorated, and duly fêted,
And otherwise made much noise about:
And of course it is well that the men are found,
To do such good, and to be so crowned.

But all the good that was ever done,
  Or even tried for, or longed or sighed for,
By all the great men under the sun,
Since men were invented, or genius glowed,
Or the world was furnished for our abode:

Is worth far less than the merest smile,
  Or touch of finger, or sighs that linger,
When cheeks grow dimpled, and lips lack guile,
On the face of the women whom God gives grace
To—well on a certain woman's face.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

EUGENE FIELD

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
  But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
  And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
  And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
  Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
  "And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
  He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
  Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
  But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
  Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
  The smile of a little face;

And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
  In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
  Since he kissed them and put them there.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

JOHN KEATS

Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
  Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities or mortals, or of both,
    In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
  What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
    What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
    Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
    She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
  Forever wilt thou love and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
  Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
  Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
    Forever panting and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
  That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
    A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
  To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
  And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
  Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
    Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
  Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
    Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
  Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
  Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
  When old age shall this generation waste,
    Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
  Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st:
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
    Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

THE FAIRIES

A Child's Song

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black-mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
  The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
  He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
  Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
  From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
  On cold starry nights
To sup with the Queen
  Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
  For seven years long;
When she came down again,
  Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
  Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
  But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
  Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
  Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees,
  For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
  As dig them up in spite,

He shall find their sharpest thorns
  In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

TO SLEEP

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds, and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky,
I've thought of all by turns; and still I lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessèd barrier betwixt day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

RECESSIONAL

A Victorian Ode

RUDYARD KIPLING

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—Lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

HER WORLD

EMILY H. MILLER

Behind them slowly sank the western world,
  Before them new horizons opened wide;
" Yonder," he said, " old Rome and Venice wait,
  And lovely Florence by the Arno's tide."
She heard, but backward all her heart had sped,
Where the young moon sailed through the sunset red;
" *Yonder,*" she thought, " *with breathing soft and deep,*
My little lad lies smiling in his sleep."

They sailed where Capri dreamed upon the sea,
  And Naples slept beneath her olive-trees;
They saw the plains where trod the gods of old,
  Pink with the flush of wild anemones.
They saw the marbles by the master wrought
To shrine the heavenly beauty of his thought.
Still rang one longing through her smiles and sighs:
" *If I could see my little lad's sweet eyes!* "

Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed,
  Her baby lying warm against her breast.
" What does she see? " he whispered; " can she guess
  The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed? "

"Ah, no," she said; "she shuts him safe from harms,
Within the love-locked harbor of her arms.
No fear of coming fate could make me sad,
If so, to-night, I held my little lad."

"If you could choose," he said, "a royal boon,
  Like that girl dancing yonder for the king,
What gift from all her kingdom would you bid
  Obedient Fortune in her hand to bring?"
The dancer's robe, the glittering banquet hall
Swam in a mist of tears along the wall.
"*Not power,*" she said, "*nor riches nor delight,*
But just to kiss my little lad to-night!"

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

West wind, blow from your prairie nest!
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast:
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,

Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe, and I,
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!
The river slips through its silent bed,
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

FATE

SUSAN MARR SPALDING

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed.

And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end,
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face,
And yet with wishful eyes that never meet,

With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and that is Fate!

PROSPICE

ROBERT BROWNING

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
  The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
  I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
  The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
  Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
  And the barriers fall,
Tho' a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
  The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
  The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
  And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
  The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
  Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

THE RIB

ERNEST M'GAFFEY

A painter wrought him a noble dream, deep-toiling day and night.
The years rolled on and the canvas dimmed while the radiant tints took flight,
And the painter sank in an unmarked grave, forlorn and forgotten quite.

A sculptor chiselled a matchless form from out of a mass of stone.
And it seemed as though the figure freed from the hand of God had grown,
But an earthquake shattered its curves and lines and the sculptor died unknown.

So a poet born, in sheer disdain, laid by the pen and scroll,
And sought a woman who turned to him as the needle to the pole,
And he clasped her hand, and held it fast, and loved her—body and soul.

For the slow, insidious tooth of Time like the water's
edge devours,
And the thorns of pain rise thick among Ambition's
funeral flowers,
And a man and woman are all there is in this crude
world of ours.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

SIDNEY LANIER

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brookstone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

DRAMATIC

THE FALCON

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE COUNT FEDERIGO DEGLI ALBERIGHI.
FILIPPO, *Count's foster-brother.*
THE LADY GIOVANNA.
ELISABETTA, *the Count's nurse.*

SCENE.—AN ITALIAN COTTAGE. CASTLE AND MOUNTAINS SEEN THROUGH WINDOW.

ELISABETTA *discovered seated on stool in window darning. The* COUNT *with Falcon on his hand comes down through the door at back. A withered wreath on the wall.*

ELIS. So, my lord, the Lady Giovanna, who hath been away so long, came back last night with her son to the castle.

COUNT. Hear that, my bird! Art thou not jealous of her?

My princess of the cloud, my plumed purveyor,
My far-eyed queen of the winds . . .
(Crosses to chair.)
. . . I would thou hadst a mate!
Thy breed will die with thee, and mine with me:

I am as lone and loveless as thyself. *(Sits in chair.)*
Giovanna here! Ay, ruffle thyself—*be* jealous!
Thou should'st be jealous of her. Tho' I bred thee
And love thee and thou me, yet if Giovanna
Be here again—No, no! Buss me, my bird!
The stately widow has no heart for me.
Thou art the last friend left me upon earth—
(Rises and turns.)
. . . My good old nurse,
I had forgotten thou wast sitting there.

ELIS. Ay, and forgotten thy foster-brother too.

COUNT. Bird-babble for my falcon! Let it pass.
What art thou doing there?

ELIS. Darning, your lordship.
We cannot flaunt it in new feathers now:
Nay, if we *will* buy diamond necklaces
To please our lady, we must darn, my lord.
Shame on her that she took it at thy hands.

COUNT. She would have robb'd me then of a great pleasure.

ELIS. But hath she yet return'd thy love?

COUNT. Not yet!

ELIS. She should return thy necklace then.

COUNT. Ay, if
She knew the giver; but I bound the seller
To silence, and I left it privily
At Florence, in her palace.

ELIS. And sold thine own
To buy it for her. She not know? She knows
There's none such other——

COUNT. Madman anywhere.
Speak freely, tho' to call a madman mad
Will hardly help to make him sane again.

Enter FILIPPO.

FIL. Here has our master been a-glorifying and a-velveting and a-silking himself, and a-peacocking and a-spreading to catch her eye for a dozen year, till he hasn't an eye left in his own tail to flourish among the pea-hens, and all along o' you, Monna Giovanna, all along o' you!

ELIS. Sh—sh—Filippo! Can't you hear that you are saying behind his back what you see you are saying afore his face?

COUNT. Let him—he never spares me to my face!

FIL. No, my lord, I never spare your lordship to your lordship's face, nor behind your lordship's back, for I'm honest, your lordship.

COUNT. Come, come, Filippo, what is there in the larder?

(ELISABETTA *crosses to fireplace and puts on wood.)*

FIL. Shelves and hooks, shelves and hooks, and when I see the shelves I am like to hang myself on the hooks.

COUNT. No bread?

FIL. Half a breakfast for a rat!

COUNT. Milk?

FIL. Three laps for a cat!

COUNT. Cheese?

FIL. A supper for twelve mites.

COUNT. Eggs?

FIL. One, but addled.

COUNT. Let be thy jokes and thy jerks, man! Anything or nothing?

FIL. Well, my lord, if all-but-nothing be anything, and one plate of dried prunes be all-but-nothing, then there is anything in your lordship's larder at your lordship's service, if your lordship care to call for it.

COUNT. Good mother, happy was the prodigal son,
For he return'd to the rich father; I
But add my poverty to thine. And all
Thro' following of my fancy. Pray thee make
Thy slender meal out of those scraps and shreds
Filippo spoke of. As for him and me,
There sprouts a salad in the garden still.

[*Exit, followed by* FILIPPO.

ELIS. I knew it would come to this. She has beggared him. I always knew it would come to this! *(Goes up to table as if to resume darning, and looks out of window.)* Why, as I live, there is Monna Giovanna coming down the hill from the castle. Stops and stares at our cottage. Ay, ay! stare at it: it's all you have left us. Nay, see, why she turns down the path through our little vineyard. Coming to visit my lord, for the first time in her life too! Why, bless the saints! I'll be bound to confess her love to him at last. I forgive her, I forgive her! *(Going up to door during latter part of speech and opens it.)* Come in, Madonna, come in. *(Retires to front of table and curtseys as the* LADY GIOVANNA *enters, then moves chair toward the hearth.)* Nay, let me place this chair for your ladyship.

*(*LADY GIOVANNA *moves slowly down stage, then crosses to chair, looking about her, bows as she sees the Madonna over fireplace, then sits in chair.)*

GIO. Can I speak with the Count?

ELIS. Ay, my lady, but won't you speak with the old woman first, and tell her all about it and make her happy? for I've been on my knees every day for these half-dozen years in hope that the saints would send us this blessed morning; and he always took you so kindly, he always took the world so kindly. Bless your sweet face, you

look as beautiful this morning as the very Madonna her own self. But come when they will—then or now—it's all for the best, these marriages. *(Raises her hands.)*

GIO. Marriages? I shall never marry again!

ELIS. *(rises and turns).* Shame on her then!

GIO. Where is the Count?

ELIS. Just gone
To fly his falcon.

GIO. Call him back and say
I come to breakfast with him.

ELIS. Holy mother!
To breakfast! Oh sweet saints! one plate of prunes!
Well, Madam, I will give your message to him. [*Exit.*

GIO. His falcon, and I come to ask for his falcon,
His one companion here—nay, I have heard
That, thro' his late magnificence of living
And this last costly gift to mine own self,
(Shows diamond necklace.)
He hath become so beggar'd, that his falcon
Ev'n wins his dinner for him in the field.
That must be talk, not truth, but truth or talk,
How can I ask for his falcon?
(Rises and moves as she speaks.)
O my sick boy!
My daily fading Florio, it is thou
Hath set me this hard task, for when I say
What can I do—what can I get for thee?
He answers, "Get the Count to give me his falcon,
And that will make me well." Yet if I ask,
He loves me, and he knows I know he loves me!
Will he not pray me to return his love—
To marry him?—*(pause)*—I can never marry him.
His grandsire struck my grandsire in a brawl
At Florence, and my grandsire stabb'd him there.

The feud between our houses is the bar
I cannot cross; I dare not brave my brother,
Break with my kin. My brother hates him, scorns
The noblest-natured man alive, and I—
Who have that reverence for him that I scarce
Dare beg him to receive his diamonds back—
How can I, dare I, ask him for his falcon?
(Puts diamonds in her casket.)

Re-enter COUNT *and* FILIPPO. COUNT *turns to* FILIPPO.

COUNT. Do what I said; I cannot do it myself.
FIL. Why then, my lord, we are pauper'd out and out.
COUNT. Do what I said! *(Advances and bows low.)*
Welcome to this poor cottage, my dear lady.
GIO. And welcome turns a cottage to a palace.
COUNT. 'Tis long since we have met!
GIO. To make amends
I come this day to break my fast with you.
COUNT. I am much honor'd—yes——
(Turns to FILIPPO.*)*
Do what I told thee. Must I do it myself?
FIL. I will, I will. *(Sighs.)* Poor fellow! [*Exit.*
COUNT. Lady, you bring your light into my cottage
Who never deign'd to shine into my palace.
GIO. In cottage or in palace, being still
Beyond your fortunes, you are still the king
Of courtesy and liberality.
COUNT. I trust I still maintain my courtesy;
My liberality perforce is dead
Thro' lack of means of giving.
GIO. Yet I come
To ask a gift. *(Moves toward him a little.)*
COUNT. It will be hard, I fear,

To find one shock upon the field when all
The harvest has been carried.

GIO. But my boy—
(Aside.) No, no! not yet—I cannot!

COUNT. Ay, how is he,
That bright inheritor of your eyes—your boy?

GIO. Alas, my Lord Federigo, he hath fallen
Into a sickness, and it troubles me.

COUNT. Sick! is it so? why, when he came last year
To see me hawking, he was well enough:

GIO. Oh, yes, and once you let him fly your falcon.

COUNT. How charm'd he was! what wonder?—A gallant boy,
A noble bird, each perfect of the breed.

GIO. *(sinks in chair).* What do you rate her at?

COUNT. My bird? a hundred
Gold pieces once were offer'd by the Duke.
I had no heart to part with her for money.

GIO. No, not for money.

*(*COUNT *turns away and sighs.)*

Wherefore do you sigh?

COUNT. I have lost a friend of late.

GIO. I could sigh with you
For fear of losing more than friend, a son;
And if he leave me—all the rest of life—
That wither'd wreath were of more worth to me.

(Looking at wreath on wall.)

COUNT. That wither'd wreath is of more worth to me
Than all the blossom, all the leaf of this
New-wakening year. *(Goes and takes down wreath.)*

GIO. And yet I never saw
The land so rich in blossom as this year.

COUNT *(holding wreath toward her).* Was not the year when this was gather'd richer?

GIO. How long ago was that?

COUNT. Alas, ten summers!
A lady that was beautiful as day
Sat by me at a rustic festival,
And she was the most beautiful of all;
Then but fifteen, and still as beautiful.
The mountain flowers grew thickly round about.
I made a wreath with some of these; I ask'd
A ribbon from her hair to bind it with;
I whisper'd, Let me crown you Queen of Beauty,
And softly placed the chaplet on her head.
A color, which has color'd all my life,
Flush'd in her face; then I was call'd away;
And presently all rose, and so departed.
Ah! she had thrown my chaplet on the grass,
And there I found it.

(Lets his hands fall, holding wreath despondingly.)

GIO. *(after pause).* How long since, do you say?

COUNT. That was the very year before you married.

GIO. When I was married you were at the wars.

COUNT. Had she not thrown my chaplet on the grass,
It may be I had never seen the wars.

(Replaces wreath whence he had taken it.)

GIO. Ah, but, my lord, there ran a rumor then
That you were kill'd in battle. I can tell you
True tears that year were shed for you in Florence.

COUNT. It might have been as well for me. Unhappily
I was but wounded by the enemy there
And then imprison'd.

GIO. Happily, however,
I see you quite recover'd of your wound.

COUNT. No, no, not quite, Madonna, not yet, not yet.

Re-enter FILIPPO.

FIL. My lord, a word with you.

COUNT. Pray, pardon me!

(LADY GIOVANNA *crosses, and passes behind chair and takes down wreath; then goes to chair by table.)*

COUNT (*to* FILIPPO). What is it, Filippo?

FIL. Spoons, your lordship.

COUNT. Spoons!

FIL. Yes, my lord, for wasn't my lady born with a golden spoon in her ladyship's mouth, and we haven't never so much as a silver one for the golden lips of her ladyship.

COUNT. Have we not half a score of silver spoons?

FIL. Half o' one, my lord!

COUNT. How half of one?

FIL. I trod upon him even now, my lord, in my hurry, and broke him.

COUNT. And the other nine?

FIL. Sold! but shall I not mount with your lordship's leave to her ladyship's castle, in your lordship's and her ladyship's name, and confer with her ladyship's seneschal, and so descend again with some of her ladyship's own appurtenances?

COUNT. Why—no, man. Only see your cloth be clean. [*Exit* FILIPPO.

GIO. Ay, ay, this faded ribbon was the mode
In Florence ten years back. What's here? a scroll
Pinned to the wreath.
My lord, you have said so much
Of this poor wreath that I was bold enough
To take it down, if but to guess what flowers
Had made it; and I find a written scroll
That seems to run in rhymings. Might I read?

COUNT. Ay, if you will.

GIO. It should be if you can.

(Reads.)

"Dead mountain." Nay, for who could trace a hand
So wild and staggering?

COUNT. This was penn'd, Madonna,
In the perpetual twilight of a prison,
When he that made it, having his right hand
Lamed in the battle, wrote it with his left.

GIO. O heavens! the very letters seem to shake
With cold, with pain perhaps, poor prisoner! Well,
Tell me the words—or better—for I see
There goes a musical score along with them,
Repeat them to their music.

COUNT. You can touch
No chord in me that would not answer you
In music.

GIO. That is musically said.

(COUNT *takes guitar.* LADY GIOVANNA *sits listening with wreath in her hand, and quietly removes scroll and places it on table at the end of the song.)*

COUNT *(sings, playing guitar).* "Dead mountain flowers, dead mountain-meadow flowers,
Dearer than when you made your mountain gay,
Sweeter than any violet of to-day,
Richer than all the wide world-wealth of May,
To me, tho' all your bloom has died away,
You bloom again, dead mountain-meadow flowers."

Enter ELISABETTA *with cloth, which she spreads on the table, and goes out.*

GIO. *(holding wreath toward him).* There! my lord, you are a poet,

And can you not imagine that the wreath,
Set, as you say, so lightly on her head,
Fell with her motion as she rose, and she,
A girl, a child, then but fifteen, however
Flutter'd or flatter'd by your notice of her,
Was yet too bashful to return for it?

COUNT. Was it so indeed? was it so? was it so?

(Leans forward to take wreath, and touches LADY GIOVANNA'S *hand, which she withdraws hastily; he places wreath on corner of chair.)*

GIO. *(with dignity).* I did not say, my lord, that it was so;
I said you might imagine it was so.

Enter FILIPPO *with bowl of salad, which he places on table.*

FIL. Here's a fine salad for my lady, for tho' we have been a soldier, and ridden by his lordship's side, and seen the red of the battle-field, yet are we now drill-sergeant to his lordship's lettuces, and profess to be great in green things and in garden-stuff.

GIO. I thank thee, good Filippo. [*Exit* FILIPPO.

Enter ELISABETTA *with bird on a dish which she places on table.*

ELIS. *(close to table).* Here's a fine fowl for my lady; I had scant time to do him in. I hope he be not underdone, for we be undone in the doing of him.

GIO. I thank you, my good nurse.

FIL. *(re-entering with plate of prunes).* And here are fine fruits for my lady—prunes, my lady, from the tree that my lord himself planted here in the blossom of his boyhood—and so I, Filippo, being, with your ladyship's

pardon, and as your ladyship knows, his lordship's own foster-brother, would commend them to your ladyship's most peculiar appreciation. *(Puts plate on table.)*

ELIS. Filippo!

GIO. (COUNT *leads her to table*). Will you not eat with me, my lord?

COUNT. I cannot,
Not a morsel, not one morsel. I have broken
My fast already. I will pledge you. Wine!
Filippo, wine!

(Sits near table; FILIPPO *brings flask, fills the* COUNT'S *goblet, then* LADY GIOVANNA'S; ELISABETTA *stands at the back of* LADY GIOVANNA'S *chair.)*

It is but thin and cold,
Not like the vintage blowing round your castle.
We lie too deep down in the shadow here.
Your ladyship lives higher in the sun.

(They pledge each other and drink.)

GIO. If I might send you down a flask or two
Of that same vintage? There is iron in it.
It has been much commended as a medicine.
I give it my sick son, and if you be
Not quite recover'd of your wound, the wine
Might help you. None has ever told me yet
The story of your battle and your wound.

FIL. *(coming forward).* I can tell you, my lady, I can tell you.

ELIS. Filippo! will you take the word out of your master's own mouth?

FIL. Was it there to take? Put it there, my lord.

COUNT. Giovanna, my dear lady, in this same battle
We had been beaten—they were ten to one.
The trumpets of the fight had echo'd down,

I and Filippo here had done our best,
And, having passed unwounded from the field,
Were seated sadly at a fountain side,
Our horses grazing by us, when a troop,
Laden with booty and with a flag of ours
Ta'en in the fight——

FIL. Ay, but we fought for it back,
And kill'd——

ELIS. Filippo!

COUNT. A troop of horse——

FIL. Five hundred!

COUNT. Say fifty!

FIL. And we kill'd 'em by the score!

ELIS. Filippo!

FIL. Well, well, well! I bite my tongue.

COUNT. We may have left their fifty less by five.
However, staying not to count how many,
But anger'd at their flaunting of our flag,
We mounted, and we dash'd into the heart of 'em.
I wore the lady's chaplet round my neck;
It served me for a blessed rosary.
I am sure that more than one brave fellow owed
His death to the charm in it.

ELIS. Hear that, my lady!

COUNT. I cannot tell how long we strove before
Our horses fell beneath us; down we went
Crush'd, hack'd at, trampled underfoot. The night,
As some cold-manner'd friend may strangely do us
The truest service, had a touch of frost
That help'd to check the flowing of the blood.
My last sight ere I swoon'd was one sweet face
Crown'd with the wreath. *That* seem'd to come and go.
They left us there for dead!

ELIS. Hear that, my lady!

FIL. Ay, and I left two fingers there for dead. See, my lady! *(Showing his hand.)*

GIO. I see, Filippo!

FIL. And I have small hope of the gentleman gout in my great toe.

GIO. And why, Filippo? *(Smiling absently.)*

FIL. I left him there for dead too!

ELIS. She smiles at him—how hard the woman is!
My lady, if your ladyship were not
Too proud to look upon the garland, you
Would find it stain'd——

COUNT *(rising).* Silence, Elisabetta!

ELIS. Stain'd with the blood of the best heart that ever
Beat for one woman. *(Points to wreath on chair.)*

GIO. *(rising slowly).* I can eat no more!

COUNT. You have but trifled with our homely salad,
But dallied with a single lettuce-leaf;
Not eaten anything.

GIO. Nay, nay, I cannot.
You know, my lord, I told you I was troubled.
My one child Florio lying still so sick,
I bound myself, and by a solemn vow,
That I would touch no flesh till he were well
Here, or else well in Heaven, where all is well.

(ELISABETTA *clears table of bird and salad:* FILIPPO *snatches up the plate of prunes and holds them to* LADY GIOVANNA.)

FIL. But the prunes, my lady, from the tree that his lordship——

GIO. Not now, Filippo. My lord Federigo,
Can I not speak with you once more alone?

COUNT. You hear, Filippo? My good fellow, go!

FIL. But the prunes that your lordship——

ELIS. Filippo!

COUNT. Ay, prune our company of thine own and go!

ELIS. Filippo!

FIL. *(turning).* Well, well! the women! [*Exit.*

COUNT. And thou too leave us, my dear nurse, alone.

ELIS. *(folding up cloth and going).* And me too!

(Turns and curtseys stiffly to LADY GIOVANNA, *then exit.* LADY GIOVANNA *takes out diamond necklace from casket.)*

GIO. My lord, I have a present to return you,
And afterward a boon to crave of you.

COUNT. No, my most honor'd and long-worshipt lady,
Poor Federigo degli Alberighi
Takes nothing in return from you except
Return of his affection—can deny
Nothing to you that you require of him.

GIO. Then I require you to take back your diamonds— *(Offering necklace.)*
I doubt not they are yours. No other heart
Of such magnificence in courtesy
Beats—out of heaven. They seem'd too rich a prize
To trust with any messenger. I came
In person to return them. *(Count draws back.)*
If the phrase
"Return" displease you, we will say—exchange them
For your—for your——

COUNT *(takes a step toward her and then back).* For mine—and what of mine?

GIO. Well, shall we say this wreath and your sweet rhymes?

COUNT. But have you ever worn my diamonds?

GIO. No!
For that would seem accepting of your love.
I cannot brave my brother—but be sure
That I shall never marry again, my lord!

COUNT. Sure?
GIO. Yes!
COUNT. Is this your brother's order?
GIO. No!
For he would marry me to the richest man
In Florence; but I think you know the saying—
"Better a man without riches, than riches without a man."
COUNT. A noble saying—and acted on would yield
A nobler breed of men and women. Lady,
I find you a shrewd bargainer. The wreath
That once you wore outvalues twentyfold
The diamonds that you never deign'd to wear.
But lay them there for a moment!
(Points to table. LADY GIOVANNA *places necklace on table.)* And be you
Gracious enough to let me know the boon
By granting which, if aught be mine to grant,
I should be made more happy than I hoped
Ever to be again.
GIO. Then keep your wreath,
But you will find me a shrewd bargainer still.
I cannot keep your diamonds, for the gift
I ask for, to *my* mind and at this present
Outvalues all the jewels upon earth.
COUNT. It should be love that thus outvalues all.
You speak like love, and yet you love me not.
I have nothing in this world but love for you.
GIO. Love? it *is* love, love for my dying boy,
Moves me to ask it of you.
COUNT. What? my time?
Is it my time? Well, I can give my time
To him that is a part of you, your son.
Shall I return to the castle with you? Shall I

Sit by him, read to him, tell him my tales,
Sing him my songs? You know that I can touch
The ghittern to some purpose.

GIO. No, not that!
I thank you heartily for that—and you,
I doubt not from your nobleness of nature,
Will pardon me for asking what I ask.

COUNT. Giovanna, dear Giovanna, I that once
The wildest of the random youth of Florence
Before I saw you—all my nobleness
Of nature, as you deign to call it, draws
From you, and from my constancy to you.
No more, but speak.

GIO. I will. You know sick people,
More specially sick children, have strange fancies,
Strange longings; and to thwart them in their mood
May work them grievous harm at times, may even
Hasten their end. I would you had a son!
It might be easier then for you to make
Allowance for a mother—her—who comes
To rob you of your one delight on earth.
How often has my sick boy yearn'd for this!
I have put him off as often; but to-day
I dared not—so much weaker, so much worse
For last day's journey. I was weeping for him;
He gave me his hand: "I should be well again
If the good Count would give me——"

COUNT. Give me?

GIO. His falcon.

COUNT *(starts back)*. My falcon!

GIO. Yes, your falcon, Federigo!

COUNT. Alas, I cannot!

GIO. Cannot? Even so!
I fear'd as much. O this unhappy world!

How shall I break it to him? how shall I tell him?
The boy may die: more blessed were the rags
Of some pale beggar-woman seeking alms
For her sick son, if he were like to live,
Than all my childless wealth, if mine must die.
I was to blame—the love you said you bore me—
My lord, we thank you for your entertainment.
(With a stately curtsey.)
And so return—Heaven help him!—to our son. *(Turns.)*

COUNT *(rushes forward)*. Stay, stay, I am most unlucky, most unhappy.
You never had look'd in on me before,
And when you came and dipt your sovereign head
Thro' these low doors, you ask'd to eat with me.
I had but emptiness to set before you,
No not a draught of milk, no not an egg,
Nothing but my brave bird, my noble falcon,
My comrade of the house, and of the field.
She had to die for it—she died for you.
Perhaps I thought with those of old, the nobler
The victim was, the more acceptable
Might be the sacrifice. I fear you scarce
Will thank me for your entertainment now.

GIO. *(returning)*. I bear with him no longer.

COUNT. No, Madonna!
And he will have to bear with it as he may.

GIO. I break with him for ever!

COUNT. Yes, Giovanna,
But he will keep his love to you for ever!

GIO. You? you? not you! My brother! my hard brother!
O Federigo, Federigo, I love you!
Spite of ten thousand brothers, Federigo.
(Falls at his feet.)

COUNT *(impetuously).* Why then the dying of my
noble bird
Hath served me better than her living—then
(Takes diamonds from table.)
These diamonds are both yours and mine—have won
Their value again—beyond all markets—there
I lay them for the first time round your neck.
(Lays necklace round her neck.)
And then this chaplet—No more feuds, but peace,
Peace and conciliation! I will make
Your brother love me. See, I tear away
The leaves were darken'd by the battle—
(Pulls leaves off and throws them down.)
—crown you
Again with the same crown my Queen of Beauty.
(Places wreath on her head.)
Rise—I could almost think that the dead garland
Will break once more into the living blossom.
Nay, nay, I pray you rise. *(Raises her with both hands.)*
We two together
Will help to heal your son—your son and mine—
We shall do it—we shall do it. *(Embraces her.)*
The purpose of my being is accomplish'd,
And I am happy!

GIO. And I too, Federigo.

RICHELIEU

EDWARD LORD LYTTON

[The influence of Cardinal Richelieu, prime minister of France, is being slowly undermined by a band of conspirators headed by Baradas, De Beringhen, and the brother of the King. The only chance to defeat the conspiracy lies in the discovery of a certain document written by the conspirators, which has been lost, and to recover which François Huguet has been selected by the Cardinal. The King is in love with Julie, the ward of Richelieu, and wife of de Mauprat, who has been sent to prison. Under ordinary circumstances Richelieu would have been able to protect her and to rescue her husband. The King's ear, however, has been poisoned by the conspirators, and Richelieu's failing health and waning influence encourage them to attempt his overthrow and so to accomplish their purpose to dethrone the King. The present scene opens with Richelieu in conversation with Joseph, his confidant.]

RICHELIEU. Joseph—Did you hear the King?

JOSEPH. I did—there's danger! Had you been less haughty——

RICH. And suffered slaves to chuckle—"See the *Cardinal*—

How meek his Eminence is to-day!"—I tell thee
This is a strife in which the loftiest look
Is the most subtle armor——

JOS. But——

RICH. No time
For ifs and buts. I will accuse these traitors!
I will—I will——

JOS. Tush! François is your creature;
So they will say, and laugh at you!—*your witness*
Must be that same Despatch.

RICH. Away to Marion!

JOS. I have been there—she is seized—removed—imprisoned—
By the Count's orders.

RICH. Goddess of bright dreams,
My country—shalt thou lose me now, when most
Thou need'st thy worshipper? My native land!
Let me but ward this dagger from thy heart,
And die—but on thy bosom!

Enter JULIE.

JULIE. Heaven! I thank thee!
It cannot be, or this all-powerful man
Would not stand idly thus.

RICH. What dost *thou* here?
Home!

JULIE. Home!—is *Adrien there?*—you're dumb—yet strive
For words; I see them trembling on your lip,
But choked by pity. It *was* truth—all truth!
Seized—the Bastile—and in your presence, too!
Cardinal, where is Adrien?—Think—he saved
Your life:—your name is infamy, if wrong
Should come to his!

RICH. Be soothed, child.

JULIE. Child no more;
I love, and I am woman! Hope and suffer—
Love, suffering, hope,—what else doth make the strength
And majesty of woman?—Where is Adrien?

RICH. (*to* JOSEPH). Your youth was never young—you never loved:—
Speak to her——

JOS. Nay, take heed—the King's command,
'Tis true—I mean—the——

JULIE (*to* RICHELIEU). Let thine eyes meet mine;
Answer me but one word—I am a wife—
I ask thee for my *home*—my FATE—my ALL!
Where is my *husband?*

RICH. You are Richelieu's ward,
A soldier's bride: they who insist on truth
Must outface fear;—you ask me for your husband?
There—where the clouds of heaven look darkest, o'er
The domes of the Bastile!

JULIE. I thank you, father;
You see I do not shudder. Heaven forgive you
The sin of this desertion!

RICH. *(detaining her).* Whither wouldst thou?

JULIE. Stay me not. Fie! I should be there already.
I am thy ward, and haply he may think
Thou'st taught *me* also to forsake the wretched!

RICH. I've filled those cells—with many—traitors all.
Had *they* wives too?—Thy memories, Power, are solemn!
Poor sufferer!—think'st thou that yon gates of woe
Unbar to love? Alas! if love once enter,
'Tis for the last farewell; between those walls
And the mute grave—the blessed household sounds
Only heard once—while, hungering at the door,
The headsman whets the axe.

JULIE. O mercy! mercy!
Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not
The Cardinal-King—the Lord of life and death—
Beneath whose light, as deeps beneath the moon,
The solemn tides of Empire ebb and flow?—
Art not thou Richelieu?

RICH. Yesterday I was!—
To-day, a very weak old man!—To-morrow,
I know not what!

JULIE. Do you conceive his meaning?

Alas! I cannot. But, methinks, my senses
Are duller than they were!

JOS. The King is chafed
Against his servant. Lady, while we speak,
The lackey of the anteroom is not
More powerless than the Minister of France.

RICH. And yet the air is still; Heaven wears no cloud;
From Nature's silent orbit starts no portent
To warn the unconscious world;—albeit this night
May with a morrow teem which, in my fall,
Would carry earthquake to remotest lands,
And change the Christian globe. What wouldst thou, woman?
Thy fate and his, with mine, for good or ill,
Are woven threads. In my vast sum of life
Millions such units merge.

Enter FIRST COURTIER.

FIRST C. Madame de Mauprat!
Pardon, your Eminence—even now I seek
This lady's home—commanded by the King
To pray her presence.

JULIE (*clinging to* RICHELIEU). Think of my dead father!—
Think how, an infant, clinging to your knees,
And looking to your eyes, the wrinkled care
Fled from your brow before the smile of childhood,
Fresh from the dews of heaven! Think of this,
And take me to your breast.

RICH. To those who sent you!—
And say you found the virtue they would slay
Here—couched upon this heart, as at an altar,
And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome!
Begone!

FIRST C. My Lord, I am your friend and servant—
Misjudge me not; but never yet was Louis
So roused against you:—shall I take this answer?—
It were to be your foe.

RICH. All time my foe,
If I, a Priest, could cast this holy Sorrow
Forth from her last asylum!

FIRST C. He is lost!

[*Exit* FIRST COURTIER.

RICH. God help thee, child!—she hears not! Look upon her!
The storm that rends the oak, uproots the flower.
Her father loved me so! and in that age
When friends are brothers! She has been to me
Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears?
O shame, shame!—dotage!

JOS. Tears are not for eyes
That rather need the lightning, which can pierce
Through barred gates and triple walls, to smite
Crime, where it cowers in secret!—The Despatch!
Set every spy to work;—the morrow's sun
Must see that written treason in your hands,
Or rise upon your ruin.

RICH. Ay—and close
Upon my corpse!—I am not made to live—
Friends, glory, France, all reft from me;—my star
Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,
Piercing imperial heaven, and falling down,
Rayless and blackened, to the dust—a thing
For all men's feet to trample! Yea!—to-morrow
Triumph or death! Look up, child!—Lead us, Joseph.

(As they are going out, enter BARADAS *and* DE BERINGHEN.*)*

BARADAS. My Lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence

So far forgets your duty, and his greatness,
As to resist his mandate! Pray you, Madam,
Obey the King—no cause for fear!

JULIE. My father!

RICH. She shall not stir!

BAR. You are not of her kindred—
An orphan——

RICH. And her country is her mother!

BAR. The country is the King!

RICH. Ay, is it so?—
Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark, where she stands!—around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn Church!
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome!

BAR. I dare not brave you!
I do but speak the orders of my King.
The Church, your rank, power, very word, my Lord,
Suffice you for resistance:—blame yourself,
If it should cost you power!

RICH. That *my* stake.—Ah!
Dark gamester! *what is thine?* Look to it well!—
Lose not a trick.—By this same hour to-morrow
Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!

BAR. (*aside to* DE BERINGHEN). He cannot
Have the Despatch?

DE BER. No: were it so, your stake
Were lost already.

JOS. *(aside).* Patience is your game:
Reflect, you have not the Despatch!

RICH. O monk!
Leave patience to the saints—for *I* am human!

Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan?
And now they say thou hast *no* father!—Fie!
Art thou not pure and good?—if so, thou art
A part of that—the Beautiful, the Sacred—
Which, in all climes, men that have hearts adore,
By the great title of their mother country!

BAR. *(aside).* He wanders!

RICH. So cling close unto my breast,
Here where thou droop'st lies France! I am very feeble—
Of little use it seems to either now.
Well, well—we will go home.

BAR. In sooth, my Lord,
You do need rest—the burdens of the State
O'ertask your health!

RICH. *(to* JOSEPH*).* I'm patient, see!

BAR. *(aside).* His mind
And life are breaking fast!

RICH. *(overhearing him).* Irreverent ribald!
If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!
I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!
Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!
Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman.
Ha! ha!—how pale he is! Heaven save my country!

(Falls back in JOSEPH'S *arms.)*

*(*BARADAS *exit, followed by* DE BERINGHEN, *betraying his exultation by his gestures.)*

ARMGART

GEORGE ELIOT

[ARMGART, a young singer, is making her first appearance, as *Orpheus*, in Gluck's opera, "Orpheus and Eurydice." GRAF DORNBERG, a nobleman in love with ARMGART, hurries to her *salon* from his diplomatic mission to await her return from the opera house. ARMGART'S cousin, the lame WALPURGA, is with him.]

SCENE I.—*A Salon lit with lamps and ornamented with green plants. An open piano, with many scattered sheets of music. Bronze busts of Beethoven and Gluck on pillars opposite each other. A small table spread with supper. Enter* LEO *with a wreath in his hand, holding the door open for* ARMGART, *who wears a furred mantle and hood. She is followed by her maid, carrying an armful of bouquets.*

LEO. Place for the queen of song!

GRAF *(advancing toward* ARMGART, *who throws off her hood and mantle, and shows a star of brilliants in her hair).*

A triumph, then.
You will not be a niggard of your joy
And chide the eagerness that came to share it.

ARMGART. O kind! you hastened your return for me.
I would you had been there to hear me sing!
Walpurga, kiss me: never tremble more
Lest Armgart's wing should fail her. . . .
. . . Tell them, Leo, tell them
How I outsang your hope and made you cry

Because Gluck could not hear me. That was folly!
He sang, not listened: every linked note
Was his immortal pulse that stirred in mine,
And all my gladness is but part of him.

(She crowns the bust of GLUCK.*)*

LEO *(sardonically).* Ay, ay, but mark you this,
It was not part of him—that trill you made
In spite of me and reason!

ARM. You were wrong—
Dear Leo, you were wrong: the house was held
As if a storm were listening with delight
And hushed its thunder.

LEO. Will you ask the house
To teach you singing? Quit your *Orpheus* then,
And sing in farces grown to operas,
Where all the prurience of the full-fed mob
Is tickled with melodic impudence:
Jerk forth burlesque bravuras, square your arms
Akimbo with a tavern wench's grace,
And set the splendid compass of your voice
To lyric jigs. Go to! I thought you meant
To be an artist—lift your audience
To see your vision, not trick forth a show
To please the grossest taste of grossest numbers.

ARM. *(taking up* LEO'S *hand, and kissing it).*
. . . O I trilled
At nature's prompting, like the nightingales.
Go scold them, dearest Leo.

LEO. I stop my ears.
Nature in Gluck inspiring Orpheus,
Has done with nightingales. Are bird-beaks lips?

GRAF. Truce to rebukes! Tell us—who were not there—
The double drama: how the expectant house
Took the first notes.

WALPURGA *(turning from her occupation of decking the room with the flowers).*

Yes, tell us all, dear Armgart.
Did you feel tremors? Leo, how did she look?
Was there a cheer to greet her?

LEO. Not a sound.
She walked like Orpheus in his solitude,
And seemed to see naught but what no man saw.
Well! The first notes came clearly firmly forth.
And I was easy, for behind those rills
I knew there was a fountain. I could see
The house was breathing gently, heads were still;
Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,
And human hearts were swelling. Armgart stood
As if she had been new-created there
And found her voice which found a melody.
Orpheus was Armgart, Armgart Orpheus.
. . . The final note
Had happy drowning in the unloosed roar
That surged and ebbed and ever surged again,
Till expectation kept it pent awhile
Ere Orpheus returned. Pfui! He was changed:
My demi-god was pale, had downcast eyes
That quivered like a bride's who fain would send
Backward the rising tear.

ARM. *(advancing, but then turning away, as if to check her speech).*

I *was* a bride,
As nuns are at their spousals.

WAL. I hope the house
Kept a reserve of plaudits: I am jealous
Lest they had dulled themselves for coming good
That should have seemed the better and the best.

LEO. No, 'twas a revel where they had but quaffed
Their opening cup. I think the artist's star,

His audience keeps not sober: once afire,
They flame toward climax, though his merit hold
But fairly even.

ARM. *(her hand on* LEO'S *arm).*
Now, now, confess the truth:
I sang still better to the very end—
All save the trill; I give that up to you,
To bite and growl at. Why, you said yourself,
Each time I sang, it seemed new doors were oped
That you might hear heaven clearer.

LEO *(shaking his finger).* I was raving.

ARM. I am not glad with that mean vanity
Which knows no good beyond its appetite
Full feasting upon praise! I am only glad,
Being praised for what I know is worth the praise;
Glad of the proof that I myself have part
In what I worship! At the last applause
Think you I felt myself a *prima donna?*
No, but a happy spiritual star
Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose
Of light in Paradise, whose only self
Was consciousness of glory wide-diffused,
Music, life, power—I moving in the midst
With a sublime necessity of good.

LEO *(with a shrug).* I thought it was a *prima donna* came
Within the side-scenes; ay, and she was proud
To find the bouquet from the royal box
Enclosed a jewel-case, and proud to wear
A star of brilliants, quite an earthly star,
Valued by thalers. Come, my lady, own
Ambition has five senses, and a self
That gives it good warm lodging when it sinks
Plump down from ecstasy.

ARM. Own it? why not?
Am I a sage whose words must fall like seed
Silently buried toward a far-off spring?
I sing to living men and my effect
Is like the summer's sun, that ripens corn
Or now or never. If the world brings me gifts,
Gold, incense, myrrh—'twill be the needful sign
That I have stirred it as the high year stirs
Before I sink to winter.

GRAF. Ecstasies
Are short—most happily! We should but lose
Were Armgart borne too commonly and long
Out of the self that charms us. Could I choose
She were less apt to soar beyond the reach
Of woman's foibles, innocent vanities,
Fondness for trifles like that pretty star
Twinkling beside her cloud of ebon hair.

ARM. *(taking out the gem and looking at it).*
This little star! I would it were the seed
Of a whole Milky Way, if such bright shimmer
Were the sole speech men told their rapture with
At Armgart's music. Shall I turn aside
From splendors which flash out the glow I make,
And live to make, in all the chosen breasts
Of half a Continent? No, may it come,
That splendor! May the day be near when men
Think much to let my horses draw me home,
And new lands welcome me upon their beach,
Loving me for my fame. That is the truth
Of what I wish, nay, yearn for. Shall I lie?
Pretend to seek obscurity—to sing
In hope of disregard? A vile pretence!
And blasphemy besides. For what is fame
But the benignant strength of One, transformed

To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come
As necessary breathing of such joy;
And may they come to me!

GRAF. The auguries
Point clearly that way. Is it no offence
To wish the eagle's wing may find repose,
As feebler wings do, in a quiet nest?
Or has the taste of fame already turned
The Woman to a Muse—

LEO *(going to the table)*. Who needs no supper?
I am her priest, ready to eat her share
Of good Walpurga's offerings.

WAL. Armgart, come.
Graf, will you come?

GRAF. Thanks, I play truant here,
And must retrieve my self-indulged delay.
But will the Muse receive a votary
At any hour to-morrow?

ARM. Any hour
After rehearsal, after twelve at noon.

SCENE II.—*The same Salon, morning.* ARMGART *seated in her bonnet and walking dress. The* GRAF *standing near her against the piano.*

GRAF. Armgart, to many minds the first success
Is reason for desisting. I have known
A man so versatile, he tried all arts,
But when in each by turns he had achieved
Just so much mastery as made men say,
"He could be king here if he would," he threw
The lauded skill aside. He hates, said one,
The level of achieved pre-eminence,
He must be conquering still; but others said——

ARM. The truth, I hope: he had a meagre soul,
Holding no depth where love could root itself.
"Could if he would?" True greatness ever wills—
It lives in wholeness if it live at all,
And all its strength is knit with constancy.

GRAF. He used to say himself he was too sane
To give his life away for excellence
Which yet must stand, an ivory statuette
Wrought to perfection through long lonely years,
Huddled in the mart of mediocrities.
He said, the very finest doing wins
The admiring only; but to leave undone,
Promise and not fulfil, like buried youth,
Wins all the envious, makes them sigh your name
As that fair Absent, blameless Possible,
Which could alone impassion them; and thus,
Serene negation has free gift of all,
Panting achievement struggles, is denied,
Or wins to lose again. What say you, Armgart?
Truth has rough flavors if we bite it through;
I think this sarcasm came from out its core
Of bitter irony.

ARM. It is the truth
Mean souls select to feed upon. What then?
Their meanness is a truth which I will spurn.
The praise I seek lives not in envious breath
Using my name to blight another's deed.
I sing for love of song and that renown
Which is the spreading act, the world-wide share,
Of good that I was born with. Had I failed—
Well, that had been a truth most pitiable.
I cannot bear to think what life would be
With high hope shrunk to endurance, stunted aims
Like broken lances ground to eating-knives,

A self sunk down to look with level eyes
At low achievement, doomed from day to day
To distaste of its consciousness. But I——

GRAF. Have won, not lost, in your decisive throw.
And I too glory in this issue; yet
The public verdict has no potency
To sway my judgment of what Armgart is:
My pure delight in her would be but sullied,
If it o'erflowed with mixture of men's praise.
And had she failed, I should have said, "The pearl
Remains a pearl for me, reflects the light
With the same fitness that first charmed my gaze—
Is worth as fine a setting now as then."

ARM. *(rising).* Oh, you are good! But why will you rehearse
The talk of cynics, who with insect eyes
Explore the secrets of the rubbish-heap?
I hate your epigrams and pointed saws
Whose narrow truth is but broad falsity.
Confess your friend was shallow.

GRAF. I confess
Life is not rounded in an epigram,
And saying aught, we leave a world unsaid.
I quoted, merely to shape forth my thought
That high success has terrors when achieved—
Like preternatural spouses whose dire love
Hangs perilous on slight observances:
Whence it were possible that Armgart crowned
Might turn and listen to a pleading voice,
Though Armgart striving in the race was deaf.
You said you dared not think what life had been
Without the stamp of eminence; . . .
. . . Paint the future out
As an unchecked and glorious career,

'Twill grow more strenuous by the very love
You bear to excellence, the very fate
Of human powers, with tread at every step
On possible verges.

ARM. I accept the peril.
I choose to walk high with sublimer dread
Rather than crawl in safety. And, besides,
I am an artist as you are a noble:
I ought to bear the burthen of my rank.

GRAF. Such parallels, dear Armgart, are but snares
To catch the mind with seeming argument—
Men rise the higher as their task is high,
The task being well achieved. A woman's rank
Lies in the fulness of her womanhood:
Therein alone she is royal.

ARM. Yes, I know
The oft-taught Gospel: "Woman, thy desire
Shall be that all superlatives on earth
Belong to men, save the one highest kind—
To be a mother. Thou shall not desire
To do aught best save pure subservience:
Nature has willed it so!" O blessed Nature!
Let her be arbitress; she gave me voice
Such as she only gives a woman child,
Best of its kind, gave me ambition too,
That sense transcendent which can taste the joy
Of swaying multitudes, of being adored
For such achievement, needed excellence,
As man's best art must wait for, or be dumb.
Men did not say, when I had sung last night,
"'Twas good, nay, wonderful, considering
She is a woman"—and then turn to add,
"Tenor or baritone had sung her songs
Better, of course: she's but a woman spoiled."
I beg your pardon, Graf, you said it,

GRAF. No!
How should I say it, Armgart? I who own
The magic of your nature-given art
As sweetest effluence of your womanhood
Which, being to my choice the best, must find
The best of utterance. But this I say:
Your fervid youth beguiles you; you mistake
A strain of lyric passion for a life
Which in the spending is a chronicle
With ugly pages. Trust me, Armgart, trust me;
. . . Pain had been saved,
Nay, purer glory reached, had you been throned
As woman only, holding all your art
As attribute to that dear sovereignty—
Concentering your power in home delights
Which penetrate and purify the world.
ARM. What! leave the opera with my part ill-sung
While I was warbling in a drawing-room?
Sing in the chimney-corner to inspire
My husband reading news? Let the world hear
My music only in his morning speech?
No! tell me that my song is poor, my art
The piteous feat of weakness aping strength—
That were fit proem to your argument.
Till then, I am an artist by my birth—
By the same warrant that I am a woman:
Nay, in the added rarer gift I see
Supreme vocation: if a conflict comes,
Perish—no, not the woman, but the joys
Which men make narrow by their narrowness.
Oh, I am happy! The great masters write
For women's voices, and great Music wants me!
GRAF. . . . Armgart, I came not to seek
Any renunciation save the wife's,

Which turns away from other possible love
Future and worthier, to take his love
Who asks the name of husband. He who sought
Armgart obscure, and heard her answer, "Wait"—
May come without suspicion now to seek
Armgart applauded.

ARM. Graf, you are a noble,
And have a high career; just now you said
'Twas higher far than aught a woman seeks
Beyond mere womanhood. Yet claim to be
More than a husband but could not rejoice
That I were more than wife. What follows, then?
You choosing me with such persistency
As is but stretched-out rashness, soon must find
Our marriage asks concessions, asks resolve
To share renunciation or demand it.
Either we both renounce a mutual ease,
As in a nation's need both man and wife
Do public services, or one of us
Must yield that something else for which each lives
Besides the other. Men are reasoners:
That premiss of superior claims perforce
Urges conclusion—"Armgart, it is you."

GRAF. But if I say I have considered this,
Returned to say, "You shall be free as now
Only accept the refuge, shelter, guard,
My love will give you freedom"—then your words
Are hard accusal.

ARM. Well, I accuse myself.
My love would be accomplice of your will.

GRAF. Again—my will?

ARM. Oh, your unspoken will.
Your silent tolerance would torture me,
And on that rack I should deny the good
I yet believed in.

GRAF. Then I am the man
Whom you would love?
ARM. Whom I refuse to love!
No; I will live alone and pour my pain
With passion into music, where it turns
To what is best within my better self.
I will not take for a husband one who deems
The thing my soul acknowledges as good—
The thing I hold worth striving, suffering for,
To be a thing dispensed with easily,
Or else the idol of a mind infirm.
GRAF. Armgart, you are ungenerous; you strain
My thought beyond its mark. Our difference
Lies not so deep as love.
ARM. It lies deep enough
To chafe the union. . . .
. . . Graf, it is your sorrow
That you love Armgart. Nay, it is her sorrow
That she may not love you.
GRAF. Woman, it seems,
Has enviable power to love or not
According to her will——
ARM. She has the will—
I have—who am one woman—not to take
Disloyal pledges that divide her will—
The man who marries me must wed my Art—
Honor and cherish it, not tolerate.
GRAF. The man is yet to come whose theory
Will weigh as naught with you against his love.
ARM. Whose theory will plead beside his love.
GRAF. Himself a singer, then? who knows no life
Out of the opera books, where tenor parts
Are found to suit him?
ARM. You are bitter, Graf.
Forgive me; seek the woman you deserve,

All grace, all goodness, who has not yet found
A meaning in her life, nor any end
Beyond fulfilling yours. The type abounds.
GRAF. And happily, for the world.
ARM. Yes, happily.
Let it excuse me that my kind is rare:
Commonness is its own security.
GRAF. Armgart, I would with all my soul I knew
The man so rare that he could make your life
As woman sweet to you, as artist safe.
ARM. Oh, I can live unmated, but not live
Without the bliss of singing to the world,
And feeling all my world respond to me.
GRAF. May it be lasting. Then, we two must part?
ARM. I thank you from my heart for all. Farewell!

SCENE III.—A YEAR LATER.—*The same Salon.* WALPURGA *is standing looking toward the window with an air of uneasiness.*

DOCTOR GRAHN. Where is my patient, Fräulein?
WAL. Fled! escaped!
Gone to rehearsal. Is it dangerous?
DOCTOR. No, no; her throat is cured. I only came
To hear her try her voice. Had she yet sung?
WAL. No; she had meant to wait for you. She said,
"The Doctor has a right to my first song."
Her gratitude was full of little plans,
But all were swept away like gathered flowers
By sudden storm. She saw this opera bill—
It was a wasp to sting her: she turned pale,
Snatched up her hat and mufflers, said in haste,
"I go to Leo—to rehearsal—none
Shall sing Fidelio to-night but me!"
Then rushed down stairs.

DOCTOR *(looking at his watch).* And this, not long ago?

WAL. Barely an hour.

DOCTOR. I will come again. She can take no harm.
'Twas time for her to sing: her throat is well.
It was a fierce attack, and dangerous;
I had to use strong remedies, but—well!
At one, dear Fräulein, we shall meet again.

SCENE IV.—TWO HOURS LATER.—WALPURGA *starts up, looking toward the door.* ARMGART *enters, followed by* LEO. *She throws herself on a chair which stands with its back toward the door, speechless, not seeming to see anything.* WALPURGA *casts a questioning, terrified look at* LEO. *He shrugs his shoulders, and lifts up his hands behind* ARMGART, *who sits like a helpless image, while* WALPURGA *takes off her hat and mantle.*

WAL. Armgart, dear Armgart *(kneeling and taking her hands),* only speak to me,
Your poor Walpurga. Oh, your hands are cold.
Clasp mine, and warm them! I will kiss them warm.
*(*ARMGART *looks at her an instant, then draws away her hands, and, turning aside, buries her face against the back of the chair,* WALPURGA *rising and standing near.)*

DOCTOR GRAHN *enters.*

DOCTOR. News! stirring news to-day! wonders come thick.

ARM. *(starting up at the first sound of his voice, and speaking vehemently).*
Yes, thick, thick, thick! and you have murdered it!

Murdered my voice—poisoned the soul in me,
And kept me living.
You never told me that your cruel cures
Were clogging films—
. . . Oh, your cures
Are devil's triumphs: you can rob, maim, slay,
And keep a hell on the other side your cure
Where you can see your victim quivering
Between the teeth of torture.
(Turns and sinks back on her chair.)
O misery, misery!
You might have killed me, might have let me sleep
After my happy day and wake—not here!
In some new unremembered world,—not here,
Where all is faded, flat—a feast broke off—
Banners all meaningless—exulting words
Dull, dull—a drum that lingers in the air
Beating to melody which no man hears.

DOCTOR *(after a moment's silence).* A sudden check has shaken you, poor child!
. . . Tell me, Leo:
'Tis not such utter loss.
(LEO, with a shrug, goes quietly out.)

ARM. Oh, you stand
And look compassionate now, but when Death came
With mercy in his hands, you hindered him.
I did not choose to live and have your pity.
You never told me, never gave me choice,
To die a singer, lightning-struck, unmaimed,
Or live what you would make me with your cures—
. . . as meaningless
As letters fallen asunder that once made
A hymn of rapture. Oh, I had meaning once,
Like day and sweetest air. What am I now?

The millionth woman in superfluous herds.
Leave me alone!

DOCTOR. Well, I will come again.

ARM. Oh, there is one physician, only one,
Who cures and never spoils. Him I shall send for;
He comes readily.

DOCTOR (*to* WALPURGA). One word, dear Fräulein.

SCENE V.—ARMGART, WALPURGA.

ARM. Walpurga, have you walked this morning?

WAL. No.

ARM. Go, then, and walk; I wish to be alone.

WAL. I will not leave you.

ARM. Will not, at my wish?

WAL. Will not, because you wish it. Say no more,
But take this draught.

ARM. The Doctor gave it you?
It is an anodyne. Put it away.
He cured me of my voice, and now he wants
To cure me of my vision and resolve—
Drug me to sleep that I may wake again
Without a purpose, abject as the rest
To bear the yoke of life. He shall not cheat me
Of that fresh strength which anguish gives the soul,
The inspiration of revolt, ere rage
Slackens to faltering. Now I see the truth.

WAL. *(setting down the glass).* Then you must see a
future in your reach,
With happiness enough to make a dower
For two of modest claims.

ARM. Oh, you intone
That chant of consolation wherewith ease
Makes itself easier in the sight of pain.

WAL. No; I would not console you, but rebuke.
I say then, you are simply fevered, mad,
You cry aloud at horrors that would vanish
If you would change the light, throw into shade
The loss you aggrandize, and let day fall
On good remaining, nay on good refused
Which may be gain now. Did you not reject
A woman's lot more brilliant, as some held,
Than any singer's? It may still be yours.
Graf Dornberg loved you well.

ARM. Not me, not me.
He loved one well who was like me in all
Save in a voice which made that All unlike
As diamond is to charcoal. Oh, a man's love!
Think you he loves a woman's inner self
Aching with loss of loveliness?—as mothers
Cleave to the palpitating pain that dwells
Within their misformed offspring?

WAL. But the Graf
Chose you as simple Armgart—had preferred
That you should never seek for any fame
But such as matrons have who rear great sons.
And therefore you rejected him; but now——

ARM. Ay, now—now he would see me as I am,
(She takes up a hand-mirror.)
Russet and songless as a missel-thrush.
An ordinary girl—a plain brown girl.

WAL. For shame!
Armgart, you slander him. What would you say
If now he came to you and asked again
That you would be his wife?

ARM. No, and thrice no!
It would be pitying constancy, not love,
That brought him to me now. I will not be

A pensioner in marriage. Sacraments
Are not to feed the paupers of the world.
If he were generous—I am generous too.

WAL. Proud, Armgart, but not generous.

ARM. Say no more.
He will not know until——

WAL. He knows already.

ARM. *(quickly).* Is he come back?

WAL. Yes, and will soon be here.
The Doctor had twice seen him and would go
From hence again to see him. . . .
. . . What if he were outside?
I hear a footstep in the ante-room.

ARM. *(raising herself and assuming calmness).*
Why let him come, of course. I shall behave
Like what I am, a common personage
Who looks for nothing but civility.
I shall not play the fallen heroine,
Assume a tragic part and throw out cues
For a beseeching lover.

WAL. Some one raps.
(Goes to the door.)
A letter—from the Graf.

ARM. Then open it.
(WALPURGA *still offers it.)*
Nay, my head swims. Read it. I cannot see.
(WALPURGA *opens it, reads and pauses.)*
Read it. Have done! No matter what it is.
(WALPURGA *reads, in a low, hesitating voice.)*

"I am deeply moved—my heart is rent, to hear of your illness and its cruel result, just now communicated to me by Dr. Grahn. But surely it is possible that this result may not be permanent. For youth such as yours, Time may hold in store something more than resignation: who

shall say that it does not hold renewal? I have not dared to ask admission to you in the hours of a recent shock, but I cannot depart on a long mission without tendering my sympathy and my farewell. I start this evening for the Caucasus, and thence I proceed to India, where I am intrusted by the Government with business which may be of long duration."

(WALPURGA *sits down dejectedly.)*

ARM. *(after a slight shudder, bitterly).*

The Graf has much discretion. I am glad.
He spares us both a pain, not seeing me.
What I like least is that consoling hope—
That empty cup, so neatly ciphered "Time,"
Handed me as a cordial for despair.
(Slowly and dreamily.) Time—what a word to fling as charity!
Bland neutral word for slow, dull-beating pain—
Days, months, and years!—If I would wait for them.

(She takes up her hat and puts it on, then wraps her mantle round her. WALPURGA *leaves the room.)*

Why, this is but beginning. (WALPURGA *re-enters.)* Kiss me, dear.
I am going now—alone—out—for a walk.

ARM. Bear witness, I am calm. I read my lot:
"Genteel?" "O yes, gives lessons; not so good
As any man's would be, but cheaper far."
"Pretty?" "No: yet she makes a figure fit
For good society. Poor thing, she sews
Both late and early, turns and alters all
To suit the changing mode. Some widower
Might do well, marrying her; but in these days!
Well, she can somewhat eke her narrow gains
By writing, just to furnish her with gloves

And droschkies in the rain. They print her things
Often for charity."—Oh, a dog's life!
A harnessed dog's, that draws a little cart
Voted a nuisance! I am going now.

WAL. Not now, the door is locked.

ARM. Give me the key!

WAL. Locked on the outside. Gretchen has the key:
She is gone on errands.

ARM. What, do you dare to keep me
Your prisoner?

WAL. And have I not been yours?
Your wish has been a bolt to keep me in.
Perhaps that middling woman whom you paint
With far-off scorn . . .

ARM. I paint what I must be.
What is my soul to me without the voice
That gave it freedom? Now I can do naught
Better than what a million women do—
Must drudge among the crowd and feel my life
Beating upon the world without response,
If I *would* do it!

WAL. *(coldly).* And why should you not?

ARM. *(turning quickly).* Because Heaven made me royal—wrought me out
With subtle finish toward pre-eminence.
All the world now is but a rack of threads
To twist and dwarf me into pettiness
And basely feigned content, the placid mask
Of women's misery.

WAL. *(indignantly).* Ay, such a mask
As the few born like you to easy joy,
Cradled in privilege, take for natural
On all the lowly faces that must look
Upward to you! . . .

. . . You who every day
These five years saw me limp to wait on you,
And thought the order perfect which gave *me*,
The girl without pretension to be aught,
A splendid cousin for my happiness;
To watch the night through when her brain was fired
With too much gladness—listen, always listen
To what *she* felt, who having power had right
To feel exorbitantly, and submerge
The souls around her with the poured-out flood
Of what must be ere she were satisfied!
That was feigned patience, was it?
Oh, such as I know joy by negatives,
And all their deepest passion is a pang
Till they accept their pauper's heritage.
And meekly live from out the general store
Of joy they were born stripped of. I accept—
Nay, now would sooner choose it than the wealth
Of natures you call royal, who can live
In mere mock knowledge of their fellows' woe,
Thinking their smiles may heal it.

ARM. *(tremulously).* Nay, Walpurga,
I did not make a palace of my joy
To shut the world's truth from me.
. . . Yet you speak truth;
I wearied you, it seems; took all your help
As cushioned nobles use a weary serf,
Not looking at his face.

WAL. Oh, I but stand
As a small symbol for the mighty sum
Of claims unpaid to needy myriads;
Where is the rebel's right for you alone?
Noble rebellion lifts a common load:
But what is he who flings his own load off

And leaves his fellows toiling?
Say rather, the deserter's. Oh, you smiled
From your clear height on all the million lots
Which yet you brand as abject.

ARM. I was blind
With too much happiness: true vision comes
Only, it seems, with sorrow. Were there one
This moment near me, suffering what I feel,
And needing me for comfort in her pang—
Then it were worth the while to live; not else.

WAL. One—near you—why, they throng! you hardly stir
But your act touches them.

ARM. Who has need of me?

WAL. Love finds the need it fills. But you are hard

ARM. Is it not you, Walpurga, who are hard?
You humored all my wishes till to-day,
When fate has blighted me.

WAL. You would not hear
The "chant of consolation:" words of hope
Only embittered you. Then hear the truth—
A lame girl's truth, whom no one ever praised
For being cheerful. . . .
A word of truth from her had startled you;
But you—you claimed the universe; naught less
Than all existence working in sure tracks
Toward your supremacy. The wheels might scathe
A myriad destinies—nay, must perforce;
But yours they must keep clear of; just for you
The seething atoms through the firmament
Must bear a human heart—which you had not!
For what is it to you that women, men,
Plod, faint, are weary, and espouse despair
Of aught but fellowship. Save that you spurn

To be among them? Now, then, you are lame—
Maimed, as you said, and levelled with the crowd:
Call it new birth—birth from that monstrous Self
Which, smiling down upon a race oppressed,
Says, "All is good, for I am throned at ease."
Dear Armgart—nay, you tremble—I am cruel.

ARM. O no! hark! Some one knocks. Come in!—
come in!

Enter LEO.

LEO. See, Gretchen let me in. I could not rest
Longer away from you.

ARM. Sit down, dear Leo.
Walpurga, I would speak with him alone.

(WALPURGA *goes out.*)

LEO *(hesitatingly).* You mean to walk?

ARM. No, I shall stay within.

(She takes off her hat and mantle, and sits down immediately. After a pause, speaking in a subdued tone to LEO.)

How old are you?

LEO. Threescore and five.

ARM. That's old.
I never thought till now how you have lived.
They hardly ever play your music?

LEO *(raising his eyebrows and throwing out his lip).* No!
Schubert too wrote for silence: half his work
Lay like a frozen Rhine till summers came
That warmed the grass above him. Even so!
His music lives now with a mighty youth.

ARM. Do you think yours will live when you are dead?

LEO. Pfui! The time was, I drank that home-brewed
wine

And found it heady, while my blood was young:
Now it scarce warms me. Tipple it as I may,
I am sober still, and say: "My old friend Leo,
Much grain is wasted in the world and rots;
Why not thy handful?"

ARM. Strange! since I have known you
Till now I never knew how you lived.
When I sang well—that was your jubilee.
But you were old already.

LEO. Yes, child, yes;
Youth thinks itself the goal of each old life;
Age has but travelled from a far-off time
Just to be ready for youth's service. Well!
It was my chief delight to perfect you.

ARM. Good Leo! You have lived on little joys.
But your delight in me is crushed for ever.

LEO. Nay, nay, I have a thought: keep to the stage,
To drama without song; for you can act—
Who knows how well, when all the soul is poured
Into that sluice alone?

ARM. I know, and you:
The second or third best in tragedies
That cease to touch the fibre of the time.
No; song is gone, but nature's other gift,
Self-judgment, is not gone. Song was my speech,
And with its impulse only, action came:
. . . But now—
Oh, I should stand hemmed in with thoughts and rules—
Say "This way passion acts," yet never feel
The might of passion. . . .
I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,
And live by trash that smothers excellence.
One gift I had that ranked me with the best—
The secret of my frame—and that is gone.

For all life now I am a broken thing.
But silence there! Good Leo, advise me now.
I would take humble work and do it well—
Teach music, singing—what I can—not here,
But in some smaller town where I may bring
The method you have taught me, pass your gift
To others who can use it for delight.
You think I can do that?

(She pauses with a sob in her voice.)

LEO. Yes, yes, dear child!
And it were well, perhaps, to change the place—
Begin afresh as I did when I left
Vienna with a heart half broken.

ARM. *(roused by surprise).* You?

LEO. Well, it is long ago. But I had lost—
No matter! We must bury our dead joys
And live above them with a living world.
But whither, think you, you would like to go?

ARM. To Freiburg.

LEO. In the Breisgau? And why there?
It is too small.

ARM. Walpurga was born there,
And loves the place. She quitted it for me
These five years past. Now I will take her there.
Dear Leo, I will bury my dead joy.

LEO. Mothers do so, bereaved; then learn to love
Another's living child.

ARM. Oh, it is hard
To take the little corpse, and lay it low,
And say, "None misses it but me."
She sings . . .
I mean Paulina sings Fidelio,
And they will welcome her to-night.

LEO. Well, well,
'Tis better that our griefs should not spread far.

RIP VAN WINKLE

PART I.

The following scene is taken from the first act of the play of "Rip Van Winkle."

The characters introduced are:

RIP VAN WINKLE.

DERRICK VON BEEKMAN, *the villain of the play, who endeavors to get* RIP *drunk, in order to have him sign away his property to* VON BEEKMAN.

NICK VEDDER, *the village inn-keeper.*

SCENE.—*The Village Inn.—Present,* VON BEEKMAN, alone.

Enter RIP, *shaking off the* CHILDREN, *who cling about him.*

RIP *(to the* CHILDREN). Say! hullo, dere, du Yacob Stein! du kleine spitzboob. Let dat dog Schneider alone, will you? Dere, I tole you dat all de time, if you don'd let him alone he's goin' to bide you! Why, hullo, Derrick! how you was? Ach, my! Did you hear dem liddle fellers just now? Dey most plague me crazy. Ha, ha, ha! I like to laugh my outsides in every time I tink about it. Just now, as we was comin' along togedder, Schneider and me—I don'd know if you know Schneider myself? Well, he's my dog. Well, dem liddle fellers, dey took Schneider, und—ha, ha, ha!—dey—ha, ha!—dey *tied a tin kettle mit his tail!* Ha, ha. ha!

My gracious! of you had seen dat dog run! My, how scared he was! Vell, he was a-runnin' an' de kettle was a-bangin' an'—ha, ha, ha! you believe it, dat dog, he run right *betwixt me an' my legs!* Ha, ha, ha! He spill me und all dem liddle fellers down in de mud togedder. Ha, ha, ha!

VON B. Ah, yes, that's all right, Rip, very funny, very funny; but what do you say to a glass of liquor, Rip?

RIP. Well, now, Derrick, what do I generally say to a glass? I generally say it's a good ting, don'd I? Und I generally say a good deal more to what is *in* it, dan to de glass.

VON B. Certainly, certainly! Say, hallo, there! Nick Vedder, bring out a bottle of your best!

RIP. Dat's right—fill 'em up. You wouldn't believe it, Derrick, but dat is de first one I have had to-day. I guess maybe de reason is, I couldn't got it before. Ah, Derrick, my score is too big! Well, here is your good health und your family's—may they all live long und prosper. *(They drink.)* Ach! you may well smack your lips, und go ah, ah! over *dat* liquor. You don'd give me such liquor like dat every day, Nick Vedder. Well, come on, fill 'em up again. Git out mit dat water, Nick Vedder, I don'd want no water in my liquor. Good liquor und water, Derrick, is just like man und wife, *dey don'd agree well togedder*—dat's me und *my* wife, any way. Well, come on again. Here is your good health und your family's, und may dey all live long und prosper!

NICK VEDDER. That's right, Rip; drink away, and "drown your sorrows in the flowing bowl."

RIP. Drown my sorrows? Ya, dat's all very well, but *she don'd drown.* My wife is my sorrow und you can't drown her; she tried it once, but she couldn't do it. What, didn't you hear about dat, de day what Gretchen

she like to got drownded? Ach, my; dat's de funniest ting in de world. I'll tell you all about it. It was de same day what we got married. I bet I don'd forgot *dat* day so long what I live. You know dat Hudson River what dey git dem boats over—well, dat's de same place. Well, you know dat boat what Gretchen she was a-goin' to come over in, dat got *upsetted*—ya, just went righd by der boddom. *But she wasn't in de boat.* Oh, no; if she had been in de boat, well, den, maybe she might have got drownded. You can't tell anyting at all about a ting like dat!

Von B. Ah, no; but I'm sure, Rip, if Gretchen were to fall into the water now, you would risk your life to save her.

Rip. *Would I?* Well, I am not so sure about dat myself. When we was first got married? Oh, ya; I know I would have done it den, but I don'd know how it would be now. But it would be a good deal more my duty now as it was den. Don'd you know, Derrick, when a man gits married a long time—mit his wife, he gits a good deal attached mit her, und it would be a good deal more my duty now as it was den. But I don'd know, Derrick. I am afraid if Gretchen should fall in de water now und should say, "Rip, Rip! help me oud"—I should say, "Mrs. Van Winkle, I will just go home und tink about it." Oh, no, Derrick; if Gretchen fall in de water now she's got to swim, I told you dat—ha, ha, ha, ha! Hullo! dat's her a-comin' now; I guess it's bedder I go oud! [*Exit* Rip.

Part II.

Shortly after his conversation, Rip returns home after nightfall in a decidedly muddled condition, he puts his

head through the open window at the rear, not observing his irate wife, who stands in ambush behind the clothes-bars with her ever-ready broomstick, to give him a warm reception; but seeing only his little daughter Meenie, of whom he is very fond, and who also loves him very tenderly, RIP says:

Meenie! Meenie, my darlin'!

MEENIE. Hush-sh-h.

(Shaking finger, to indicate the presence of her mother.)

RIP. Eh! what's de matter? I don'd see noting, my darlin'.

MEENIE. 'Sh-sh-sh!

RIP. Eh! what? Say, Meenie, is de ole wild cat home? (GRETCHEN *catches him quickly by the hair.)* Oh, oh! say, is dat you, Gretchen? Say, dere, my darlin', my angel, don'd do dat. Let go my head, won'd you? Well, den, hold on to it so long what you like. (GRETCHEN *releases him.)* Dere, now, look at dat, see what you done—you gone pull out a whole handful of hair. What you want to do a ting like dat for? You must want a bald-headed husband, don'd you?

GRETCHEN. Who was that you called a wild cat?

RIP. Who was dat I call a wild cat? Well, now, let me see, who was dat I call a wild cat? Dat must 'a' been de same time I come in de winder dere, wasn't it? Yes, I know, it was de same time. Well, now, let me see. *(Suddenly.)* It was de dog Schneider dat I call it.

GRETCHEN. The dog Schneider? That's a likely story.

RIP. Why, of course it is a likely story—ain't he my dog? Well, den, I call him a wild cat just so much what I like, so dere now. (GRETCHEN *begins to weep.)* Oh, well; dere, now, don'd you cry, don'd you cry, Gretchen;

you hear what I said? Lisden now. If you don'd cry, I nefer drink anoder drop of liquor in my life.

GRETCHEN *(crying)*. Oh, Rip! you have said so so many, many times, and you never kept your word yet.

RIP. Well, I say it dis time, and I mean it.

GRETCHEN. Oh, Rip! if I could only trust you.

RIP. You mustn't *suspect* me. Can't you see repentance in my eye?

GRETCHEN. Rip, if you will only keep your word, I shall be the happiest woman in the world.

RIP. You can believe it. I nefer drink anoder drop so long what I live, if you don'd cry.

GRETCHEN. Oh, Rip, how happy we shall be! And you'll get back all the village, Rip, just as you used to have it; and you'll fix up our little house so nicely; and you and I, and our darling little Meenie, here—how happy we shall be!

RIP. Dere, dere, now! you can be just so happy what you like. Go in de odder room, go along mit you; I come in dere pooty quick. *(Exit* GRETCHEN *and* MEENIE.) My! I swore off fon drinkin' so many, many times, and I never kep' my word yet. *(Taking out bottle.)* I don'd believe dere is more as one good drink in dat bottle, anyway. It's a pity to waste it! You goin' to drink dat? Well, now, if you do, it is de last one, remember dat, old feller. Well, here is your goot held, und—

Enter GRETCHEN, *suddenly, who snatches the bottle from him.*

GRETCHEN. Oh, you brute! you paltry thief!

RIP. Hold on dere, my dear, you will spill de liquor.

GRETCHEN. Yes, I *will* spill it, you drunken scoundrel! *(Throwing away the bottle.) That's the last drop you ever drink under this roof.*

RIP *(slowly, after a moment's silence, as if stunned by her severity).* Eh! what?

GRETCHEN. Out, I say! you drink no more here.

RIP. What? Gretchen, are you goin' to drive me away?

GRETCHEN. Yes! Acre by acre, foot by foot, you have sold everything that ever belonged to you for liquor. Thank Heaven this house is mine, and you can't sell it.

RIP *(rapidly sobering, as he begins to realize the gravity of the situation).* Yours? yours? Ya, you are right—it is yours; I have got no home. *(In broken tones, almost sobbing.)* But where will I go?

GRETCHEN. Anywhere! out into the storm, to the mountains. There's the door—never let your face darken it again.

RIP. What, Gretchen! are you goin' to drive me away like a dog on a night like dis?

GRETCHEN. Yes; out with you! *You have no longer a share in me or mine. (Breaking down and sobbing with the intensity of her passion.)*

RIP *(very slowly and quietly, but with great intensity).* Well, den, I will go; you have drive me away like a dog, Gretchen, and I will go. But remember, Gretchen, after what you have told me here to-night, I can never come back. You have open de door for me to go; you will never open it for me to return. But, Gretchen, you tell me dat I have no longer a share here. *(Points at the child, who kneels crying at his feet.)* Good-by *(with much emotion),* my darlin'. God bless you! Don'd you nefer forgit your fader. Gretchen *(with a great sob),* I wipe de disgrace from your door. Good-by, good-by!

[*Exit* RIP *into the storm.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR CUTTING

THERE WERE "NINETY AND NINE."

Page 3. Omit line 2, "as . . . time." Line 6, "or . . . matter." Line 13, "fixedly . . . earnestness." Line 20, close paragraph after "before."

P. 4. Omit first twelve lines. Line 15, "and . . . gambler." Line 18, "or . . . won." Line 24, "and . . . interest."

P. 5. Line 18, "how," to line 26, "park." Line 27, "when . . . village."

P. 6. Line 3, "the secret . . . England." Line 6, omit remainder of page after "recalled."

P. 7. Omit first twenty-four lines. Line 25, "Then." Line 28, "getting . . . ventured."

P. 8. Line 9, "days," to line 20, "them." Line 30, "and," to end of page.

P. 9. Omit to line 8, "what." Line 11, "He," to end of paragraph. Line 32, after "everything" insert "*And it failed!*"

Pp. 10 and 11. Omit.

P. 12. Line 1, "the . . . above." Line 12, "They," to line 17, "pain." Line 27, "He," to line 29, "end."

P. 14. Line 28, "There," to end of page.

P. 15. Line 1, "cause," to end of paragraph. Line 8, "hovered," to end of paragraph. Line 30, "Then," to end of page.

P. 16. Omit first ten lines. Line 13, "I," to line 17, "do." Line 19, "He," to line 24, "him." Line 28, "The," to line 32, "it."

P. 17. Line 9, "We," to end of paragraph. Line 13, "He," to end of paragraph. Line 19, "I," to end of paragraph. Line 29, "But," to end of page.

P. 18. Omit first six lines. Line 28, "He," to end of page.

P. 19. Line 9, insert "and" after "money." Line 10, "and," to end of paragraph. Line 17, "He," to end of paragraph. Line 28, "casting . . . wife."

P. 20. Omit first eleven lines. Line 17, "It," to line 21, "answer."

P. 21. Line 11, to end of page.

P. 22. Omit first two lines. Line 5, "Ah . . calmness." Line 7, insert "said the plunger" after "francs." Line 26, "Do," to line 29, "them."

HIS MOTHER'S SERMON.

Page 71. Line 9, "Here's," to line 19, "speak." Line 22, "He's," to line 25, "ye."
P. 73. Line 10, "and," to line 14, "thicket."
P. 74. Line 4, "Black," to line 12, "West." Line 24, "It," to line 28, "close."
P. 76. Line 5, "The," to line 19, "pray."
P. 77. Line 5, "When," to line 22, "expectation."
P. 78. Line 21, "But," to line 28, "twenty-four."
P. 79. Line 12, "During," to p. 80, line 6, "voice."

THROWN AWAY.

Page 130. Line 2, "if," to line 3, "himself."
P. 131. Line 23, "Too," to "having," p. 132, end of first paragraph.
P. 132. Line 32, "just," to end of sentence.
P. 133. Line 4, "and," to end of sentence. Line 25, "You," to line 29, "before." Line 32, "He," to p. 134, line 3, "money-troubles."
P. 134. Line 22, omit "in an *ekka*." Line 27, "The," to line 29, "weather."
P. 135. Line 1, "There," to end of sentence. Line 15, omit phrase "in an *ekka* to the Canal." Line 23, from "We," to end of paragraph.
P. 136. Line 12, "and," to line 14, "flies."
P. 137. Line 14, omit phrase "I respected him for that." Line 17, "We," to end of sentence.
P. 138. Line 28, "The," to end of paragraph.
P. 139. Line 8, "Finally," to line 14, "way."
P. 140. Line 9, "A native," to line 20, "are."

HOW JINNY EASED HER MIND.

Page 226. Line 12, "It," to p. 227, line 29, "him."
P. 227. Line 30, for "he" read "the judge."
P. 229. Line 24, "Then," to end of paragraph.
P. 230. Line 1, "She had," to line 5, "gout."

SORROW OF ROHAB.

Page 255. Omit first seven lines to "day."
P. 256. Omit first sixteen lines.
P. 257. Omit first nine lines.
P. 258. Omit first twelve lines.
P. 259. Line 12, "Like," to line 16, "death."
P. 260. Line 3, "all," to line 9, "cheeks." Last two and a half lines.
P. 261. Omit last three lines.
P. 262. Omit first five lines. Line 12, "With," to line 15, "boast."
P. 263. Line 9, "From," to line 13, "heraldry" Line 19, "Thicker," to line 23, "bank." Line 26, "After," to line 29, "silence."
P. 264. Line 3, "with," to line 5, "pomp." Line 10, "To," to line 12, "slaves."
P. 265. Line 17, "As," to line 22, "master's."

MICHAEL.

Page 354. Lines 9–12. Line 21, foot of page, to p. 355. Line 18, "gone," end of first paragraph. Line 21, "An," to "itself," p. 356, end of first paragraph.
P. 357. Line 21, "Yet," to "field," end of paragraph.
P. 358. Line 6, "Early," to "flies," line 17. Line 22, "with," to line 24, "lake."
P. 359. Line 2, "Effect," to "earth," line 11. Line 20, beginning last paragraph, to p. 360, end of middle paragraph.
P. 362. Line 26, "At," to "to-night." Line 21, p. 363.
P. 364. Line 18, "Ten times," to end of paragraph.
P. 366. Line 5, "Even," to "years," end of line 17.

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